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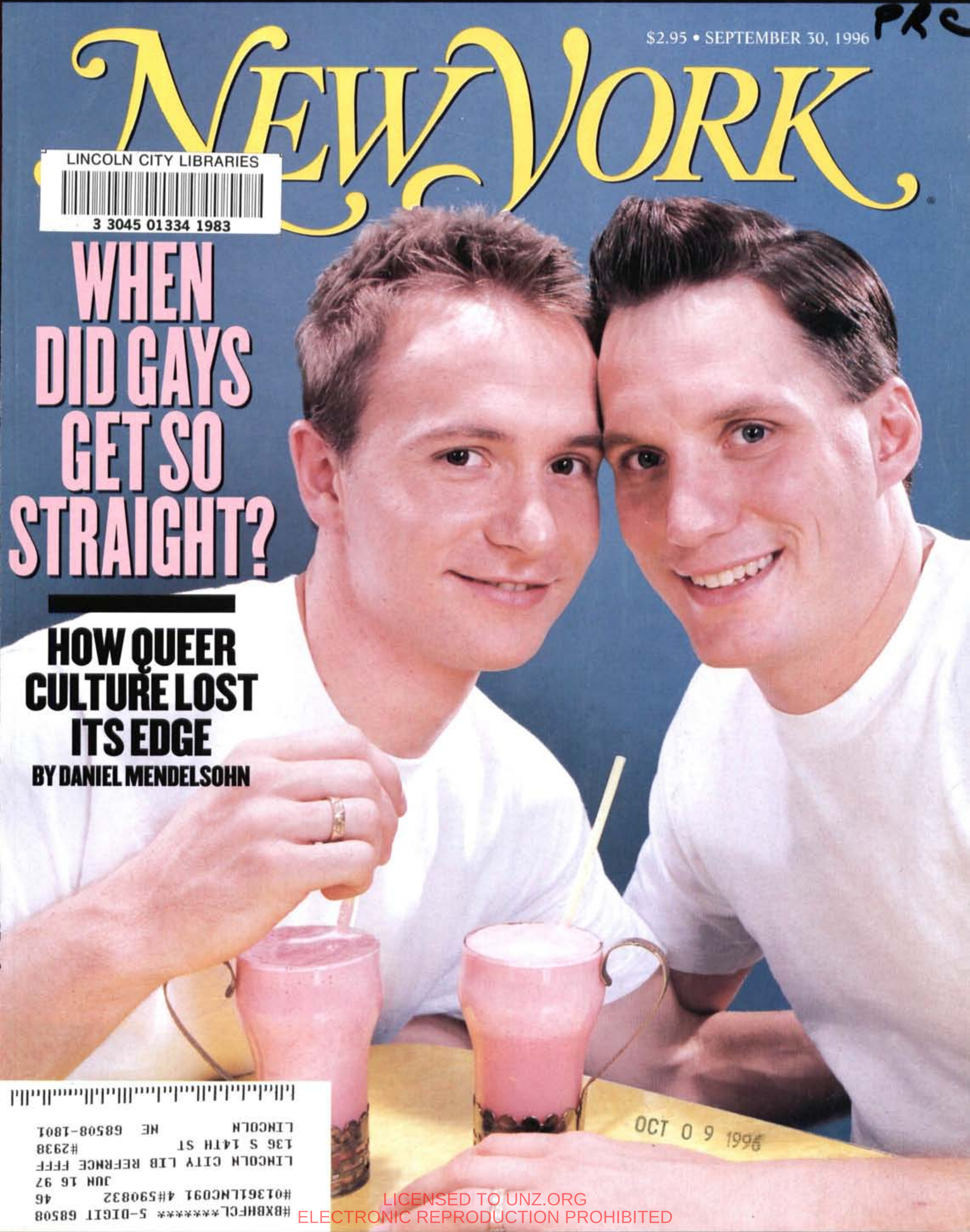

WHEN DID GAYS GET SO STRAIGHT?

HOW QUEER CULTURE LOST ITS EDGE

BY DANIEL MENDELSOHN

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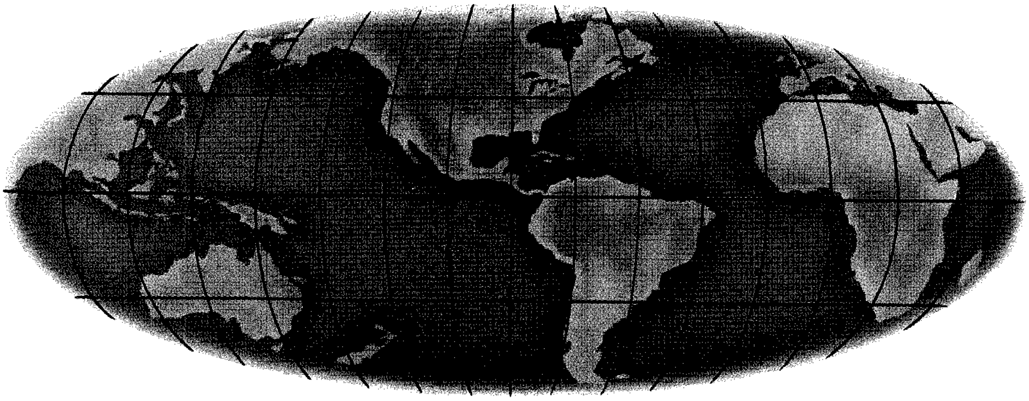

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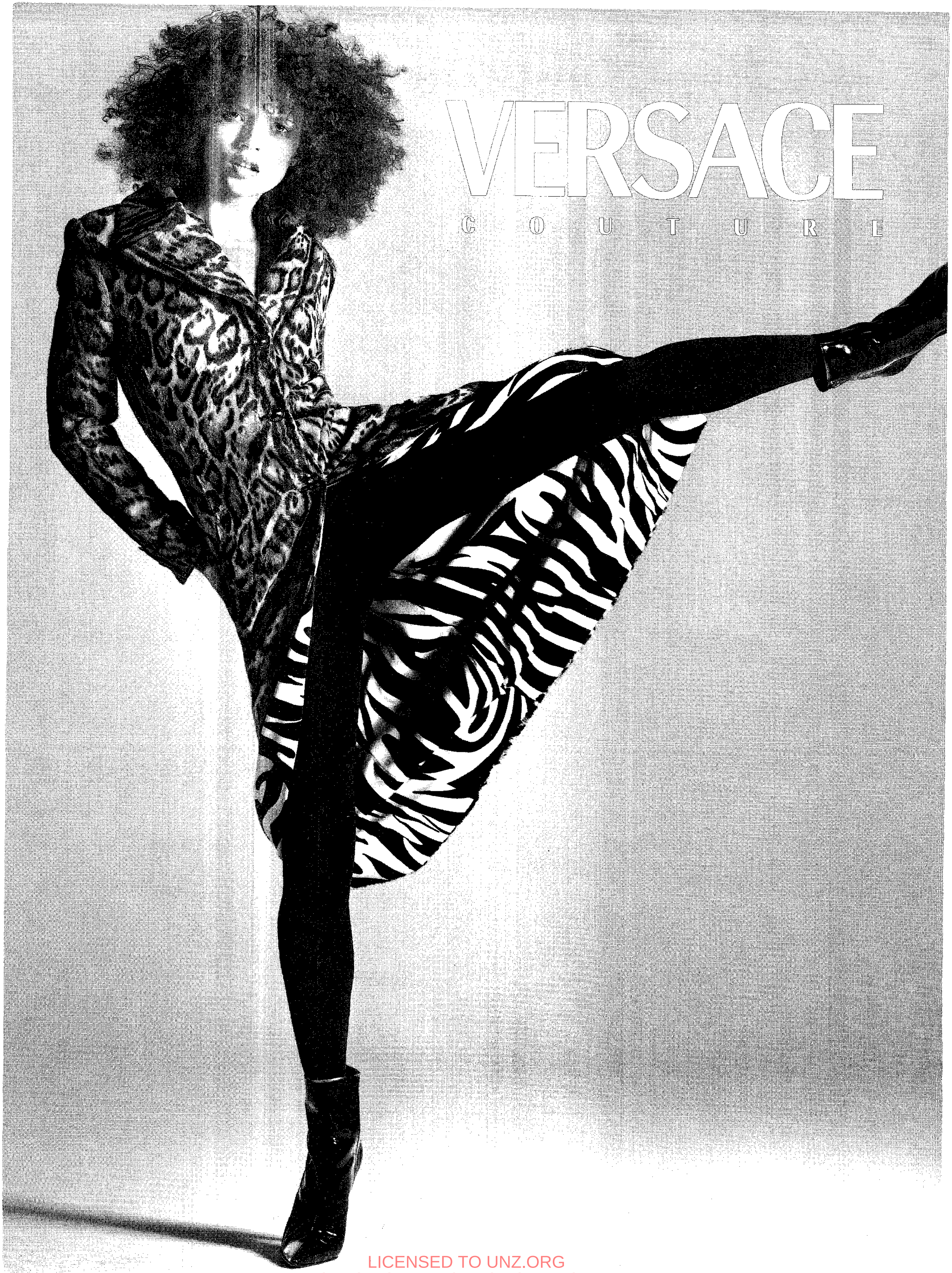
VERSACE
COUTURE

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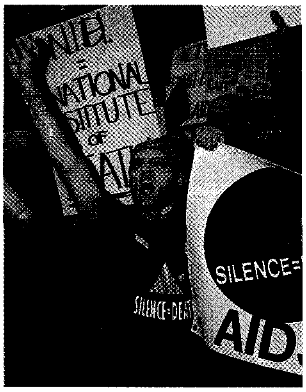
> *"Let's face it. When {gay men} are a story line on 'Friends,' it's hard to keep thinking you're radical."*
>
> JAY BLOTCHER, PAGE 24



Photographs: top left, Tom McKitterick/Impact Visuals; top right, Geoffroy de Boismenu.

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By Daniel Mendelsohn

It's been called *embourgeoisement:* the acceptance, over time, by revolutionaries of mainstream cultural norms. The idea is oddly relevant to New York gay life, which, although it hasn't forsworn the political ideals of the fervent eighties, more and more resembles picket-fence middle America.

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By James J. Cramer

Imagine a country that looks like a board game out of the fifties, or one of those lush green maps with little pictures of sheep grazing and trucks unloading and smokestacks billowing. In fact, America looks a lot like that these days. Sure, there are terrible problems, but economic resources are moving around rationally, mostly to high-tech. Give credit to a network of young, slightly nerdy mutual-fund managers who wrested power from the raiders and the old-line moneyed interests who came before them.

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By Guy Martin

You see them every day, dodging and weaving through traffic (congested), stop lights (dismissible), and the pedestrian tangle (usually, though not always, missable): the bicycle messengers who get something where it has to be when it has to be there *now*. But a homogeneous crowd? No way. In their personal and professional styles, they're as varied as the members of the Greek pantheon. A look at six New Yorkers in the swift-completion-of-their-appointed-rounds business, *sub specie aeternitatis.*

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Cover: Photograph by Geoffroy de Boismenu. Prop styling by Leah Levin; grooming by Gerald DeCock; T-shirts by Calvin Klein. Cover subjects are Thomas J. Walter (left), a vice-president with MTV Networks, and David M. Sanford, an engineer and owner of Gotham Home and Building Inspection Service, Inc. Walter and Sanford were married in October 1993.

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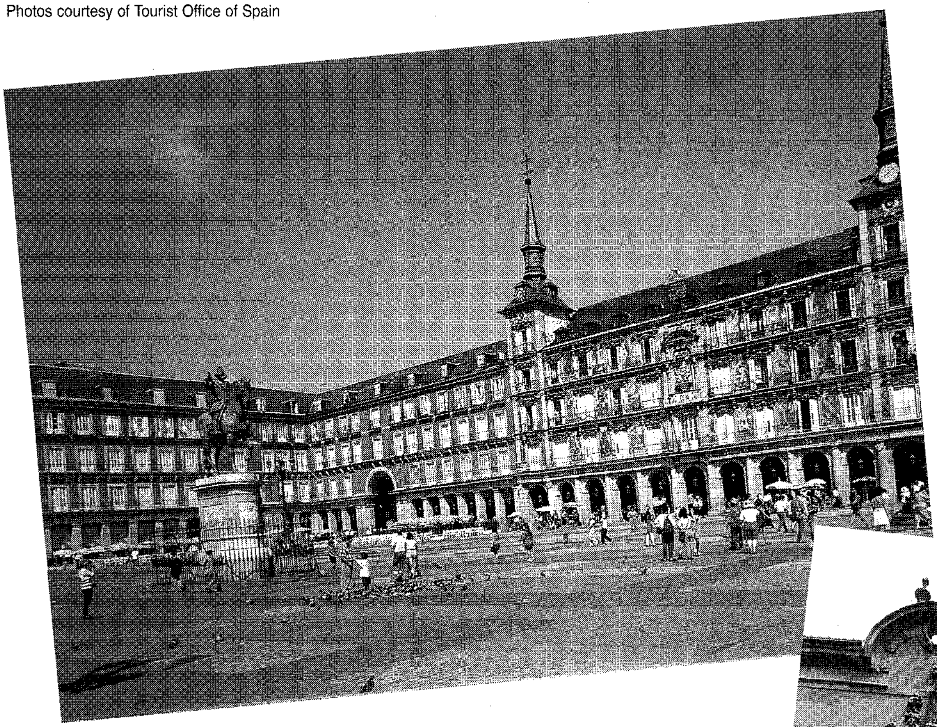

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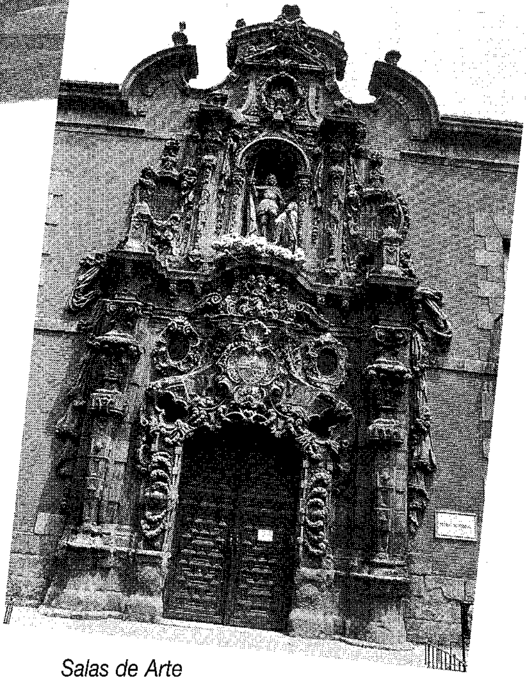

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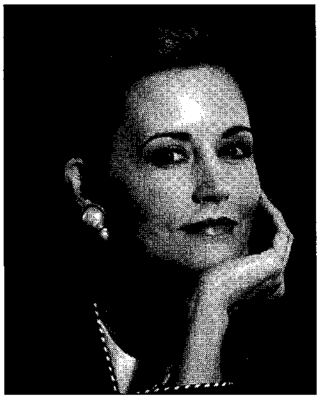

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Money for Nothing

The homeless-family budget; celebrity photoplay; women's lib on the softball field; Central Park's long, clandestine love affair.

AS A SOCIAL WORKER WHO HAS worked with families residing in Tier Two shelters and has had experience with counseling poor families in general, I found Peter Hellman's "The Homeless Mess" [September 2] to be inaccurate and insensitive. Hellman writes that homeless families win a "prize" after living in a Tier Two, getting a Section 8 rent subsidy. I wouldn't call it a prize. When families are homeless, they often have nothing but clothes to take with them. The subsidy is needed so they can reestablish themselves in a home. Without rent subsidies, landlords would, out of self-protection, not rent to them. The money allotted for buying new furniture is a pittance—around $200; if anything, it is not nearly enough.

In addition, no Tier Twos I know of are as nice as Briarwood. I used to make home visits at a Tier Two: The hallways stank of urine; there were roaches in the apartments; it was loud; stoves and refrigerators were broken. Briarwood is the exception, not the norm.

The most infuriating issue Hellman wrote about was the idea of the "lazy poor" in Tier Twos. It is hard to actively seek jobs and housing when one is in psychological crisis. There are so many appointments to go to, lines to wait in, different people to see, endless paperwork to be filled out. It is overwhelming, especially after losing your home. I'd rather stay in bed, too. Ninety percent of the families I counsel want to get their GEDs, want to get a job, or have had or currently have a job. Let's not forget the lazy rich, sitting on their yachts sipping martinis because of their inheritances. They are, conveniently, never under attack.

Lisa Permut
MANHATTAN

WHILE THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THE homeless couple you featured trying to keep up their "Brooks Brothers look," their money (and the city's) might go further without the premium cigars visible in the gentleman's Brooks Brothers pocket. Last time I checked, those Avo and Ashton Churchills cost around $6 apiece.

Steven E. de Souza
SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

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Us and Them

WE'RE FLATTERED THAT YOU'VE CHOSEN once again to follow in *Us* magazine's footsteps in your feature well, this time with your article about paparazzi ["Shooting Stars," by Nancy Jo Sales, September 16]. We're pleased, too, that you acknowledged our piece "Paparazzi Wars," which ran in the July issue. I'd like to correct the impression, however, that *Us* is "typically peppered with paparazzo shots," as your article stated. While we never shy away from the occasional excellent candid shot, the vast majority of *Us*'s photographs are portraits and, secondarily, event pictures. Moreover, our piece acknowledges that, along with most other magazines, we use paparazzi pictures from time to time. To suggest that *Us* ran a story depicting celebrity photographers in a completely negative light while employing them at the same time is to distort the thrust of our piece: that the relationship between stars and shooters has reached dangerous heights, and that paparazzi come in different varieties—just like reporters.

Barbara O'Dair
Editor, Us
MANHATTAN

Out of the Park

SUSAN SWIFT, KIMBERLY HARDY, AND I WERE the LeBoeuf women who "pioneered the league's co-ed movement in the late eighties" ["Gotham: The Sharks of Summer," by Victoria Cain, August 5]. But let me tell you, integrating the Lawyers' Softball League was more difficult than hitting for the cycle. The late-eighties version of LeBoeuf men (not to mention the more hostile attorneys at the other white-shoe law firms in the league) did not exactly welcome us with open mitts. Despite considerable resistance and more than a few brushback pitches, our initiative eventually resulted in the adoption of gender-based guidelines to level the playing field, so to speak. I'm glad to see that now, six years later, not only are our efforts recognized and appreciated, but LeBoeuf is perched atop Division 1.

Helen D. Reavis, Esq., Shortstop
MANHATTAN

Outside

TOM ROSTON STATES THAT THE RAMBLE IN Central Park has been used as a cruising ground for men since the early seventies ["Gotham: Park City," September 16]. In fact, according to George Chauncey in his celebrated work *Gay New York,* male sexual activity in the Ramble dates back much further than that. He writes: "At the turn of the century, men met each other next to Belvedere Castle. . . . In the 1920s so many men met on the open lawn at the north end of the Ramble that they nicknamed it the Fruited Plain."

S. M. Hingston
MANHATTAN

Save the Children

IT IS TRUE, AS MICHAEL TOMASKY'S "DEATH in the Family" states, that an underfunded and overburdened child-welfare system cannot protect children like Nadine Lockwood ["The City Politic," September 16]. Yet there is a viable approach that relies not on city agencies but on the willingness of the entire community to come together in support of children.

The Children's Advocacy Center of Manhattan, an independent, privately funded organization, helps victims of abuse by making the system work for them. We work closely with the Administration for Children's Services, the Police Department, the district attorney, and local hospitals to coordinate the investigation, prosecution, and treatment of child abuse.

We, as New Yorkers, are the parents of these children, and it is incumbent on all of us to play a part in finding solutions. The children we help rely on your willingness to call the state hot line at 800-422-4453 when you suspect abuse.

Georgette Mosbacher
Chairman and Founder
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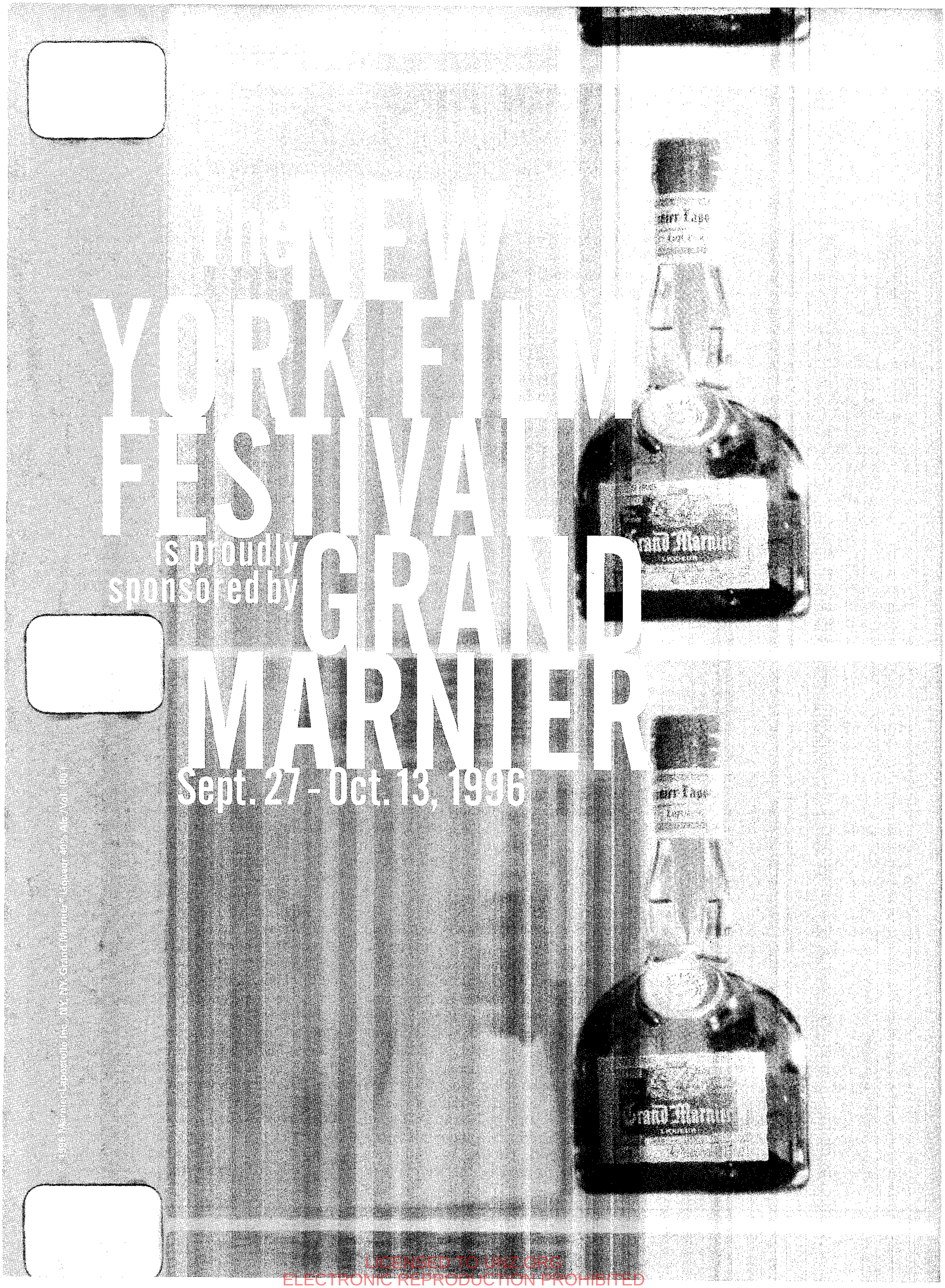
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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

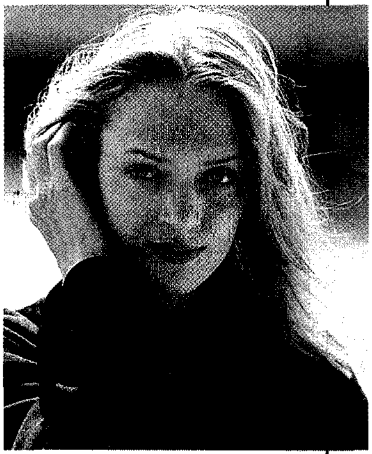
EVERY INCH COUNTS AT *THE NEW YORKER*

"I'm not very good at spatial relations," admits *New Yorker* senior editor **Charles Michener,** "but it was quite clear that *this* was going to be a logistical problem." *This* was his new office on "The Wall," the bank of offices leading to editor **Tina Brown**'s, and the problem was that Michener's office was smaller than that of the magazine's features director, **David Kuhn.** (Exactly how much smaller is a matter of some debate. Water-cooler gossip puts it at a whopping four inches.) Michener marched into the office of deputy editor **Pamela Maffei McCarthy** to demand equal sizing. To hear Michener tell it, however, inches weren't the issue: "It was a matter of being able to edit manuscripts while sitting at a desk instead of standing." McCarthy insists that the size snafu was never a big deal: Splitting one office into two, the contractors made a mistake that cut into Michener's office. The morning after he complained, two burly construction workers did a quick bump and grind, literally pushing the wall into its proper place with their hips. "It didn't cost the magazine a cent, but I don't think it cost the contractors anything, either," McCarthy says with a laugh. Another jokester sent out an anonymous memo alluding to *l'affaire Michener,* about an editor who had "constructed an office for himself in his own mind. As it is a mental construct, and a bit small, he would appreciate it if everyone could donate three and a half inches of their own minds. Thanks."

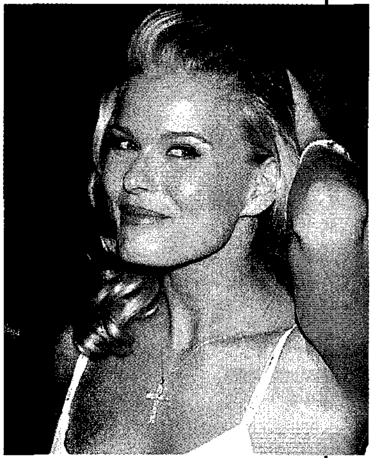
Tina Brown: Cut & paste

UMA THURMAN: NOT THE BAT'S MEOW?

Uma Thurman might project a certain supercool confidence in public, but if her behavior on the *Batman and Robin* set is any indication, she's just as insecure as the rest of us. The sultry quasi Buddhist's reaction was apparently less than Zen, sources close to the actress say, when she learned that **Vendela** and **Elle MacPherson** had been added to the cast of the latest installment in Warner Bros.' supersize, megasuccessful franchise. Thurman, starring as the horticulturally inclined villainess Poison Ivy, was reportedly worried that her exotic, unconventional beauty would not hold up next to the more commercial looks of her new co-stars. Thurman was reportedly so distressed, in fact, that she even discussed leaving the imminent blockbuster. A spokesperson for the film said he hadn't heard the story, which he characterized as "ridiculous."



Uma Thurman: Rash behavior



Vendela: Freezing Uma out?

A MINSKOFF DRAMA PLAYS ON PARK AVENUE

A real-life sequel to *The First Wives Club* could begin with the story of **Lillian Minskoff** and the two-year-old battle over her Park Avenue apartment. The first wife of the late theatrical producer and real-estate scion Jerome Minskoff, Lillian is frail and in her eighties, but recently she's had to worry about whether she'll be thrown out of her longtime home. Lillian won "rent-free possession and occupancy of the apartment for the remainder of her life," according to her 1967 divorce settlement, a then-standard deal that gave Jerome the bills and ownership while allowing Lillian to live there. One ambiguous clause seems to imply that she'd have to leave in 60 days if Jerome paid her $100,000—fair market value in 1967, but not even close to what it would cost to find a suitable replacement for nine and a half rooms on Park Avenue today. Jerome's death in 1994 left his second wife, **Maggie,** in charge of his $15 million estate, and the maintenance bills for the first Mrs. Minskoff were not paid for almost two years—although the bill was recently paid by Jerome's estate, according to one insider. Was the issue simply whether the estate or the widow should pay the bills, as that source claims? Maggie stepped down as executor of her husband's estate at the end of 1994, after several parties complained that she was difficult to reach and neglectful. Said to be living in London, Maggie could not be reached, and none of the many attorneys retained by her over the years would comment.

DENNIS VACCO'S WHITE-HOT TEMPER

A simmering feud between United States Attorney **Mary Jo White**'s office and state attorney general **Dennis Vacco** is escalating into a war. The two have been firing salvos at one another for months over the now-infamous trial of model-bilking statutory rapist **David Weil,** who was convicted of fraud in a $1 million embezzling case involving models like **Ingrid Seynhaeve** and **Nicole Beach.** White and Vacco were both trying to prosecute the case, and White cut a deal with Weil that preempted Vacco's case. Recently, Vacco went on an offensive, firing

Photographs: clockwise from top right, Pag/Stills/Retna; Bill Davila/Retna; Judie Burstein/Globe Photos.

Curtis Sliwa:
Vigilant campaigner?

A CURTIS SLIWA WEINER ROAST?

Though Brooklyn congressman **Charles Schumer**'s all-but-declared run for governor is two years off, hungry politicians have already begun vying for his seat. Controversial councilman **Anthony Weiner** has declared, and now, it seems, so has Guardian Angels founder **Curtis Sliwa.** According to Sliwa, Democrats and Republicans unhappy with Weiner (there are many, he insists) have been clamoring for him to throw his beret in the ring. "**Guy Molinari**'s been trying to get me to run for years," says the unbashful Sliwa, "and this isn't just any neighborhood. Where the Chuck Schumer district goes, so goes the city." According to sources, Sliwa's assertions are not just hot air, but, should he decide to run, the political novice has a long road ahead of him. And should Sliwa fail, probable opponent Weiner already has a consolation plan for him. "Weiner's encouraged me to compete in the annual Nathan's hot-dog-eating contest in Coney Island, even after **Edward Krachie** beat me for the past two years," says Sliwa. "He's convinced I can bring the belt back to Brooklyn."

Courtney Love:
Hole new address

off a nasty letter to White accusing her of stonewalling the investigation. "It is difficult for me to believe that your office would intentionally seek to compromise the prosecution of a criminal case by my office," he fumed in the letter. Then he wrote to one of Weil's victims, complaining about the U.S. Attorney's conduct. "[The attorney general's office] argued against Mr. Weil receiving any kind of benefit," the letter claims. "However, the U.S. Attorney's office decided to disregard our pleas and offer Mr. Weil a deal." Though two well-placed sources say that White's camp is furious, both sides refused to comment, citing the ongoing case.

FUHRMAN ROOMS; BOULEY RENTS

NEXT STOP, THE MARK: **Mark Fuhrman,** one of the few O.J.-tainted figures who has yet to sell his story, has been romanced in a big way by talk-show hosts. **Geraldo Rivera** flew Fuhrman in from Idaho last week, putting him up at the Crowne Plaza overnight to discuss a possible show. The next day, however, Fuhrman got to trade up: He moved to the Ritz-Carlton, courtesy of *PrimeTime Live.* "If *60 Minutes* had heard he was in town, he could have spent another few days at the Essex House," quipped Fuhrman's agent, **Lucianne Goldberg.**

BOULEY TAKES TRIBECA: Add **David Bouley**'s name to the growing list of serious chefs who've opened lower-priced, less formal offshoots of their famous restaurants. Bouley will open a new café and bakery at Duane Street and West Broadway next spring, just a stone's throw from the building at 36 Hudson Street that will house the new Bouley, set to open in the fall of 1997. Why the new, more relaxed turn for the famously intense four-star chef? Perhaps Bouley was inspired by visits to Pravda—he's dating one of the cocktail waitresses.

HOTEL WARS: **Jennifer** and **Jason Rubell,** niece and nephew of hotelier **Ian Schrager**'s late partner Steve Rubell, are setting up shop right around the corner from Schrager's Delano hotel in South Beach, Miami. This January the twentysomethings will open the $10 million Albion, which will be packed with creature comforts, including a poolside living room and breakfast nook. The young Rubells aren't particularly worried about being outshined by their more established neighbor. "The Delano is breathtaking, but it's a dated masterpiece," says Jennifer. "It's a continuation of a certain attitude, a very eighties attitude. We weren't a part of that generation." In the meantime, Schrager's very eighties M.O. continues to work: His fifth hotel, the Mondrian in L.A., is due to reopen in December, and there's talk of a sixth in San Francisco or Washington, D.C.

Bouley:
A new place

Additional reporting by Matt Pincus and Mark Jacobs.

LOOKING FOR LOVE WAY DOWNTOWN

The always-in-the-news **Courtney Love** is at it again, with the flash that she's now apartment-hunting in New York. Love has asked a friend to quietly scope out pads in the Big Apple, according to one appropriately grungy source. But word from Love's camp is that she's not looking to collect homes in every port, **Cher**-style; instead, she's been searching for a quiet place to rehearse with her band, Hole (she hasn't found anything appropriate yet, says the insider). When it comes to living arrangements, Love doesn't really need an apartment in New York anyway, now that she's hooked up with East Coast–based actor **Edward Norton.** He plays Larry Flynt's lawyer (Love plays Althea, Flynt's wife) in the upcoming *The People vs. Larry Flynt* and is a member of the Signature Theatre Company. No word on which neighborhood Love is casing, although we expect she'll stay way, way downtown, like former amour and fellow indie rocker **Billy Corgan** of the Smashing Pumpkins. Corgan—who went out of his way to assure everyone at the MTV Video Music Awards that his band is still alternative, multi-million-dollar success notwithstanding—has put his money where his mouth is when it comes to real estate. Turns out that when he's in town, he lives on the very hip, very un-posh Lower East Side below Houston Street, near such slacker hangouts as Max Fish. "He keeps a pretty low profile," says one of his neighbors. "The only rock-star affectation is that occasionally a car comes to pick him up."

Photographs: top left, John Barrett/Globe Photos; center left, Steve Granitz/Retna; center right, Adam Scull/Globe Photos.

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GOTHAM

A smudge-pot in a tornado—*John O'Hara*

THE FRONT PAGE

The Establishment Is Dead

Spiro T. Agnew, may he roast in peace.

Spiro T. Agnew was a joke, which went like this: The television screen was blank. Scrolled across the screen: SPIRO T. AGNEW. A man could be heard laughing. Then: VICE PRESIDENT. The man laughed louder, progressed to practically hysterical, and then came the kicker: THIS WOULD BE FUNNY IF IT WEREN'T SO SERIOUS.

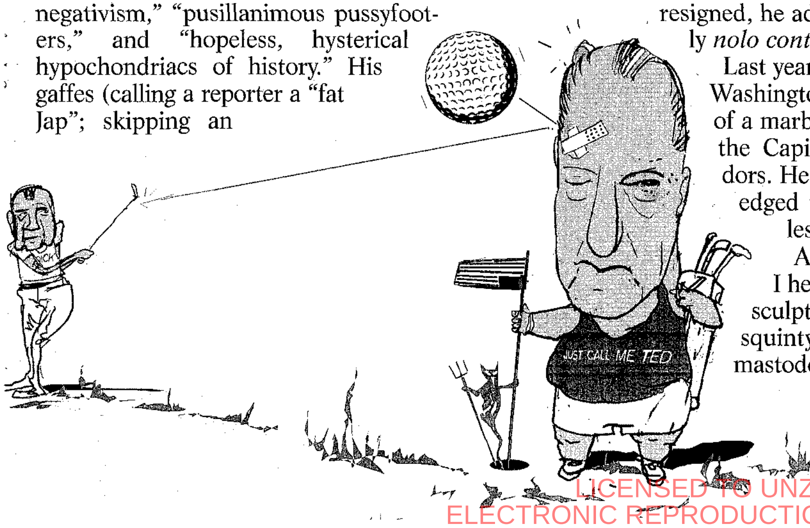
It was clever, as political ads go. But the Democrats were running their own joke vice-president in 1968, only for president, and so the GOP comedy team of Nixon-Agnew overcame its laughability and won the election. It was then that Agnew would begin to doggedly earn, every minute of every hour for four years, eight months, and twenty days, his rightful place in history as the man who made it impossible for Americans to take politics seriously ever again.

Agnew certainly wasn't the first vice-president to become a National Punch Line—his boss, among predecessors, had been kicked around a bit—but he was uniquely suited for it. Seemingly named after a Groucho Marx character, Agnew was also a caricaturist's wet dream: vast breathing apparatus and tiny eyes, a head that pretty much came to a point. (It is surprising in retrospect that the Famous Cartoonist School never asked, *Can you draw Spiro?*) Agnew was also a blustering bilebag of buffoonery, regularly unloading on an alliteration-starved nation such nonce sound bites as "nattering nabobs of negativism," "pusillanimous pussyfooters," and "hopeless, hysterical hypochondriacs of history." His gaffes (calling a reporter a "fat Jap"; skipping an inner-city campaign spot, saying, "If you've seen one slum, you've seen them all") might seem daringly politically incorrect these days; and indeed, he was something of an anti–folk hero in conservative circles. But to the anti-war crowd ("effete corps of impudent snobs"), not yet ready to put on a suit and make piles of money, Agnew was a sort of grotesque of the grown-up—the living, bellowing Establishment. More so than Nixon (too scary then to be funny), Agnew was the politician that baby-boomers imprinted on, leaving them with a lasting, unfortunate image of the elected official: equal parts hot air and dark oily fluids.

Agnew would not let them down, either, for it turned out that beyond embodying all of politics' negative physical stereotypes, he was also fantastically, comically corrupt. With his death coming in a week when a lobbyist was indicted for lying to the FBI about a $97 first-class upgrade, there's an almost perverse nostalgia in remembering that as governor of Maryland, Agnew had *bags of cash delivered to his office.* (As vice-president, he switched to more discreet envelopes.) And when he resigned, he admitted nothing, only *nolo contendere.*

Last year, Agnew returned to Washington for the unveiling of a marble bust of himself in the Capitol's statuary corridors. He graciously acknowledged that the honor "has less to do with Spiro Agnew than the office I held," and thanked the sculptor for capturing "my squinty little eyes and mastodonic nose."

Say this for Spiro: at least he got the joke.



CANDIDATE CAMERA "I don't know any Democratic consultant in his right mind who would utilize such a thing. The man had an accident, and people are entitled to that. I don't even think the Republicans would use that sort of picture."—Hank Sheinkopf, Democratic campaign consultant, on whether anyone making a campaign advertisement might use pictures of the nasty spill Bob Dole took last week

DISHING Since the departure of restaurateur Pino Luongo from Mad.61, Barneys's management has been going to great lengths to get the place open again: new chef, new staff, new menu. "I don't know what they're going to serve food on," says a former manager. "But [they'd] better not try to use the china. Pino personally designed the pattern—he's got it trademarked."

GOOD MEASURE While describing ways the Board of Education could fight overcrowding in schools, chief of operations Lewis Spence recently told reporters, "We're going to keep pushing the limits of how far we can bus small and medium-sized children." Does that mean there's a height limit? "He meant to say 'elementary up to eighth-graders,' " explains a BOE spokeswoman. "He's the father of three children. Instead of referring to age, he was thinking about the size of his kids; that's something that parents do."

City

AL SHARPENS

ON THE MORNING OF OCTOBER 16, WHILE thousands of African-Americans descend on the United Nations building to mark the first anniversary of the Million Man March, the Reverend Al Sharpton will be conspicuously absent, but not silent. Huddled elsewhere in the city with black activists, influential members of the clergy, and deep-pocket financiers, Sharpton will formally announce his intent to challenge Mayor Rudolph Giuliani in 1997.

"While others will be talking about the sins of black men—which do need to be dealt with—we will be dealing with the sins of white men in a city where people could be shot down like dogs," said Sharpton one afternoon recently, before adding that he will eventually show up at the U.N. rally.

The minister leaned forward on a cluttered desk in his office in a dingy, two-story walkup on 125th Street and thumbed through a fat dossier sitting next to a copy of Jesse Jackson's new book, *Legal Lynching: Racism, Injustice and the Death Penalty.* If, as the dossier predicts, homelessness, miseducation of minority children, budget cuts, police brutality, state executions, and Rudy Giuliani's power-mad misdeeds are the issues that resonate with New York voters, then Al Sharpton will be the second black mayor of New York City.

"In my Senate races in 1992 and 1994, I got more votes citywide than any of the other possible Democratic candidates for mayor in '97," Sharpton said, his double chin throbbing like the dewlap on the beer-swilling bullfrog in the Budweiser commercial. Just then, in walked Moses Stewart, the father of 16-year old Yusuf Hawkins, whose 1989 death at the hands of a gang of whites in Bensonhurst produced an outpouring of anger that effectively destroyed Giuliani's mayoral hopes and elected David Dinkins the city's first black mayor. "It might be worth putting up another struggle," said Stewart, who will run the day-to-day affairs of Sharpton's National Action Network. "Reverend Sharpton found his vocation specializing in the defense of black victims of racism," he added. "Nobody knows this better than Sharpton."

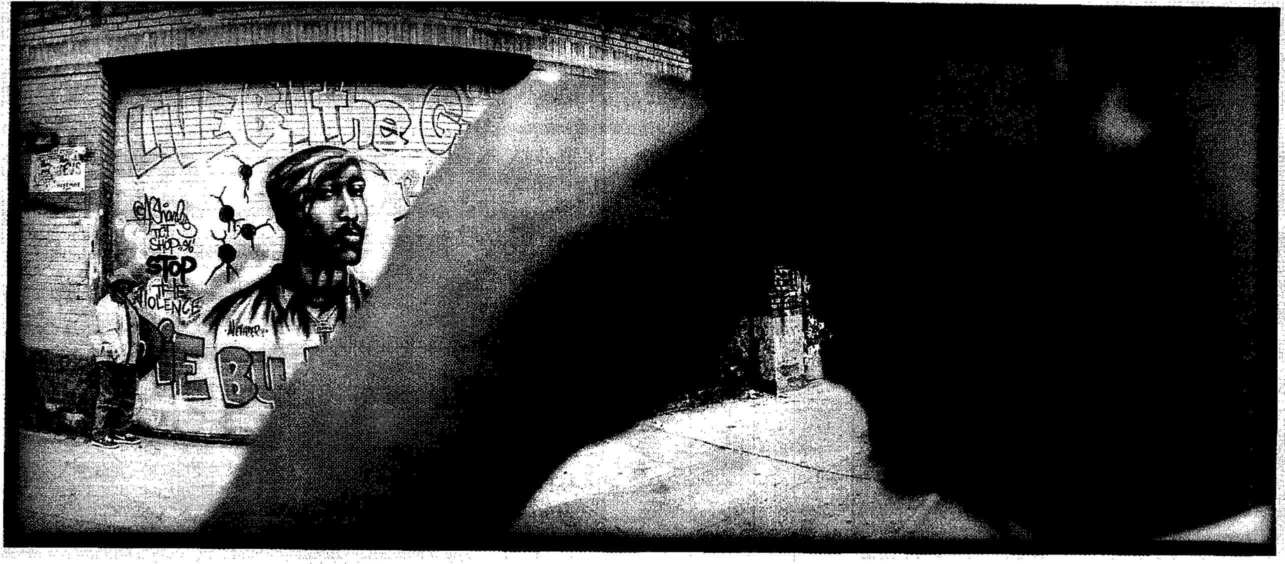
The Reverend Al Sharpton, candidate for mayor.

That very stance has pitted Sharpton against Giuliani many times before. And if anything is an indication of the contentiousness of things to come, it's their long history of confrontation dating back to when Giuliani was building his career as a federal prosecutor in Manhattan. In 1985, after a grand jury refused to indict Bernhard Goetz, Sharpton went to Giuliani to urge him to prosecute Goetz for violating the civil rights of the alleged victims, four young black men. "He jerked us off," says Sharpton.

A few months later, Giuliani was in the media spotlight for his prosecution of boxing promoter Don King, a Sharpton benefactor. "I've never talked about this in public before, [but] Rudy Giuliani was the U.S. Attorney when the FBI tried to sting Don King and I, and then he came back and tried to get me to work against Don King," Sharpton said. "I've always felt Rudy Giuliani had something to do with the distorted story that I informed on Don King." According to Sharpton, King's acquittal enraged Giuliani, who by now was being portrayed by Sharpton as the sinister reincarnation of J. Edgar Hoover.

Then came Tawana Brawley, the Wappingers Falls teenager who claimed she was abducted and raped by a gang of white men in November 1987. The following summer, self-described surveillance expert Samuel McClease claimed that on Sharpton's orders, he secretly tape-recorded conversations of Brawley attorneys Alton Maddox Jr. and C. Vernon Mason discussing misgivings about the case. When Sharpton, Maddox, and Mason denounced that revelation, Giuliani ordered McClease to appear with the tapes before a federal grand jury looking into the Brawley affair. The tapes he turned over were blank, and McClease was charged with obstruction and perjury.

SHOT



Houston Street between Chrystie and Eldridge Streets, 4:30 P.M., Sunday, September 15, *photographed by Michael Ackerman.*

Photograph: top, Marc Asnin/SABA.

"So by the time he assumed public office as mayor in January of 1994, Rudy Giuliani had far established a hostile relationship with me," Sharpton said. But there was more to come. In January 1994, police tried to storm the Nation of Islam's Muhammad's Mosque No. 7 in Harlem in response to a 911 call, which turned out to be a false armed-robbery report. Recruited by the Muslims, Sharpton immediately declared that the mosque invasion signaled a potentially painful contest of wills between the Giuliani administration and its African-American constituents.

Sharpton expects the pre-election mudslinging will be furious. "I'll go tit-for-tat no matter how ugly it gets," he says. The Giuliani camp, he insists, will want to portray him as the "racial arsonist" behind the 1991 Crown Heights riots; as a tax dodger who quietly pleaded guilty to a minor tax charge in 1993; and as the instigator of last December's protests that ended with the firebombing of a white-owned store in Harlem. (When Giuliani suggested that Sharpton, who has a house in Englewood, N.J., was one of the "outside agitators" of the protests, Sharpton compared the mayor to former Alabama segregationist governor George Wallace. Giuliani, in kind, compared Sharpton to former KKK Grand Wizard David Duke.)

But it's not just the mayor Sharpton will be going after. At his announcement next month, Sharpton will also propose a slate of insurgents eager to challenge vulnerable incumbents in the City Council and other offices. The Reverend Dennis Dillon, the black publisher of the Brooklyn-based *Christian Times*, is likely to take on Brooklyn borough president Howard Golden in the Democratic primary. Sharpton has also held talks with two-term City Council member Adam Clayton Powell IV about running against Manhattan borough president Ruth Messinger, who is another Democrat likely to announce her candidacy for mayor.

"This is the last municipal race of the century, and we should not go out being represented by right-wing Republicans and Uncle Toms," Sharpton said. Then he rocked back in his chair, stroked his graying pompadour, and barked out to an aide: "Get Jesse on the phone!"

PETER NOEL

Sports

OOHHHHHH, CANADA

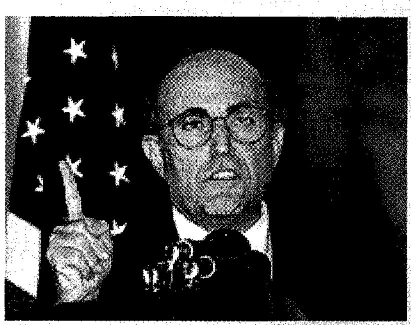
USUAL SATURDAY-NIGHT CROWD AT THE OFficial All Star Cafe: three quarters tourist, one quarter suburban. But in the back, where the World Cup of Hockey was playing with the sound turned all the way up, it was very Canadian.

In the Times Square sports emporium that Gretzky helped to build, Canadians were gathered at tables, Canadians were standing around the bar, Canadians were watching Team Canada's Eric Lindros put a goal past Team USA's goalie: Canada 1, USA 1. The Canadians were drinking Bass and Heineken. No commemorative-baseball-bat-bottled Coors for the

POLITICS

Easy Grader

Last week, Rudy Giuliani gave himself and the city an A+ when he released the Mayor's Management Report—the annual report card on city services. His good spirits did not last long. When when one reporter questioned a statistic, he barked "Let's stop being stupid!" Below are some of this year's biggest improvements, as well as some not-so-stellar grades.



Photograph by Susan May Tell/New York Post.

CITY STATISTICS 1995/1996

IMPROVED	Amount Better
Truants returned to school: 40,324/56,910	41%
New cases of tuberculosis: 2,911/2,244	23%
Murder and nonnegligent manslaughter: 1,304/1,105	15%
Major felony crime: 343,867/293,874	15%
Robbery: 64,513/56,768	12%
Rape: 2,625/2,330	11%
Arson fires: 3,966/3,547	11%
Sexually transmitted diseases: 92,157/82,057	11%
Complaints received by Commission on Human Rights: 1,333/1,200	10%
Deaths reported to chief medical examiner: 29,208/27,422	6%
Parks with an "acceptably low" number of weeds: 83%/88%	6%
Infant-mortality rate (per 1,000): 9/8.8	2%
Vehicles entering Manhattan per 24-hour period: 763,000/754,400	1%
NOT IMPROVED	**Amount Worse**
Complaints about police to Civilian Complaint board: 5,600/5,734	2%
Full-time teachers working in public schools: 68,870/66,760	3%
Average number of police officers on patrol per day: 8,305/7,865	5%
Average crosstown vehicle speed in midtown (miles per hour): 5.6/5.2	7%
Sewer-backup complaints: 28,967/31,556	9%
School-safety reported incidents: 20,094/23,330	16%
Average response time to crime-in-progress calls (minutes): 7.70/9.10	18%
Water-main breaks: 476/574	21%
Total tons of waste recycled per day: 4,952/3,913	21%
Taxi service-refusal complaints: 1,285/1,674	30%
Apartments created for homeless families and individuals: 1,997/1,219	39%
Streets rated filthy: 4.1%/5.8%	41%
Department of Correction escapes: 1/3	200%

THE SCENE

Power Set

At Tiffany & Co. to preview the 1996 Fall Table Setting Show, paying tribute to the tenth anniversary of Citymeals-on-Wheels's Power Lunch for Women.

By Ariel Kaminer
Photographed by Patrick McMullan

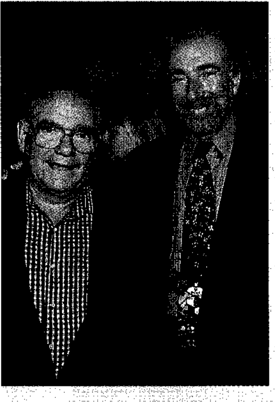
Above, Andrew Fox and Caroline Hirsch at her entry to the Tiffany & Co. Fall Table Setting Show.

“BEAUTIFUL TABLE-SETTING IS PART OF THE ART of self-portraiture,” said John Loring, Tiffany & Co.'s design director, “and it's an art we can all practice. I say just do your best. I believe life is simple. It's the do-your-best theory.” At Tiffany's, at least, it really can be that simple. Do your best. Cherish beauty. Start with the little fork and work your way in. The place has a way of resolving the contradictions that muddle so much of the rest of life.

Take urban hunger, for example. Inside the store's huge brass doors, Citymeals-on-Wheels projects were being discussed over the same counters where million-dollar gems are sold, and no one seemed to find it a bit jarring. And while the art of table-setting might seem an odd medium through which to celebrate women's victory over the glass ceiling (Citymeals-on-Wheels fêtes “women of power” every year), there were plenty of explanations for that as well.

“Women have gone out in the world and had a tremendous influence on every part of our culture,” said Loring. “Their tastes, which were once developed in the hothouse atmosphere of the home, have become more refined. They have all these experiences and all this—what I call *reality intake.* The result is table settings of tremendous self-assured style and grace.”

Sure, a hard-hearted person could find it all terribly ironic, but why be that way? It's just as easy to find it all rather lovely. “Twenty years ago, women were suspect if they looked wonderful,” recalled Grace Mirabella. “I mean, come on. It's wonderful to look wonderful.”



Above left, Vivienne Westwood and André Leon Talley at the Pierre Hotel for the Fashion Group International's Fashion Legends Signature Style gala. Far left, Brooke Astor and Valentino at the opening of his Madison Avenue boutique. Near left, Michel Roux and Richard Lewis at the party for Lewis's *Absolut Book.*, sponsored by *New York*, Absolut, and Journey Editions. Below left, Matthew Broderick, Sarah Jessica Parker, Elizabeth Hurley, and Hugh Grant at the Rainbow Room's party for *Extreme Measures.* Below, Sister Helen Prejean, Marlo Thomas, Helen Caldicott, Paul Newman, and Susan Sarandon at Thomas's home celebrating Caldicott's *Autobiography: A Desperate Passion.*

Canucks. Drinking American beer was as unthinkable as Ontario-born Brett Hull's playing for Team USA. “What he's doing is like treason,” one Canadian said to another. “High treason,” emphasized a third.

“Hockey,” another Canadian explained, “brings Canadians together—from Victoria to St. John's.” He shifted his bulk to ask the Texan beside him if he knew where St. John's was. “Not the university,” he warned, confusing the American. “What is the capital of Canada?” A securities analyst wearing No. 66 on his Team Canada jersey shook his head, foreseeing: “He'll never know that.” The Texan turned to his friend for help. “I know who the last president was,” his buddy chipped in.

A computer programmer from Ottawa who played shinney every winter weekend of his adolescence looked with distaste at the Americans around him. “They're just cheering because it's Team USA,” he sneered. “Not because it's hockey.”

Photograph by Teru Kuwayama

A pair of stocky New Yorkers took up the challenge. “Canada sucks,” they taunted, moving into a medley of “Let's Go, Rangers,” the first verse of *The Star Spangled Banner,* and a “U-S-A” chant.

By the end of the third period, the banker in the Lemieux jersey was holding his head in his hands. Looking up after the fourth, definitive American goal, he wiped his eyes. “You've got to admit the Americans are a good team,” he said, sadly. “We trained them well.”

Honeymooners from Ottawa were sitting with a tourist and an expatriate from Toronto at another corner of the bar. The game was over, but they were stuck in their seats. “Half the people here didn't know the game was on until we told them,” fumed the newlywed. “Americans are just out of control when they win something.”

On cue, a Team USA supporter leaned over and told the honeymooner not to worry so much about it. “It's not like it's a real sport,” he explained.

The Vancouverite lost it. As he was chaperoned by Official All Star bouncers to Seventh Avenue, he threw back his head and wailed: *Canada!*

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THE CITY POLITIC MICHAEL TOMASKY

The Wrong Holy War

While tabloid battles rage between parochial schools and the Board of Education, one huge problem—special education—remains unattacked.

HERE'S AN INTERESTING LITTLE morsel the dailies apparently considered unworthy of contemplation during the course of the "Rudy *v.* Rudy Holy War" over whether the Board of Education should accept the archdiocesan offer to take 1,000 public-school students. It turns out that the New York City Board of Education spent, in fiscal year 1995, $73.2 million to support parochial education. This is to say, we, the taxpayers—living with the crushing paradox of paying excessively high taxes in a city that needs far more tax revenue—are supporting an institution invariably, and inviolately, described as "private."

It's true that much of this is federal money that's merely distributed by the board on what educators call a "pass-through" basis. Still, the facts remain: The Board of Education buys textbooks, library materials, and computer software ($6 million); operates kitchens in 102 parochial schools ($6.4 million); distributes transit passes for 64,000 students ($5.8 million); and gives another 16,000 youngsters a ride ($14.7 million).

I assert that this raises one or two fair questions, namely: If we're giving this private institution money, should we not have a smidgen of a say over how it runs its affairs? Should we not, for example, be in a position to demand—let's be polite: suggest—that if the archdiocese wants to educate 1,000 tough cases, it's all well and good, but why doesn't the church, sitting rather pretty after all as one of Manhattan's most reliably flush real-estate tycoons, pay for it? Some say the diocese shouldn't give the city something for nothing; let's check the church's tax bill on its land holdings, and then let's have that conversation.

Now, I grasp the obvious: If I were a low-income parent whose child had to attend one of our more blighted public schools, I'd be, well, praying for the chance to get my kid into a Catholic school. And there's nothing wrong with private donations paying these fortunate children's tuitions.

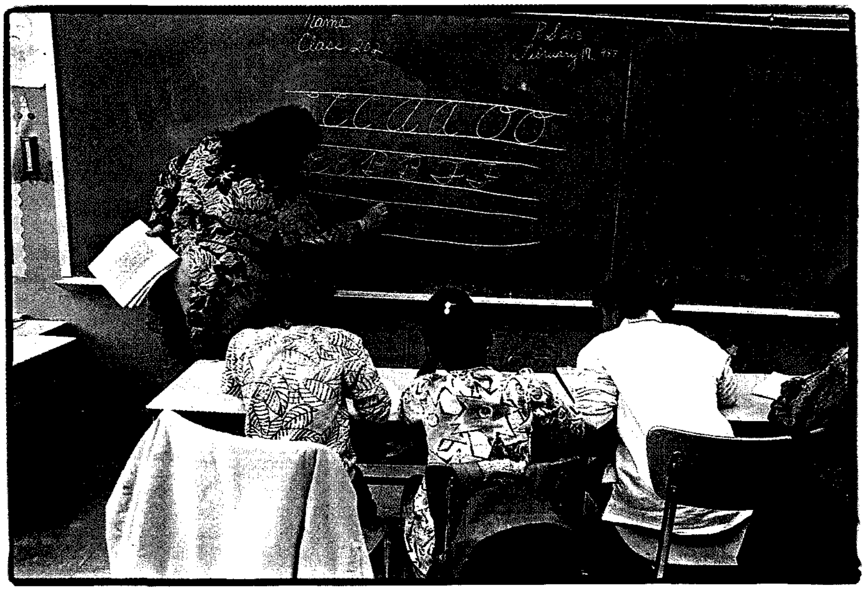
But the archdiocese's offer is a huge nothing. Consider this additional factlet. Every year, the Catholic schools return to the public schools around 3,000 students—the parochial schools own the crucial luxury of being able to bounce the problem cases. So even if the diocese takes 1,000 students, the flow still bleeds in the direction of the burdened, overcrowded public system—by a ratio of three to one. Democratic assemblyman Steve Sanders offers the dry observation: "You could say that 1,000 of these very kids [whom the parochial schools expel] would be the ones referred back. So what are we really talking about here?"

Instead of wasting rolls of newsprint on an "issue" that involves less than one tenth of one percent of the entire school population, we might do better to attempt a serious public debate about some of the burdens that weigh public education down. Things actually moved in a positive direction last week, for example, on the overcrowding question. The Citizens Budget Commission released a sharp report showing that keeping schools open longer, daily and yearly, would improve things, and the major principals seemed to agree that this was indeed a good thing.

But the real monster hiding in the wardrobe is special education. Right now, of the city's 1.06 million public-school students, fully 135,000 are in special-education classes. That's one out of every eight. Do we seriously believe that every eighth child in the city of New York is mentally or physically handicapped? No—man could not survive if the gene pool were so capricious.

Yet they're in there. The story of how this came to pass is a sad one. In brief: Once, severely disabled children were in essence discarded by the public-school system, and many poor children from tough homes were herded off into corners and not taught much of anything. In 1975, the federal government stepped in and passed one of those omnibus acts mandating, but mostly not funding, a range of services—counseling, physical therapy, psychological testing, etc.—for disabled kids.

The new law set high standards—so high, in fact, that most local governments (and in New York, it didn't help that it was fiscal-crisis time) couldn't hope to meet them. So the Board of Education, naturally, was sued. The 1979 case, captioned *Jose P.* v. *Ambach*, led to a slew of



A special-ed class in Brooklyn: Too special?

Photograph by Cindy Reiman/Impact Visuals.

meticulous court-mandated standards that the board was expected to meet.

For whom? For children with severe mental or physical handicaps, obviously. But the mandates also extended to children, in the words of the board's deputy chancellor for instruction, Judith Rizzo, "who are this nebulous thing called LD—learning disabled." LD might, and in fact does, include children who may have moderate learning problems but who simply are not disabled in any generally understood sense. They had a tough home life; their parents never taught them to read; what-have-you. Fully 60 percent of the 135,000 special-education students in New York City fall into this category, where batteries of tests are conducted to verify the obvious.

Well—this hasn't worked. No one would argue that we should return to the days before the federal law. But new problems have merely taken the old ones' place. Parents and teachers came to understand quickly that if a child was not doing well in school, the easiest and brightest path was to ship the kid into special ed, where class sizes are smaller and the mandated services are provided. And private service providers under contract with the board stood to make more money for every kid placed in special ed.

The result is that 85 percent of kids sent for testing are, in the argot, "referred." Of those, 80 percent never get out, and only about one sixth actually graduate. The tasting menu of services and tests costs gobs of dollars. Thus, the price of—let's say *maintaining*, not educating, given the graduation rate—a special-ed student in New York City, according to a 1994 Coopers & Lybrand study, is a throat-clutching $23,598 a year. On a regular student, meanwhile, we spend the not very princely sum of $5,149, which is, comparatively, a pretty low number.

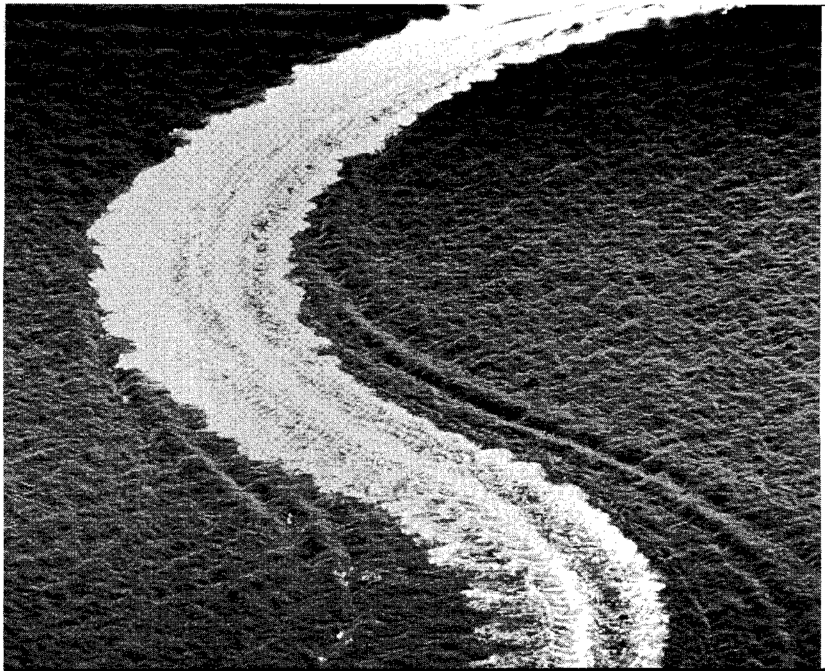
The Board of Education can go back to court on *Jose P.* anytime it wants. But Crew and Rizzo are trying the negotiation route, which is probably less expensive and certainly less exhausting.

Or maybe not. Rizzo says she was talking to a state education official about bringing together the various special-education constituencies for some meetings. Who, she asked, were the people committed to changing this? Says Rizzo, "He said, 'There aren't any.' "

That's not quite true, really. Everybody knows it's an appalling mess and a scam. Michael Rebell is one of the lead attorneys on *Jose P.*, and even he says, "We have always taken the position that there are too many kids in special ed."

Rizzo spent several months last year meeting with Rebell and the other *Jose P.* attorneys establishing points of consensus, and she says the board is ready to start moving seriously. A New York University report from October of last year suggests various ways to change the evaluation process in the hope of cutting down on the percentage of positive referrals. The state legislature this year changed evaluation rules in the hope of achieving same.

So things are happening. But big change is terrifying to everyone involved. I mean, if you were spearheading this reform, what would you say to a roomful of freaked-out parents with children in wheelchairs? Change must come, but it will come via serious debate and attention, not through a lot of blather about whether the diocese extradites 2,000 or 3,000 kids to Livingston Street.



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THE NATIONAL INTEREST JACOB WEISBERG

Dole's Dick Morrises

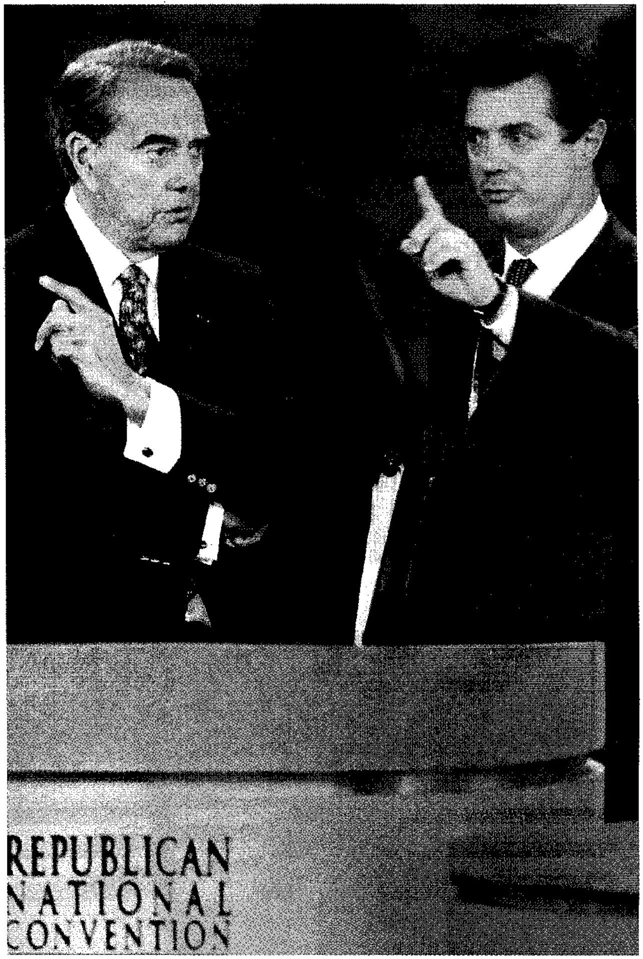
Forget the summer's sex scandals—the Republican candidate's top advisers make up a most-wanted list of big-time influence peddlers.

'WHAT A PRESIDENT SAYS AND WHAT A PRESIDENT does and with whom he associates matters, because he sets the moral tone," a stony-faced Bob Dole told members of the American Legion gathered in Salt Lake City on Labor Day. "He sends signals about what is acceptable. And those signals from this administration have been unmistakable, and I believe they've been wrong."

Dole's reference was to drugs but also, of course, to Dick Morris, the former Clinton adviser whose gleeful bottom-scraping has made even the most hardened and cynical political professionals want to take a shower. But before moralizing any further, Dole should look to his own house. While Clinton has (of necessity) dissociated himself from the amok Morris, Dole continues to surround himself with a group of Beltway operators every bit as unscrupulous. Indeed, most of the Dole-Kemp campaign team is made up of gun-for-hire Washington influence peddlers whose real interest in a Republican administration is not in reforming or scaling back the federal government but in milking it for every penny it's worth.

Never mind Roger Stone, the Dole-campaign adviser who was busily (and unconvincingly) denying a bizarre sex scandal of his own last week. Never mind Arthur Finkelstein, working for Jesse Helms while raising kids with his same-sex partner. Kinky (in the former case), hypocritical (in the latter) political consultants do no obvious damage to the republic. The more substantive and troubling issue is revolving-door lobbyists who sell their high-government relationships to private clients, often of the most unsavory kind. Republicans aren't alone in this pursuit. Clinton, after all, hired the now-deified Ron Brown as well as sometime lobbyists Howard Paster, Mickey Kantor, and Susan Thomases. But for brazenness and volume, the cashing-in Clintonites have nothing on the wheeling-dealing Dolies.

The Dole campaign deals with the unsavory connections of its favored profiteers by doing . . . nothing. In his San Diego convention speech, Jack Kemp denounced the evils of Fascism and Communism, throwing in for good measure something he called "apartheidism." It was a hallmark of Kemp's racial sensitivity that he would include the late racist regime of South Africa in the litany. What escaped notice was that Kemp was, at the very same time, working to bring aboard the Dole-Kemp team his longtime adviser John [illegible] who for several years was chief lobbyist for P. W. [illegible]ington. A former Reagan adviser, Sears was [illegible] mid-eighties to resist sanctions [illegible] of "con-



Friends with friends: Dole and Manafort in San Diego.

Equally appalling is Paul Manafort, the bespoke-suited operative who was in charge of planning the Republican show in San Diego. Along with his lobbying partner Rick Davis, who served as his chief deputy at the convention, Manafort is a principal in the firm Davis, Manafort and Stone (the heir to Black, Manafort and Stone), which has long prospered in Washington on the philosophy that no client with ready cash is too tawdry. (The Stone in the firm is the swingin' Roger, he of the brimming post-office box.) "The Torturers' Lobby," a 1992 report by the Center for Public Integrity, referred to Black, Manafort and its rich contracts with the governments of the Kenyan dictator Daniel arap Moi and [illegible]eral Ibrahim Babangida of Nigeria, who ponied up $1 [illegible]year. This kind of revolving-door work is at best a by the manipulation of back-channel relationships results in government waste, fraud, and abuse. In one example of the latter, Manafort in 1989 admitted to a congressional committee investigating HUD improprieties that he had taken several hundred thousand dollars for "influence peddling" (his term) on behalf of clients who desired and obtained, but should not have received, government contracts.

Manafort's former partner Charles Black, who has recently been advising Dole and Kemp, now has his own firm, Black, Kelly, Scruggs & Healey. Black has taken with him most of the credulous Third World tyrants who think Washington works like Kinshasa or Lima. His firm's clients include the UNITA rebels in Angola, whom the State Department has charged with torturing political opponents. Another longtime Black client is Philip Morris. But at least lobbying for Mr. Butts is consistent with Dole policy. In the eighties, Black's firm had an $800,000-a-year contract to help the government of the Bahamas persuade the Drug Enforcement Administration to quit complaining about the country's role as a transshipment point for narcotics.

Dole has even moved to rehabilitate the most legendary sleazemeisters of the Reagan era: Michael Deaver and Lyn Nofziger. Actually, it was Gingrich who last year brought Deaver back to semi-respectability after a long stretch of ignominy following his 1987 conviction on three counts of perjury and lying to Congress related to his lobbying business. But it was the San Diego convention that finally enabled Deaver to reemerge as a Republican player in good standing. Such exposure is sure to enhance his desirability to the governments of India, Portugal, and Chile, clients for whom Deaver says he merely provides media advice. Nofziger, whose conviction on three counts of violating the Ethics in Government Act was overturned on technicalities, has also managed to attach himself to the Dole campaign, in an unpaid but nonetheless credibility-enhancing capacity.

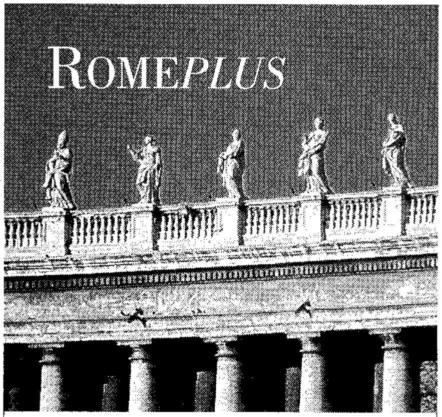
These connections continue, ad nauseam. Paul Laxalt, the former senator from Nevada, is described as a "strategic adviser" to Dole; he's also the lobbyist for his state's biggest gambling interests, including the Nevada Resort Association and MGM Grand. Douglas Feith, another Dole foreign-policy ad-

government deny the Armenian genocide. Dole adviser Rich Bond continues to work as a consultant for Philip Morris. Craig Shirley, who did volunteer work for Dole in the primaries, has worked for the bad guys in Haiti. Adviser David Keene has lobbied on behalf of SerbNet, a Chicago-based propaganda outlet for the Milosevic government, and has also logged in some time lobbying for UNITA. At last check, no Republicans were working for Iraq or Iran.

With the Dole campaign floundering, one might reasonably ask why any of this matters; these people aren't likely to constitute the next administration in any case. But the Dole sleaze factor is still troubling for a couple of reasons. The first is hypocrisy. "The real problem here is . . . the appearance of a revolving door connecting government service and private-sector enrichment. This appearance problem becomes all the more acute when former high government officials work on behalf of foreign interests . . . Service as a high government official is a privilege, not a right." That's Dole himself talking on the Senate floor, just one year ago, in favor of stricter rules for former government employees. It was a fine statement, except that profiteering on the basis of government service isn't just an "appearance" problem. It's a reality problem, abetted by Dole himself.

The second point is that the Dole-Kemp campaign hasn't just tolerated the prevailing culture of Washington; it has actually helped to further debase it. The latest spin on the revolving-door scam is that you don't really have to go through it to benefit. Why, one wonders, have all of these lobbyists attached themselves to the going-nowhere Dole bandwagon like maggots to roadkill? It's because working on presidential campaigns, as Charles Black has done for sixteen years without ever bothering to join an administration, establishes one's influence without the disadvantages of a public-sector pay cut, extensive financial disclosure, or restrictions on post-government employment. Association with an easy mark like Bob Dole is good enough.

THIS IS MY LAST COLUMN. I WISH TO ADD a fond farewell to my edito
and colleagues at
a great coupl
interest



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TECHNOLOGY **DAVID S. BENNAHUM**

City of Bytes

High-tech giants are invading the local-news business with expensive "city-sites"—which probably means more bad news for newspapers.

"I'M AMBIVALENT ABOUT THESE CITY IDEAS," DAVID GELernter is saying from his office at Yale University. Gelernter, a professor of computer science, is grousing about the vulgarization of an idea he practically invented. "Mirror worlds," Gelernter calls them in a book he wrote five years ago. "Certain aspects are very close to what I wrote about in the book," he says. "Some are encouraging. But this strikes me as so far from the ultimate thing which might convert the Web into something people would care about."

Gelernter's imaginary mirror worlds are personalized high-tech reflections of our cities and towns, brought to you by computer. Designed with streets and buildings to match the real thing, the mirror world is where people go online to see what's going on as it's going on—traffic on Fifth Avenue, subway delays, stock quotes, city records, breaking news, sports scores. At the center of Gelernter's theory is a simple premise: Going online won't be interesting for most people until cyberspace is organized to reflect their homes and lives.

And now, crude facsimiles of his idea—using the concept of "cities" as the central metaphor—are spreading like an Internet virus. They're the latest corporate big bet, with a host of big high-tech media companies hoping that their version of the mirror world will usher in the long-awaited age of profitable Websites. After a year or so of planning, and committing up to $1 billion so far, the first of these city-sites are coming online. America Online plans to roll out 88 "Digital Cities" by next year; AT&T is building a "Hometown Network" with approximately 40 cities; Microsoft's go-local project, with the in-house working title "Cityscape," is estimated to have a $500 million war chest and will launch a Seattle city-site in the first quarter of 1997, with New York to follow soon after. Gelern[illegible] these versions will offer little more than flat, [illegible] of activities and events, a format that [illegible] visitors.

Especially vulnerable to this new-media onslaught are the newspapers. Last year, 88 percent of their ad dollars came from local advertising, generating approximately $30 billion for their industry. This includes classified ads, which have particular computer-friendly potential. When these city-sites were first being planned a year ago, the Big Three assumed newspapers would be willing partners, eager for big-money cohorts with digital expertise. Instead, most newspapers are entering the fray on their own. And for them, gambling precious revenue on an untested idea is a perilous proposition. Most newspapers have little money to throw at speculative ventures, and Websites cost a lot to build and maintain. According to Bill Bass, an analyst at Forrester Research, a Cambridge, Massachusetts–based market-research firm, a garden-variety Website requires $1.3 million to operate annually, and costs are going up, with little immediate return. Nevertheless, of the 1,532 daily newspapers in the U.S., approximately 375 are now on the Web, with 5 to 10 new ones coming online every week, offering some combination of local news and listings of goings-on about town.

It's a dangerous game. If the newspapers are wrong and ad dollars don't flow into cyberspace because their city-sites fail to attract a wide enough audience, they'll be overextended, effectively mortgaging the heart of their operation—the newspaper itself—on what could turn out to be the latest expensive high-tech false start. The Big Three—especially AT&T and Microsoft—are exploiting the newspapers' conundrum. In turn, newspapers are perplexed and often insulted by the attention. The Boston *Globe,* Washington *Post,* Sacramento *Bee,* Dallas *Morning News*—all have been approached by some or all of the Big Three. (This magazine, incidentally, has had talks with Microsoft.) One news executive describes an overture from AT&T: "They were out to lunch on a couple of things," she says. AT&T's proposal blurred the line between editorial and advertising, and many at the paper found its approach patronizing and arrogant. "A [illegible] of these people do not understand what we value," the ex[illegible]ys, referring to the credos of journalistic integrity this great Website. Do they really place such low value on information that they think they can get it this way?"

But the papers also believe people will eventually flock to a Website for entertainment listings and local news. If anything, AT&T's perseverance convinced the aforementioned newspaper that it had better go ahead and build a parallel city-site as a defensive hedge. The Boston *Globe* faced a similar choice.

"We have always known that Microsoft was going to come in with big guns," says *Globe* executive Gina Maniscalco. "That is one of the reasons we came up with this early Web presence." Maniscalco is executive director of boston.com, the *Globe*'s own city-site, which came about after Microsoft wooed the paper. "The idea was, *We're Microsoft, and whatever we will do is going to be big*," says Maniscalco. "People want news from their own area on how to live, work, and recreate," she adds. "They need that information from a local producer they can trust, so they know their news will have integrity and be deep and broad. Microsoft and AOL and the national entities can come to a local market and produce good Websites that tell you about local entertainment, but it will not have the kind of information the local paper has been getting for 150 years."

> *"So few Americans give a damn about the Net. People are not going to wander out there just out of curiosity for their community."*
> **Besides, these ventures are about *shopping*.**

So AT&T and Microsoft must build content themselves. Editors scoff at the idea, and Microsoft is singled out for extra derision. "Have you heard the horror stories?" Greg Wester says, referring to Microsoft's heavy-handed, albeit lavish, job offers to reporters and editors. They stand around the water cooler swapping tales, flattered yet left feeling a bit demeaned. As research director for the Yankee Group, a Boston-based research firm, Wester still questions whether the Big Three will be willing to spend what it takes to create good content, and says the top players shouldn't rush into partnerships with them. "If I am a top-tier paper, I play hardball with Microsoft," he says. "If I'm a second-tier paper, then I don't have much leverage." The top tier is gambling that the Big Three won't succeed in replicating the editorial staff needed to run a newspaper. Microsoft, however, intends to do just that.

"I'm getting all these résumés and phone calls. We're getting some pretty amazing people, and we're looking for them all over the country," says Michael Goff, the new editor-in-chief of Cityscape. "What's interesting to me is how similar the challenges are to launching *Out*," Goff says, referring to the gay magazine he used to edit. "Readers didn't know they needed it, advertisers were scared of it, and big-name contributors were afraid for their careers to contribute to it."

Cityscape will focus entirely on entertainment, offering listings of events, reviews, and general editorial coverage, tailored with a tone and perspective that matches each city. Every user can have a customized "front page" tailored to his personal interests. Advertisers love this format because it allows for incredibly focused demographics. "People are ready to buy," explains Richard Tait, Cityscape's marketing manager. "We call this the age of personal-persuasion advertising. I am looking for a movie. I am looking for a restaurant. I am willing to spend. It is an incredible opportunity for advertisers."

While Microsoft pursues editors, AT&T, with capacious pockets of its own, is taking a different approach. Its Hometown Network will focus on local vendors, branches,

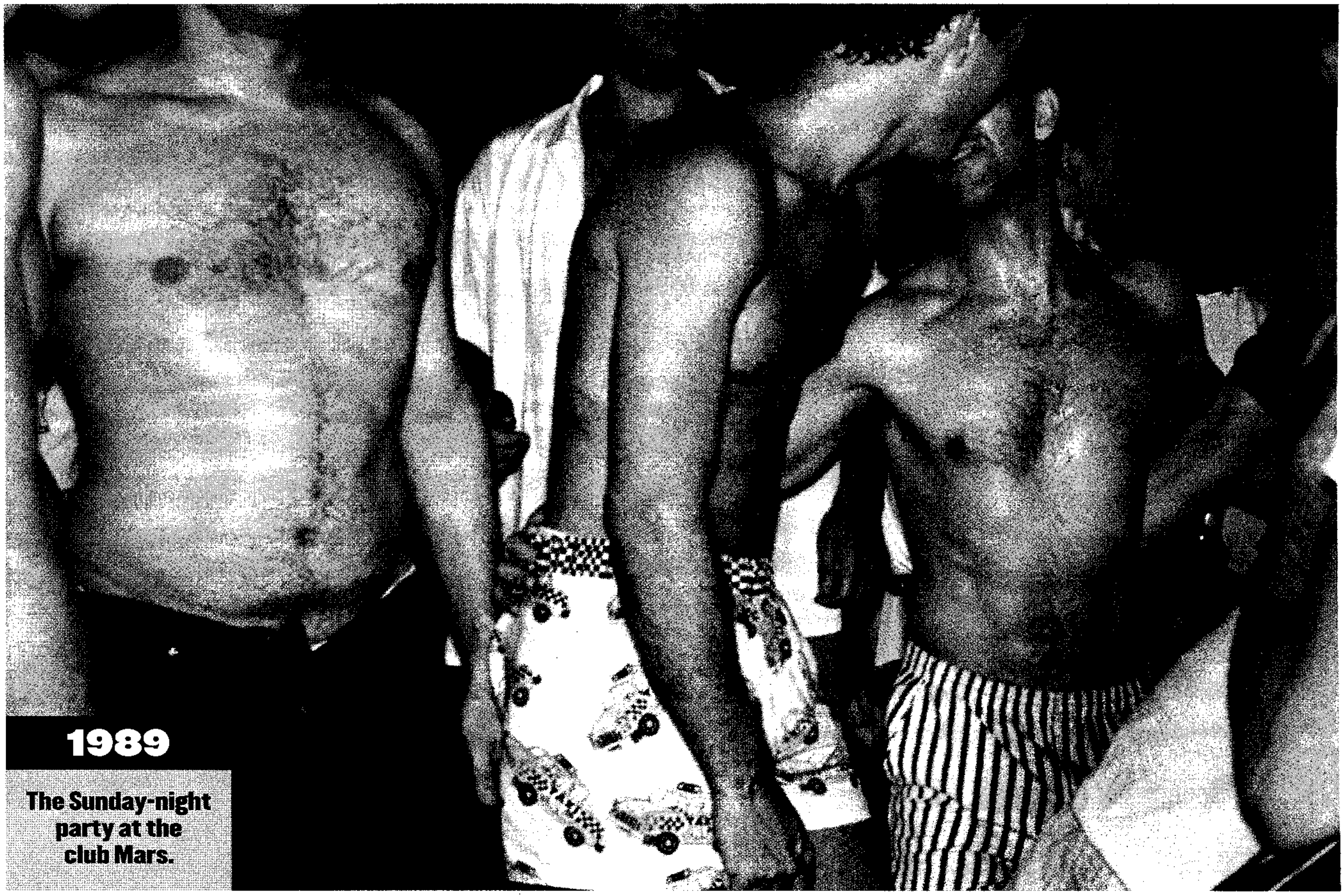
in return for joining AT&T's nationwide chain of city-sites. AT&T's metastrategy is to create the online equivalent of Main Street.

Harley Manning is the designer responsible for the "look and feel" of the Hometown Network. Manning, who once worked at Prodigy, where he directed early experiments in building local online information, explains how this grass-roots strategy will work: "You start by thinking of low-cost, high-leverage items," he says. "Let's say you were writing a quality newsletter in your local community, and you want to go online. There are all these technical hurdles you need to overcome. You need the tools to put up your Web page; you need to think about the design. But you're not a designer—you're a writer—and along comes someone who says, 'Gee, we can put you in an environment where all this is painless—here are the tools.' Suddenly, this technology barrier has dropped."

Compared with AT&T and Microsoft, AOL feels less intimidating to the newspapers. The weakest financially of the Big Three, it is also the most vulnerable to the growing power of the Internet at the expense of the proprietary online services. So AOL is forming alliances, setting up a kind of online television network, with papers as quasi-independent local affiliates. AOL's Digital Cities does the national marketing, offers access to its existing 6 million paying customers, and distributes revenue from national ad buys downward to the affiliate papers. Bob Smith, vice-president of Digital Cities, argues that AOL will let newspapers be newspapers. "We bring cross-promotion," Smith says. "We think that there are partnership arrangements that increase the distribution of newspapers' ads and do not replace them. It is possible on a regional basis for papers to be working with us." AOL still hasn't attracted many metropolitan dailies but has cobbled together a network of alternative and weekly papers (with their copious entertainment listings), anchored by Chicago's Tribune Company, which invested $20 million for a 20 percent stake in Digital Cities.

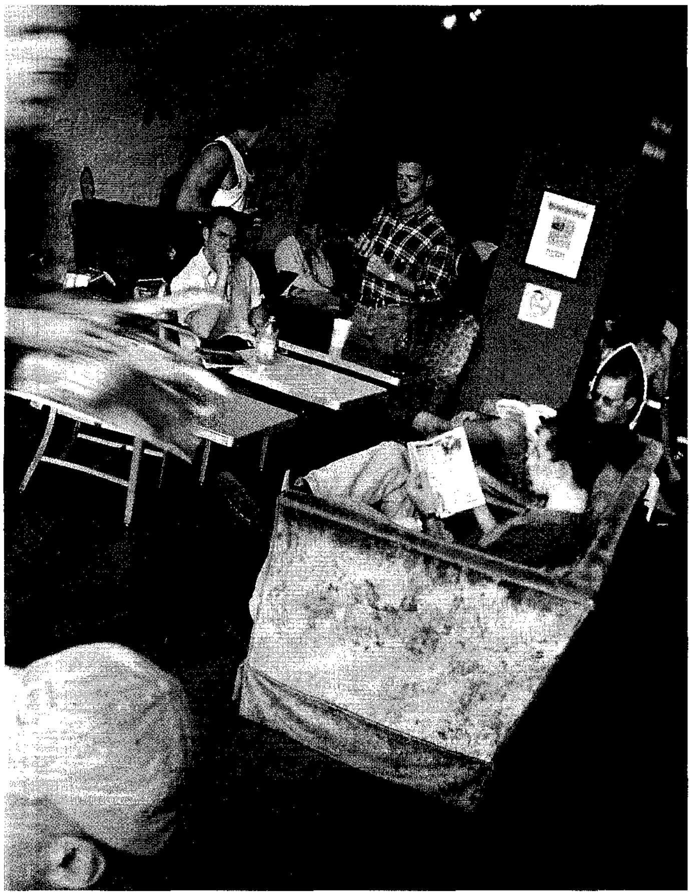
Behind all these machinations is the basic fact that none of these proposed sites significantly alters the traditional newspaper formula of local entertainment listings and local news. Is this enough? Gelernter argues that these projects are pathetic and, worse, boring. "So few Americans give a damn about the Net," he says. "People are not going to wander out there just out of curiosity for their community." Besides, he says, these ventures all seem drearily to be, in the end, about *shopping*.

Microsoft's attempt to alleviate the boredom factor by personalizing the information into individual "front pages" is an age-old promise—that somehow computers will reduce information overload by distilling information down to what actually interests you. In fact, computers historically have done the reverse: made it easier to spew out unordered piles of data. Unless these city-sites produce an experience significantly different from existing media, they will do little to turn [illegible] from novelty to necessity. There would [illegible] care, either. [illegible] ey [illegible]



1989

The Sunday-night party at the club Mars.



WE'RE HERE! WE'RE QUEER! LET'S GET COFFEE!

If you look straight, act straight, and think straight, why bother being gay? Notes on the mainstreaming of a once-edgy subculture.

By Daniel Mendelsohn

None of the individuals pictured above is necessarily gay.

I can catch a ball. I genuinely like both my parents. I hate opera. I don't know why I bother being gay.—Arthur, in Terrence McNally's *Love! Valour! Compassion!*

WHAT BETTER SYMBOL OF THE DECLINE OF gay culture over the past decade than the fall of Rome? Not the city or the empire, but rather the opulently appointed gay bar at the corner of Eighth Avenue and 25th Street, on the northern outskirts of New York's newest and most happening gay neighborhood, Chelsea.

When it debuted just a year ago, Rome promised to be the most dazzling and high-concept gay nightspot since the eighties. Upstairs, gym-bunny bartenders outfitted in skimpy leather centurion kilts and surrounded by enough pediments to give the Vatican a run for its lire proffered drinks; downstairs, you could check your coat or heed the call of *Natura* amid grottoes adorned with *faux*-Pompeian frescoes of naked boys. Colored marble rumored to have cost upward of a million dollars provided an appropriately Versace-esque backdrop for a clientele that seemed to divide its time between lifting weights and hoisting little black Barneys bags. Compared with the optimistically (if rather relentlessly) sportif décor of Champs, on West 19th Street, or the almost touchingly retro murk of the Break, the old neighborhood standby on Eighth at 22nd, Rome's imperial aspirations seemed to presage the return of grand high style to gay nightlife.

But going to Rome proved to be a depressing experience: A year after its opening, those who venture beyond the (over)-wrought-iron gates on most nights are likely to find paying customers vastly outnumbered by centurions. To find out where the Chelsea boys really are, you have to go four blocks south, to the Big Cup coffee house. Here, the prevailing aesthetic is less Cecil B. DeMille than Dick Van Dyke: Slouchy mismatched couches and funky sixties dinette sets are crammed with guppies pretending to use their laptops; behind the cash register, the girls and boys have that new, exoskeletal cKOne look. It's not just that Big Cup is about caffeine rather than alcohol: Things are just as PG-13 half a block away at Barracuda, one of the neighborhood's newer gay bars. And like Big Cup, it is virtually always packed.

"This is 1996," one club maven says. "It's just not about style anymore."

Not too long ago, that assessment would have been unthinkable. Style, whether verbal, sartorial, or social, has been inextricably linked with urban gay culture pretty much since the moment when the word *homosexual* was first coined—not coincidentally, just as Oscar Wilde began offering the world his glitteringly arch critiques of bourgeois Victorian convention. Ever since, gay culture has played Wilde to the world's London, using style as a pin to prick the certainties and presumptions of the "normal" universe. You see that sensibility at work from Wilde and Noël Coward to Larry Kramer and Tony Kushner. (The character in Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest* who declares, "In matters of grave importance, style, not sincerity, is the vital thing," is really the ancestor of Kushner's ghostly Ethel Rosenberg, saying Kaddish at Roy Cohn's deathbed: Both outrageously force audiences to rethink "seriousness" and justice.) And you see it even in everyday gay life, where the emphasis on stylization made the most banal routines like breakfast into tableaux worthy of Vincente Minnelli. "In America," Camille Paglia wrote in her 1994 book *Vamps & Tramps*, "gay men brunch—where interesting conversation is a sine qua non."

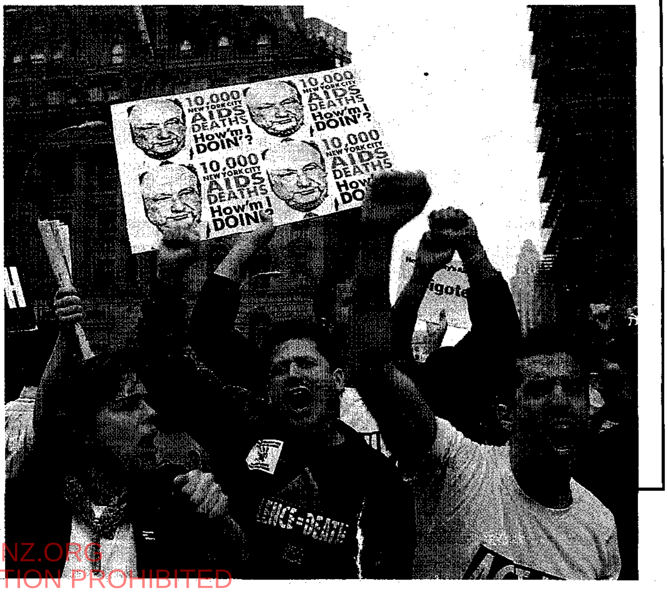
Ten years ago, that distinctive cultural and creative energy seemed to be breaking through from the margins to the center. (By "gay culture," I mean gay *male* culture. For various historical reasons, lesbian culture has, until just recently, had neither the visibility nor the impact on the larger mainstream of its male counterpart.) Frank Rich, then the New York *Times*'s theater critic, famously discussed this phenomenon in his 1987 *Esquire* essay "The Gay Decades." Rich identified what he saw as an increasing infiltration of gay style and sensibility into hetero America, from social life (the advent of nongay, Studio 54–like clubs with exclusive door policies) to pop culture (the infiltration of high camp à la Bette Midler, the enormous popularity of the shoulder-padded glitzfest *Dynasty*) to fashion (Calvin Klein's dreamily self-absorbed ephebes as the new apotheosis of male self-image). All this, Rich concluded, pointed to "the most dramatic cultural assimilation of our time": what he called the homosexualization of straight culture.

Yet as the fall of Rome suggests, times have clearly changed; Alexis Carrington Colby Dexter wouldn't be caught dead at Big Cup. Pretty much everyone you talk to feels that the edge, in more than one sense of the word, is gone from urban gay culture; as the gay community "matures," both its substance and its style are increasingly hard to differentiate from those of the straight mainstream. Today, the biggest issue in gay politics isn't the moral justification for outing uncooperative closeted politicians or stratagems for disrupting Easter services at St. Patrick's but the rights to marriage and inclusion in the armed forces. ACT UP's politics-as-theater is now beside the point, supplanted by what one AIDS writer calls the "more reality-based disease activism" of outfits like the Treatment Action Group (TAG), which works closely with the Establishment public-

1989

At City Hall, protesting the mayor's lack of initiative on AIDS.

THE GOVERNMENT HAS BLOOD ON ITS HANDS
ONE AIDS DEATH EVERY HALF HOUR
READ MY LIPS


10,000 NEW YORK CITY AIDS DEATHS How'm I DOIN'?

Photographs: left, Fred McDarrah; right, Alon Reininger/Contact Press Images.

PLAYERS

Top (from left), Larry Kramer, Tony Kushner, Sarah Pettit; bottom, Michaelangelo Signorile, Andrew Sullivan, Vincent Gagliostro.

Photographs: top left to right, Catherine McGann/Outline; Joyce George/Outline; Rose Hartman/Globe Photos; bottom left to right, Tina Paul; Thomas Wolff/Outline; Tina Paul.

health institutions ACT UP once protested. The happeningest gay magazine isn't the abrasive *Outweek* but the glossy "lifestyle" publication *Out*—dismissed by one publishing type as "the in-flight magazine of gay culture." Gay books and plays are less likely to celebrate the initiation into a world of avid sexuality—while bemoaning political hypocrisy about the AIDS epidemic—than they are to emphasize the importance of (who knew?) family ties. On the streets of Chelsea, meanwhile, the handkerchief-brandishing exquisites of whom Paglia dreams are nearly extinct; it's unlikely you'll find any incipient Ronald Firbanks among the work-booted regulars at Food Bar, Chelsea's most popular gay restaurant.

Gay culture, in other words, has gone from *épater*-ing *les bourgeois* to aping them. In the brief space of a decade, the phenomenon that Rich was talking about has been inverted: The most dramatic cultural assimilation of our time has been the heterosexualization of gay culture. As homosexuality has moved, however slowly, toward the mainstream, there's been less and less for gay culture to do what it's best at, which is to stand on the margins and throw shade. And while no one doubts that the political progress made by the gay movement has generally benefited gay people as individuals, you have to wonder whether something just as valuable has been lost in the process.

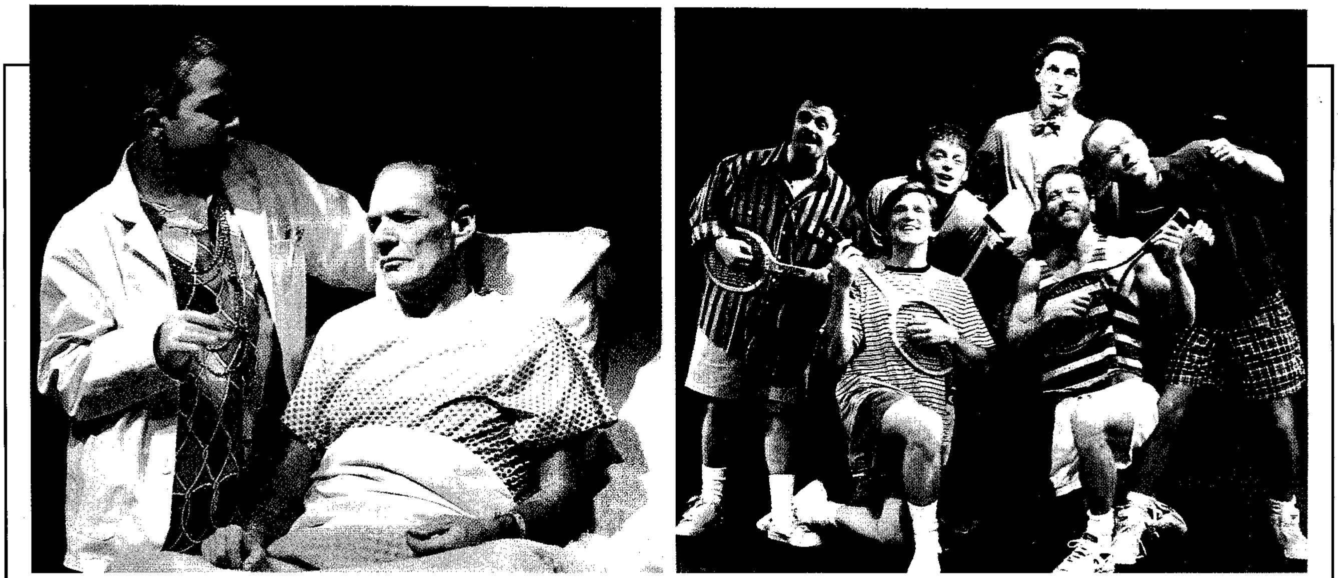
THE BEST WAY TO UNDERSTAND THE DECLINE OF THE GAY SENSIbility is to look at what happened to political activism. It's no accident that everyone talks about the late eighties as the high-water mark for gay culture. It was the last time the gay community could easily place itself at the political edge, the last time it had a single, easily identifiable, clear-cut agenda: the fight against AIDS. That cause provoked the last great explosion of trenchant, outrageous, critical gay style, which was ACT UP. The nature and causes of the group's subsequent demise tell you a lot about why style is being leached from the rest of gay culture as well.

As a way to focus attention on the AIDS crisis, ACT UP brilliantly put outré gay style-consciousness in the service of a substantive political goal—a new, distinctively gay kind of activism that the conservative gay writer Andrew Sullivan characterizes as "the politics of style." "The moment of ACT UP was really 1987 and 1988," says Mark Schoofs, a *Village Voice* AIDS reporter. "You can be very precise here. That was the floruit of the movement. You had this really wonderful string of attention-grabbing demonstrations: stopping traffic on Wall Street, shutting down the FDA—amazing stuff." Fittingly enough for a movement founded by a playwright, Larry Kramer, ACT UP demonstrations were often conceived of in theatrical terms, as "performances" for (admittedly often hostile) "audiences," complete with fake blood and ghoulish props. It's only appropriate that, when describing ACT UP in its heyday, a former member uses the buzzword of gay sensibility. "It was all about this *fabulous*, vibrant AIDS movement," says Spencer Cox, a 28-year-old former ACT UPper and current director of the anti-viral project at TAG, "and all this creative energy that was going into it and that was really producing results." (Not surprisingly, ACT UP generated its own sartorial style: "Look at the fashion that gay men wore in the mid-to-late eighties," Schoofs says. "The military leather jackets, the big Doc Martens—there was a whole paramilitary thing going on. It was because we were, in fact, fighting.")

If ACT UP's explosive mixture of style and politics was a typically gay way of commenting on a crisis the mainstream was unprepared or unwilling to confront, it's interesting to ask why the group has disappeared so thoroughly from public consciousness even as the crisis itself continues unabated. ACT UP today is rarely taken into account, and occasionally not even taken seriously. "In Vancouver, they were a bit of an embarrassment," Schoofs says, referring to a demonstration at this past summer's International AIDS Conference. "No one would even stop walking when ACT UP appeared. It might as well have been a car alarm on a New York street."

When trying to account for the disappearance of ACT UP as a player on the political scene, gay people tend to talk about

ACT-UP's politics-as-theater approach to AIDS is, if not kaput, then beside the point.



OUT/IN

Left, *Angels in America.* Right, *Love! Valour! Compassion!*

Photographs: left, Joan Marcus; right, Martha Swope.

the emotional devastation wrought by the disease. Says Sally Morrison, the vice-president of external affairs for the more center-of-the-road AIDS group AMFAR: "Many, many people who worked in AIDS are just exhausted—exhausted by grief, not work. It's overwhelming."

But the disappearance of ACT UP–type activism isn't just about dealing with death; after all, a whole new gay generation has come of age since the mid-eighties. But they all seem to be sitting in Big Cup reading *Details* rather than, as in the old days, dumping friends' bodies on the White House lawn. In a strange way, the present-day superfluousness of ACT UP and its style-as-politics is a product of success, not failure. Once ACT UP had achieved its goals, it had nowhere to go but down. "A lot of what ACT UP was pushing for has been met," says Michelangelo Signorile, the former ACT UPper and legendary outing renegade. "We are on panels; we did change the FDA and NIH. We've pushed research and gotten our people inside." Jay Blotcher, the director of media relations at AMFAR, echoes Signorile's spatial metaphor: "I started out in the city working at the St. Marks baths and then worked at ACT UP, and now am nestled in the bosom of an institution. Once we were pariahs at the gate, and now we're inside. There was once a time to fling epithets and homilies, but that's changed."

In other words, the outrageous, epithet-wielding sensibility that defined the gay cultural ethos made sense only when gays were "chained to the gates," as AMFAR's Morrison puts it. "The bitchiness, the irony, all of the brilliance came of repression," Schoofs says, and most theorists of gay culture would agree. So do many former ACT UPpers. Vincent Gagliostro, a former member of the artists' collective that designed the famous SILENCE = DEATH logo, with its brazen appropriation of the Nazis' pink triangle, recalls: "Ten years ago, my thought process as I worked on something was never *Will this offend someone?* If it was a political piece, it was supposed to offend."

But as the difference between the institutional "inside" and the gay "outside" began to erode, offensiveness seemed less productive. For one thing, it became increasingly less clear who was supposed to be offended; for another, it got harder to justify the use of outrageous, over-the-top style. "It's one thing to demonstrate because people can't get effective antibiotics that will prolong their lives," Cox says. "But it's another thing entirely to get all worked up because Sharon Stone in *Basic Instinct* played a lesbian with an ice pick."

Today's preeminent AIDS activist organization—the group to which Sally Morrison refers as "the cutting edge of AIDS activism"—doesn't really have an "edge" at all. The New York–based Treatment Action Group provides in-depth analysis and policy recommendations not only to the HIV/AIDS community but to the mainstream institutions against which ACT UP raged. "What's interesting about TAG is that its m.o. is so different from ACT UP—that whole way of channeling anger in a public way," says Morrison. "Now the question is, 'How do we get into the room and negotiate with people in power on their terms?' "

ACT UP's demise suggests how much gay edge depends on a straight center. Without the latter, gay sensibility curdles into kitsch. The symbolism of the pink triangle once seemed a shocking gesture; today, you can buy darling little pink-triangle flags at Rainbows & Triangles, Chelsea's one-stop gay-shopping store—an example of what Gagliostro calls the "Hallmarkization" of gay sensibility. And if you take away both the edge and the kitsch, there's not much left—and what remains doesn't look all that different from what you find in straight culture. "Let's face it," Blotcher says, "when you're a story line on *Friends*, it's hard to keep thinking you're radical."

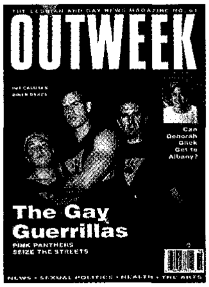
THE ECLIPSE OF ACT UP SERVES AS A USEFUL PARAdigm for the rest of gay culture. As Blotcher's reference to the top-rated TV show suggests, the best place to gauge that assimilation process is in the popular culture itself. A good place to start is the media. In magazine publishing, the most egregious example of this phenomenon is in the evolution of gay magazines from the raucous *Outweek* of the ACT UP period to today's best-selling gay magazine, *Out.* (Full disclosure: I'm a contributing writer at *Out.*) The *Outweek* sensibility was exemplified by the style and tactics of its most famous columnist, Signorile, whose caps-locked outings of closeted celebrities constituted a literary analogue to ACT UP's flamboyantly public "actions." "For all its flaws," says one gay publishing insider, "*Outweek* was funny, passionate, and had

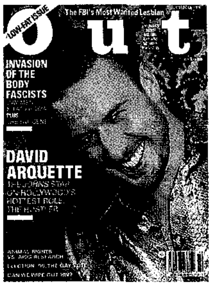
Today, you can buy darling little pink-triangle flags at Rainbows & Triangles.

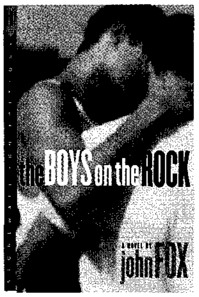
an edge. Now where's the edge? Gone. You want to know what happened to gay culture? Michelangelo is writing for *Out* today. Period. End of discussion."

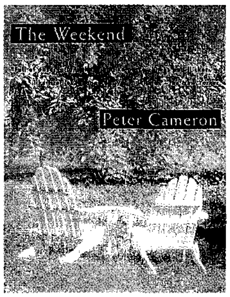
The whole point of *Out*, in fact, was to distance itself from *Outweek*. Five years ago, when *Out* was still a twinkle in the eye of its founder and former editor-in-chief, Michael Goff (now an executive at Microsoft; see page 22), the word among publishing people was that it was going to be a "gay *Vanity Fair.*" Expectations ran predictably high. After all, it was pretty well known that Condé Nast's glitzy appeal owed some of its success to a just-under-the-surface gay ethos. So it seemed inevitable that *Out*, a magazine in which that sensibility quite literally *came out*, would be the cuttingest of the cutting edge.

While there's no question that with its celebrity cover stories on Keanu Reeves and Calvin Klein model du jour Antonio Sabato Jr., and its fitness, health, and travel columns, *Out* is infinitely more polished than *Outweek*, it's not clear to many that it's as fabulous, or even as sexy, as Tina Brown's *Vanity Fair*. "*Out* is too dull—it doesn't have any personality," says *Lesbianism Made Easy* author Helen Eisenbach, onetime executive editor of *QW*, a short-lived *Outweek* epigone. "*Outweek* had the notorious bitchy gay edge that creates a buzz. You can't get a buzz from *Out*." Indeed, the magazine looks pretty much like any other glossy monthly with a middle-class American readership—surprisingly tame, its libido kept carefully under control. *Outweek* relied partly on phone-sex lines for advertising, but somehow it was a good fit; libido and rage were what the magazine and its moment were all about. The closest thing you get to libido among *Out*'s advertisers is the nice boys cuddling in the new Abercrombie & Fitch ads.


THE LESBIAN AND GAY NEWS MAGAZINE NO. 61
OUTWEEK
Can Deborah Glick Get to Albany?
The Gay Guerrillas
PINK PANTHERS SEIZE THE STREETS
NEWS • SEXUAL POLITICS • HEALTH • THE ARTS


LOW-FAT ISSUE
The FBI's Most Wanted Lesbian
Out
INVASION OF THE BODY FASCISTS
DAVID ARQUETTE
ANIMAL RIGHTS VS. AIDS RESEARCH
CAN WE WIPE OUT HIV?





Out's 30-year-old editor-in-chief, Sarah Pettit, an *Outweek* alumna, dismisses accusations of editorial slickness with an impatient expletive, and is especially resentful of in-flight-magazine cracks. "First of all," she says, "that was my joke"—about another gay magazine. "Second, I find that kind of glib analysis as being sort of *faux* activist. You can't freeze time—*Outweek* would never work in 1996." She illustrates the difference between the two publications with an analogy inspired by *le goût* ACT UP. "Today, I wouldn't be wearing black boots and tank tops. We've worn that outfit already. Maybe there are other costumes we can don without changing the political body underneath. It's just a different way of presenting yourself to the world."

IN/OUT

Sex and rage are conspicuously absent in the new gay mags and lit.

As it turns out, that way startlingly resembles the mainstream way. Pettit's sartorial metaphor is picked up by Signorile himself. "You have to keep wrapping your ideas in a different cloak," he says. Though he claims that his idea has always been the same—a post-Stonewall version of "to thine own self be true"—his *Out* columns are notably more domestic, quieter, couch-potato-ier than the semi-hysterical screeds he used to produce for *Outweek*. Recent columns include thirtysomething meditations on the paradoxes of monogamy ("Sex and the Not-So-Single Guy") and the difficulties of reconciling a gay lifestyle with traditional family life (inevitably, "Homo for the Holidays")—stuff that isn't all that different from what you find in *GQ* or the 1987 *Esquire* that featured Frank Rich's piece. Signorile goes on to make a remark that nicely sums up the difference between then and now. "It's very much," he says, "about interacting with the larger culture."

Signorile's larger projects reflect a similar shift. His latest book, *Outing Yourself*—a sort of how-to for becoming a well-adjusted gay person—was a downsized, domestic version of his 1993 book *Queer in America*, a grandiose and sweeping exposé of the "closets of power" that was about outing everyone else. *Outing Yourself* plays Big Cup to his previous work's Rome.

A few years ago, the cheaply produced broadsheet *Diseased Pariah News* featured a cover drawing—fairly typical—depicting George Bush getting a manicure, à la Palmolive commercials of old. THE BLOOD OF 86,000 AMERICANS WHO HAVE DIED OF AIDS, MR. PRESIDENT?, went the title caption, YOU'RE SOAKING IN IT! Today, you can't even find copies of the still-published *DPN* at New York's biggest gay bookstore, Chelsea's A Different Light. The magazine for the HIV-positive community now is *POZ*. But despite its upbeat title, there's nothing really *gay* about *POZ* at all. With its careful mix of solid information and easily digestible poppy features ("Rating the Rappers" in the recent "Music Issue")—all tied up in a soberly designed package—*POZ* today has about as much stylistic or ideological bite as *Entertainment Weekly*.

A STEPFORD SENSIBILITY IS CROPPING UP IN serious gay lit as well. Fifteen and twenty years ago, the self-consciously exquisite style of books like Edmund White's *Nocturnes for the King of Naples* mirrored the rarefied sexual and cultural milieu of their gay narrators (to say nothing of their readers' aspirations). Five years later, pretty much every gay novel you picked up was yet another thinly disguised autobiographical tale of sometimes-rude sexual awakening. (With notable exceptions: The fiction of David Leavitt, with its blandly infantile characters forever fixated on children's books, was always chastely aloof from the proceedings, to the point where he actually recycled one of his rare erotic moments almost verbatim from one published work to another.)

What's interesting about today's gay-lit scene is that Leavitt has become the dour rule rather than the exception. (Who'd have thought him a pioneer?) The lessons of the AIDS epidemic have made themselves felt in both the style and the subjects of contemporary gay novels. The inviting youths on the cover of John Fox's spirited 1984 coming-of-age novel *The Boys on the Rock* are an apt symbol for what lies within; now the image seems like an artifact from another culture. You can't help thinking as much when you compare it with the empty Adirondack chairs that adorn the preciously miniaturized Farrar, Straus and Giroux packaging of *The Weekend*, Peter Cameron's slender and tastefully restrained 1994 novella of a middle-aged art critic's struggle to resume life after his lover's death. It's not that the newer books are worse, or even less interesting: it's just that they aren't noticeably different from anything else you see at Barnes & Noble. And a crop of recent gay epics—Felice Picano's *Like People in History*, Ethan Mordden's *How Long Has This Been Going On?*, and Michael Cunningham's *Flesh and Blood* (as usual, better by far than the others)—have

Books courtesy of A Different Light, NYC.

similarly moved beyond outlaw sexuality to focus on topics that connect gay experience to larger social and familial currents. "Not just gay-specific themes," as gay literary agent Jed Mattes says, echoing Signorile, "but things that merge with gay issues."

There's little doubt that the literary shift of which Mattes speaks is a sign of the "maturing" of gay culture to which so many people keep referring. But when you turn to drama—since Wilde, perhaps the preeminent medium for the expression of gay sensibility—you realize that when you take away the sardonic, libidinous bite, what you're left with isn't much more than upscale dinner theater (and if you went on to take the gayness out of art and fashion, you'd *really* have nothing to talk about). The furniture on the cover of Cameron's novel may make you think of Terence McNally's huge 1995 hit *Love! Valour! Compassion!*—an exercise in self-consciously Chekhovian wistful bourgeois angst ("Desire is a terrible thing," one character sighs) whose similarly slender accomplishment stands in almost parodic contrast to the ambitious Social Realist sloganeering of its title. McNally's play dovetails perfectly with the cultural moment: It's certainly a far cry from what an admiring Frank Rich describes for me as the "big juicy incantatory political speeches" in Tony Kushner's *Angels in America,* which is clearly the product of a different era. The bitter political epic, commissioned by a San Francisco theater group in 1987, is best seen as the final expression of the late-eighties ACT UP phase of gay culture. The only risk McNally takes is the spelling of *valour.*

Recent and wildly popular theatrical revivals of camp classics like *Valley of the Dolls* and Mart Crowley's *The Boys in the Band* provide a useful then-now comparison for seeing not just *what* has changed in gay culture, but why. The return of *Boys* is particularly rich in ironies. The lye-drenched 1968 drama that epitomized the corrosive gay ethos of an earlier, closeted, pre–Gay Pride age, is a play so annihilatingly bleak in its assessment of the emotional prospects of gay men that the gay novelist Michael Cunningham was almost "scared straight" when as a teenager he saw the film version. Now, as you watch the hunky, empowered, aromatherapized Chelsea boys stream out of the Lucille Lortel Theater on Christopher Street, where *Boys* has been playing for almost two months, you realize how little this closeted world has to do with today's gay cultural ideology and its psychologically pumped-up "I am what I am" ethos. The play's subtextual anguish is now as passé as the Nehru jackets and ankh worn by the play's central character.

But if *The Boys in the Band* was the cultural expression of oppression and its offspring, self-loathing, it certainly makes for good theater. From a cultural point of view, at least, you can't help wondering what would happen if one of its characters' wishes came true: "If we . . . if we could just not hate ourselves so much." One answer is *Party,* an enormously popular play that recently made the rounds of several major cities to great acclaim. *Party* shamelessly rips off *Boys*—its cast is also a mixed bag of gay nuts gathered for a soirée, and the plot, such as it is, is generated by an obvious contrivance, a truth-or-dare-like party game. But the hydrochloric verbal élan you got in *Boys* has degenerated here into gooey generic gags. ("Why are fart jokes so funny?" one character in the later play asks, rather hopefully.) Comparing the toothlessly nice *Party* with its viper-fanged pre-Stonewall model reminds you that gay sensibility makes artistic sense only when it has something to critique. In art as in politics, when that sensibility is forced to accommodate a "positive," value-laden agenda ("Gay people can have 'families,' too!"), it fades into irrelevance or disintegrates into kitsch. (You think of William Finn's tirelessly gloopy *Falsettos,* with its bar-mitzvah-at-the-AIDS-deathbed climax and Williwear-wearing gay angel.)

The comfortable upper-middle-class setting of McNally's drama and the saccharine conventionality of Finn's all-singing, all-dancing AIDS musical suggest the extent to which some recent gay theater makes rather than questions the very kind of bourgeois assumptions gay sensibility once so trenchantly poked at. It's interesting that the one really ironic, culturally aware character in *Party*—the host of the title event—is an anomaly even at his own gay gathering, his wit and self-deprecating quips as angular and arresting as he is himself when compared with the buff guests. You get the same kind of thing in the amateurish film version of Paul Rudnick's *Jeffrey,* where the focus of the new gay audience's identification is clearly meant to be either of its blandly good-looking and witless romantic protagonists instead of the movie's only vivid—and classically "gay"—figure, the shopping-bag-wielding decorator played by *Star Trek*'s Patrick Stewart.

To judge from the long lines outside the Chelsea Cineplex Odeon a couple of months ago, the audience that mooned over Jeffrey and his gym-trainer love interest was equally enthusiastic about some recent mainstream films with drag-inspired story lines. These big Hollywood productions—*To Wong Foo* and, more recently, the Robin Williams–Nathan Lane vehicle *The Birdcage*—have been seen even inside the gay community as triumphant incursions by gay sensibility into a once-prohibitive mainstream; but what they really represent is the ultimate in the taming of the vivifyingly gay shrew.

In artistic terms, drag can be used brilliantly to subvert and call into question what you thought you knew about gender and identity—how completely clothes make the man in our culture. But for all the long fingernails they flash, the cinematic drag queens you get in the really popular drag films can't tear our cultural preconceptions to shreds, because the only reason they're there, weirdly enough, is to reinforce smiley-face "messages" about the importance of mainstream values: family, say, or "community." *Birdcage* is no more a critique of sexual norms than was *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner.* Ditto for *To Wong Foo.* In the latter, a nice straight boy unwittingly falls for one of the drag queens—a setup that Wilde or Orton would have had a pansexual field day with. But in *Wong Foo,* Jason London's character is never forced to confront the possibility that he loved the person beneath the dress. Instead, the movie Band-Aids over its own potential for subversiveness, hustling the drag queens away, sparing the straight boy and both gay and straight moviegoers the effort of considering the "issues" it purportedly raises.

IF GAY SENSIBILITY EITHER IS NOW INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM THE mainstream or has been pasteurized into total consumer-culture irrelevance—RuPaul selling makeup for MAC—the reason became very clear at last year's real-life New York drag fest, the annual Labor Day bash called Wigstock. Drag has traditionally been the margin of the margin: the most flamboyant extreme of gay culture's style-as-critique. So nothing could have been a more shocking illustration of the homogenization—and, ultimately, heterosexualization—of gay sensibility than the com-

Is gay identity, in this apolitical moment, much more than a set of product choices?

PARTY!

Left, the brand-new Candy Bar; right, waiters at Rome.

ment one drag queen shouted from the bandstand during the 1995 festivities—as it turned out, the last. (The interesting thing about the cancellation of this year's event wasn't the failure to attract corporate funding but that organizers assumed they would get corporate funding in the first place.) The drag queen's words summed up all the cultural and social shifts over the past ten years, the transition from being fabulous to being nice, from flamboyant style to hyperbourgeois consumerism, from the exoticized gay margin to the normalized straight center. "Look around, people," this queen cried ecstatically, surveying the wigged-and-sequined throng below. The genial crowd may have thought that they were part of something carnival, some celebration of "otherness." But the joke was, deliciously, on them. Beaming, the queen threw back her head. "It's all," she cried out, "about *self-esteem*!"

THE DRAG QUEEN'S EXCLAMATION IS ECHOED, AS IT happens, by the party promoter and *Homo Xtra* publisher Marc Berkley, 43, who says comfy, grungy hangouts may be the wave of the future. "I think we're getting back to trying to feel good," he says.

You'd be crazy to claim that gay nightlife today isn't booming, or that that you can't go out to a number of big gay clubs and dance and do as many drugs as you want with a dizzying number of cute and eager men, and have a great time in the bargain; but more and more, you get a sense that people—and not just older gays, either—want an alternative to what Joe Fontecchio, the phenomenally well-muscled owner of the phenomenally successful Food Bar, calls the "sex-only posturing" you get at the big gay clubs. "You go to clubs and see these go-go boys gyrating," he says, rolling his eyes, "and it gets to be like watching the Nature Channel."

Fontecchio and his partners are opening a new club this month in Chelsea—"a place for grown-ups," the restaurateur says, only half joking. Called simply "g," lower case, the new lounge ("a little Philippe Starck, a little Mies," according to Fontecchio, and thus coolly antithetical to the overripe Augustan pretensions of Rome) is clearly meant to appeal to a quieter social energy. G will respond to the needs of not only upscale gay singles and couples but gay women too. Echoing Marc Berkley, who points to a recent increase in mixed gay-straight and male-female crowds on the club scene, Fontecchio sees as the real marker of the new maturity in gay social life an increased desire to mix the sexes in a stylish atmosphere.

G may well be the ultimate expression of the new gay social life. But imagine a typical weeknight: well-dressed young men and women slouched comfortably on stylish divans, freshly arrived from their jobs, briefcases tucked beneath their seats, drinks in hand. A pretty picture. And not all that different from a hundred other places in town—anybody's places, normal places, straight places.

WHICH BRINGS YOU TO THE FINAL IRONY OF THE newly "mature" gay culture. AMFAR's Jay Blotcher recalls his standard retort to those who questioned the meaning of Gay Pride parades and ACT UP demonstrations. "Why are we making such a fuss?" he'd say, parroting the question. "We're making a big deal about it so that one day it won't be a big deal."

But then what? Once gays give up what both Blotcher and Schoofs call "the security blanket of oppression"—the outside hostility that, while admittedly making them easily identifiable as a target, at least makes them identifiable at all—gay people might start wondering just who they are. Beyond the obvious sexual-orientation questions, it's no longer evident that gay identity will be much more compelling than straight identity—basically, a set of product choices. "I am what I am" is increasingly becoming a matter of "You are what you buy": Dries van Noten rather than, say, Tommy Hilfiger; Barneys, perhaps, instead of Bloomies.

For despite its claims to artistic and cultural exceptionalism, gay culture today is suffering from a classic assimilationist ailment (cf. Jews): You can't take away what was most difficult about being gay without losing what made gay culture interesting in the first place. "We are the chosen people—there'll always be this amazing dynamic to the gay psyche," Blotcher says, a bit defensively. But even he wonders whether the "fast-talking, bon mot–slinging" gay persona was anything more than a "protective coating." So which is it? Listening to him, and looking around at the current political and artistic and social scene, you realize that, at least culturally speaking, oppression may have been the best thing that could have happened to gay culture. Without it, we're nothing.

Something Blotcher told me at the end of our conversation seemed to confirm this conclusion. He recalled a favorite line of the film critic and author Vito Russo, who died of AIDS. It's a syllogism that best sums up the dilemma of gay identity today: "Vito always used to say to me, 'You know, someday we will be accepted and the world will understand and accept us, and when that day comes, we're going to miss that secret world.' " Blotcher paused, and I could almost hear him shrugging. "I guess that's progress," he said. "Sort of. Kind of." ■

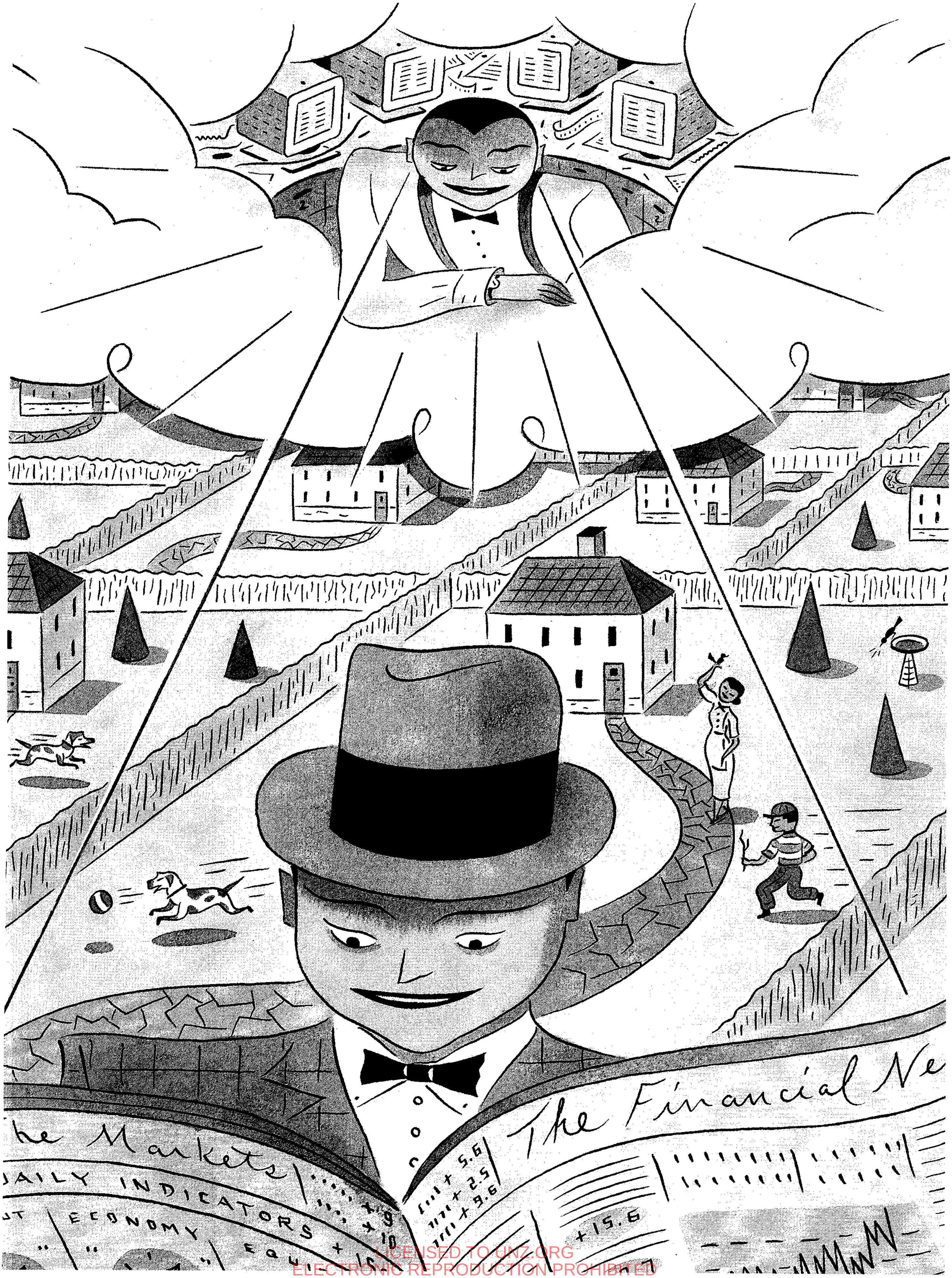
Photographs by Barry Munger.

By James J. Cramer

How the Mutual Funds Run America

Illustration by Michael Klein

Somebody engineered an economic miracle, but don't thank the banks, the brokerages, the corporations, or the government. Thank the new generation of mutual-fund managers.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Imagine a country, a fundamentally prosperous country, where a network of brilliant people decides daily how resources get moved around. These people—not a cabal, but a decently spread-out group—determine the nation's savings, its spending, its capital budgets. They make rational decisions based on what the world will look like far in the future. They work with the tacit approval of the government and industry. Though the sometimes brutal decisions they make may not always represent the best possible allocation of that country's resources, they come pretty close. And when they make a mistake, they are replaced by abler, more aggressive people. What is this wondrous kingdom? At one point, it might have seemed like Japan, where the industry-government consortium MITI parcels out resources in the best long-range interests of the nation. But of course it's not Japan; it's the United States in the nineties. And the wizards who rule so benevolently are identified by the somewhat banal title "mutual-fund manager."

Most of them are far from being household names, but their authority over the economy is unquestioned—in the boardrooms of the *Fortune* 500 and on Wall Street and in Washington. They can make or break any industry, company, or workforce. They have produced an economy that boasts the strongest combination of low inflation, high growth, and economic stability in the world. Not to mention a nation that has, on their watch, taken back world leadership in technology, communications, financial management, retail, and even heavy industry. Several recent polls say most of the populace is satisfied with the economy and optimistic about the future. It looks very much as though Bill Clinton will be able to ride this swell of good feelings to a second term, making him the first Democratic president since FDR to be re-elected. Things are pretty good, and we have them to thank for it.

The fund managers' rise to power is very recent. For much of the latter half of the twentieth century, the resources of the country—its savings pool and government and private spending—were divvied up by employers, banks, and old-line Wall Street investment firms. Average Americans, never known as big savers, put their resources into buying homes and acquiring material goods. The government, operating without giant deficits, provided stimulus when necessary to boost the economy. Banks and securities firms would lend money or raise equity only for the fittest, most credit-worthy enterprises.

In the seventies, as natural resources declined and the inflation rate soared, private homes became the only consumer investment worth holding on to. U.S. banks became mainly recyclers for foreign, mostly OPEC, wealth and plowed the money into making loans they would come to regret. American companies, with the exception of a handful of global giants, mostly in soft drinks and drugs, grew lazy, unchallenged by foreign competition at home and unfettered abroad. The U.S. began to lose preeminence in autos, stereos, VCRs, virtually any consumer gadget, but that didn't hurt the real economy. Yet.

The eighties changed everything. At first, interest rates went sky-high, so businesses couldn't raise money for expansion. People still weren't saving, but the Federal Reserve had broken the back of inflation, and the great bull market began. Stocks, weighed down for years by the yoke of inflation, suddenly became phenomenal investments. With pension-plan reform, 401(k) plans grew and earned more. Baby-boomers began to spend less and invest more as they approached college-tuition bills and retirement.

James J. Cramer is a professional money manager who may have open positions and may trade in the stocks he writes about. He owns shares of the following companies mentioned in this article: Intel, Microsoft, Cisco, and Chase. He holds short positions in McDonald's and Motorola.

In a larger sense, rising stock prices also made it possible to steal whole companies on the cheap by buying up their equity. A wave of mergers rationalized dozens of industries, especially food and drugs. Then the raiders moved in, backed by most of Wall Street but spiritually led by Michael Milken, and proceeded to put into play or take over literally hundreds of companies. The economy in the mid-eighties was strong enough to camouflage even the most reckless of deals, but by the end of the decade, the economy began to worsen, and the enormous debt began to take its toll.

These Milken-inspired tycoons were the quintessential zero-sum agents. They claimed they were creating "efficiencies," but they were merely reshuffling the wealth upward, to an elite group of financiers earning obscene fees, rather than creating wealth that got spread around. The endgame: Milken went to jail. Billions were lost. Millions of employees suffered.

Moving money around so wastefully in the eighties made the economy more vulnerable to Japanese competition. While the U.S. was spending all its money at the stock casino betting on the next takeover, the strategists at MITI were figuring out how to beat America at virtually every game. While one nation was using billions to leverage up tobacco and airline companies, another was using billions to build better automobiles and technology. The decade's ruling financial elite—mostly Drexel, Goldman Sachs, Merrill Lynch, and Morgan Stanley—spent more time shackling American industry with debt than they did building equity. In short, the eighties became a replay of the twenties—wretched excess for the few.

It could have led to a cataclysm for the many, as in the thirties, but miraculously, this didn't happen. When the eighties bubble burst, it caused the collapse of foreign debt, of leveraged buyouts, of real estate, of savings and loans, and, ultimately, of hundreds of banks. But it didn't blow up the whole economy along with it. Instead, the nineties have produced phenomenal job creation, stupendous wealth generation, and a return to American preeminence in technology, communications, and a host of other industries.

When the history of the turnaround is written, people will no doubt credit the smart management teams at places like Intel and Microsoft. They'll salute American universities for turning out brilliant graduates. They'll praise those who built personal computers and had the vision to see that tiny, cheap desktop machines could outrun large, expensive mainframes.

But the real praise will belong to those who gave these managements the capital, to those who had the foresight to bet on growth, people like Bob Stansky or Will Danoff at Fidelity, Garrett Van Wagoner at Van Wagoner Funds, or Scott Lucas at AIM. These people aren't exactly famous, which is partly the point. With performance and compensation based on objective numbers, not on showmanship or telegenics, they tend not to adorn magazine covers. For the most part, they didn't go to Harvard or Yale or Stanford. They went to Nichols, RPI, Babson, or Carnegie Mellon. They're good at arithmetic. They're young and computer-literate. Most of all, they have a sense of possibility. They are believers, and they bet that way.

Now, I don't ascribe to them mythical powers. If the Federal Reserve hadn't licked inflation, these guys wouldn't have any money to play with. Americans would still be betting on takeovers rather than funding growth companies. Baby-boom demographics played a role, government lightened its hand on the economy and the debt market, and the press helped by preaching the virtues of stock ownership.

But it's what these managers have done with the money that has caused miracles. They have created great wealth in stocks like Intel, Hewlett-Packard, Microsoft, Motorola, Oracle, and Sun Microsystems. Actually, however, the success of investors tells only a small part of the story, because the activities of the mutual-fund managers have benefits that far outreach the everyday capitalizations of a handful of great manufacturers. To illustrate their power, it's worthwhile to talk about change that the stock market has created, a totally American revolution that has put computer power into the hands of individuals instead of the central-office geeks and information specialists. That is, the revolution in network computing. This change is probably the most important trend in business worldwide, and it is almost entirely financed by mutual funds.

These companies

aren't selling disposable

consumer products

like soda pop or razor blades;

they're revolutionizing

businesses,

creating new ones.

The cases of Microsoft and Intel would do, but take, for example, a company you may not have heard of. Cisco Systems is a maker of routers, which help personal computers acknowledge one another's existence. It has been the greatest-performing stock of this age, rallying 10,703 percent since 1990—and that's not a typo. Traded on the over-the-counter market, Cisco has a market capitalization of almost $40 billion, making it bigger than Maytag, Phelps Dodge, Alcoa, Whirlpool, Bethlehem Steel, Woolworth, and Westinghouse—combined. This despite the fact that it didn't exist ten years ago and will make much less money this year than those old-line companies. It has helped that Cisco is in the forefront of the Internet revolution and that its management team is first-rate. But Cisco mainly owes its phenomenal rise to an ability to please mutual-fund managers quarter after quarter with spectacular earnings growth.

This is where the true value of the mutual-fund manager to the American economy comes in. Chartered to invest in growth wherever they can find it, these managers first look for industries they think have the capacity to grow much, much faster than the economy as a whole. Sometimes this means investing in potential biotech cures for AIDS, or in plans to grow mutated tomatoes or to outsource government services in areas like security, waste disposal, or education.

But most often it means investing in technology. That's where the true growth is. For much of the second half of the twentieth century, growth-stock investing meant finding companies that could grow earnings either through price increases or through worldwide expansion. In the fifties and sixties, that meant companies like Dow Chemical or Alcoa. In the seventies, it meant energy companies, who could raise prices at will with OPEC to support them. For much of the eighties, it was regional retailers who went national (Wal-Mart, Toys 'R' Us) or the food and drug companies, which took their powerful brand names and distribution networks and unleashed them on Europe, Latin America, and Asia.

But in the nineties, the idea of growth stocks changed. Managers found that Kellogg couldn't grow earnings because cereal penetration had reached worldwide proportions and the American public would no longer support price increases. Wal-Mart and Toys 'R' Us blanketed all 50 states. The franchise value of the old growth names waned.

In fact, the only place where there has been real double-digit growth, without price increases, is in technology. Even though Intel, for instance, is forever cutting prices on its microprocessors, there is an insatiable demand for them. "Intel Inside" is as well-known a mantra in China and India as Coke and McDonald's slogans. Sun, Oracle, and Microsoft have proved adept at growing earnings whether economies worldwide are strong or weak. They don't need to put through price increases to make their numbers, because other companies need their wares simply to stay alive. Their high-tech products help other businesses cut costs and distribute their own products more efficiently. Procter & Gamble, for example, dominates the soap business because it has invested the most in worldwide-distribution technology. The two most aggressive U.S. banks, NationsBank and Wells Fargo, have been enormous users of just the kind of technology Silicon Valley excels at.

That's the beauty of America's burgeoning technology sector. These companies aren't selling disposable consumer products like soda pop or razor blades, succeeding on the basis of brand name and marketing clout. They're building products that are revolutionizing other businesses, creating new businesses, changing the way people work. For the old brand-name growth companies, a Coke is just a Coke: All you can do is put new packaging on it or invent a new ad pitch. The fund-financed tech companies, on the other hand, are self-sustaining: They pour billions into research and development to create more technology. This is a growth industry to the *n*th power, igniting other industries, and it won't approach saturation for a very long time.

The change in the economy is only half the reason that the mutual funds have chosen to support this new growth industry. The other reason is the change in the mutual-fund industry itself. As consumers became more sophisticated about their money in the nineties, they learned that they could shop for managers the way they shopped for the best car deal or the best white sale. Money management was no longer an old-school-and-country-club network but a tough marketplace. Frustrated by the decline in real wage growth—a function of the changing, globally competitive economy—many of these consumers opted to put their savings and retirement money with star managers and mutual-fund houses.

The managers with the best records were managers of aggressive growth funds. Their good track records got them more money to invest, and these managers then reallocated the capital, not in bonds or conservative dividend-paying equities but in the stocks of new technology ventures. These aggressive-growth managers pay little heed to book value or balance-sheet considerations—heresy to the average non-tech mutual-fund or bank trustee. These managers don't even care if the product *works* yet. If it fails, the next one might not, and it might be another Cisco.

Take the case of Komag, a company that leads the field in making the hard disks that go into virtually every personal computer. Founded a little more than a decade ago, it had as its first large investors a handful of forward-looking Japanese conglomerates, eager to push the envelope of desktop-computer storage. As drive technology grew more sophisticated, Komag needed huge sums to build new plants and finance its research. But its Japanese investors weren't prepared to buy more shares. No matter. Komag tapped the U.S. high-growth-stock managers to meet its needs and continue expanding. These managers willingly paid the money needed despite the fact that Komag could give no clear assurances that it could create next-generation product and no hope that there would be a dividend in the foreseeable future. Komag succeeded, and its mutual-fund stockholders have prospered handily.

Old-line managers would never have bet on a Komag. For one thing, they wouldn't have understood what the company was talking about, with its 1,800-oersted magnetic-resistant heads and the like. But these new managers know this stuff, and if they aren't up to speed on something, they can turn to the research people at HARMS—Hambrecht & Quist, Alex Brown, Robertson Stephens, and Montgomery Securities. These new-line tech-oriented brokerage firms, mostly based

Growth-Fund Manager Lounge

Forget former Fidelity honcho Jeff Vinik. A new generation of far-flung growth-fund managers are quietly plowing large amounts of capital into promising companies and having a profound effect on the economy. Here are just a few:

Karey Barker, Wasatch Mid-Cap, Salt Lake City, Utah
Age: 28
Education: B.A., University of Utah
Return: 58.77 percent in 1995; –4.3 percent year-to-date as of September 18

"A lot of people say, 'Oh, we buy companies with a 25 percent growth rate,' but if you look at the mistakes and misses, you don't capture nearly that kind of number," says Barker. After an incredible run last year, fueled largely by tech stocks, the Wasatch Mid-Cap stumbled badly last spring. "It's a volatile fund," says Barker. "We never expect to do 60 percent again, in all honesty. It's against all odds." Barker's top holdings are Express Scripts, an embattled pharmacy-benefits manager; Aspen Tech (software); Green Tree Financial; Microchip; and Friedman's, a jewelry-store chain. "Whether I decide to buy a certain stock probably doesn't have a lot of impact, but there are a lot of people like myself, who are just as young as myself, that are making the same decisions," Barker says. "I get to see the future and meet the people who are making it happen before most people even know about it."

Christine Baxter, PBGH Emerging Growth, Wayne, Pa.
Age: 27
Education: B.A., University of Pennsylvania
Return: 35.09 percent three-year annualized average; 20.4 percent year-to-date

"We look for what we call disciplined earnings-growth momentum," says Baxter, who's been running the fund since she was 24. Assets are now at $1.3 billion with holdings in US Office Products, Papa John's, Aspen Technology, and Security Dynamics. "When we see an announcement come across the tape, we can pick up the phone and call the CEO and immediately get a response," says Baxter. "That's important."

Bob Kippes, AIM Aggressive Growth, Houston, Tex.
Age: 30
Education: B.B.A., Stephen F. Austin State University
Return: 31.71 percent five-year annualized average; 18 percent year-to-date

"We don't go and visit companies or buy stocks because they have good management," says Kippes. "We buy stocks because they have good earnings." Kippes has recently shed some tech for retail, but his three biggest holdings are in PairGain Technologies, Cascade Communications, and Healthsouth. "It's a way for investors to be able to play an exciting sector of the economy," says Kippes. "You don't just own shares of GE."

Daniel S. Perkins, Perkins Opportunity, Wayzata, Minn.
Age: 42
Education: B.A., University of Colorado; M.B.A., University of Minnesota
Return: 70 percent in 1995; 4.94 percent year-to-date

"What we're looking for are companies we feel have potential to be big winners over the long term because of some change taking place, a new product, sometimes a turnaround, new management or restructuring," says Perkins. Top holdings: Ciprico (disk arrays), Imatron (medical imaging), Fourth Shift (manufacturing software).

Garrett Van Wagoner, Van Wagoner Emerging Growth, Micro-Cap and Mid-Cap, San Francisco, Calif.
Age: 40
Education: B.A., Bucknell University
Returns: 36.8, 22.4, and 30.6 percent year-to-date

Since opening his own shop this year, Van Wagoner has bought tech stocks with promising names like Ascend, Cascade, Avanti, and Pure Atria. "In Japan, companies like these go to a big international holding company to get financing. In Germany, they go to a bank. Here, when I'm buying stock in a company, they're going to use that capital to grow and build another facility; they're going to buy equipment; and they're going to hire people," says Van Wagoner. RUTH G. DAVIS

BARKER

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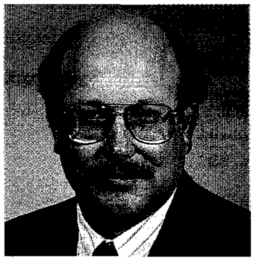

PERKINS

VAN WAGONER

Photograph: bottom right, William Mercer McLeod.

outside New York, work closely with the growth-stock managers to create liquidity in hard-to-buy tech names.

As companies like Cisco continually met or exceeded their targets, analysts from these brokerage houses raised estimates and mutual-fund managers bought more and more shares. Cisco then did what many tech success stories do. It compensated its people with an abnormal amount of stock—versus traditional, fuddy-duddy firms that dole out cash to their ranks and leave stock options to the honchos—and it bought dozens of companies with its own skyrocketing shares. Every time Cisco wanted to get an engineer, it could entice him with its sizzling equity. Every time it wanted to buy out a rival, it could offer a currency that was sweeter than any other around. The wealth-creating spiral continues: higher stock, more money for the company, more talent, more good earnings, and just rewards for mutual-fund managers. Customers save a fortune by using Cisco's networking. Capitalism never made more sense.

Cisco, of course, is just one of many American tech success stories. Dell, Seagate, Oracle, and Microsoft wrote similar fairy tales this decade. All compensate their employees aggressively with stock. All have great stocks because they continually please these managers.

Mutual-fund managements don't uncover Ciscos by cruising through the supermarket or browsing the malls, which was the seventies and eighties method pioneered by Peter Lynch at Fidelity. Lynch preached never investing in something you couldn't understand, and for him, that included the innards of a computer. But the fund managers read *PC Week* or *Computer Reseller News* or *Network World*. I discovered Cisco by accident, on jury duty. This one guy kept beating me to the pay phone in the Brooklyn courthouse so he could close on millions of dollars' worth of business, even while the rest of us were whining to get off the panels. I peeked at his notebook, saw the Cisco logo, and marveled to myself that I had never seen such drive in a guy (he probably had stock options). That drive had to extend to others at his office, I figured. That led me to the trade rags and ultimately to my computer room, where I saw Cisco all over the place. I embraced the story.

[illegible] companies reach for more customers simply to please the mutual funds. Hence your dog's ability to get a credit card.

Most mutual-fund shops don't need luck like that. They hire people who know what LAN and WAN stand for, who can go toe-to-toe with managements about the newest and best technology. They look for young, number-crunching techies.

Alas, not every company can grow like Cisco. Some companies are locked, by nature, into the growth of the populace or the GNP. There is very little mutual-fund money around for these laggard firms. And many funds don't even want to waste their time talking to the deep cyclicals, the INCOs and Phelps Dodges of the world.

And indeed, though the fund-powered tech revolution benefits everyone, the dominance of the mutual funds has its unpleasant consequences. Some of it is almost comical. The mutual-fund managers like to play golf: Hence, golf-equipment companies have reaped billions in capitalization. Their children love home video and fast food—the same thing.

But the ill effects are more profound. Companies come to understand that their stock price is what they'll be measured by, and their managers, holding lots of stock themselves, go through wretched contortions to get noticed by the growth hounds. Nobody in the growth mafia really cared much about AT&T's Richard Allen until he decided to hatchet thousands and restructure to make his company competitive. He was just doing what the mutual funds wanted, and they rewarded him with a stock jump.

Indeed, most mergers and restructurings these days are just methods of gaining mutual-fund favor. Take Lockheed and Martin Marietta. Surely these companies didn't need to merge. It was in the national interest to keep them competing. But together, they can lay off and restructure for years, generating 15 percent earnings growth through sheer financial flexibility. That's not a Cisco-like model, but it's enough to earn a place in a growth guru's portfolio. Same with the Chase-Chemical merger, pushed by mutual-fund manager Michael Price.

The bank mergers are particularly regrettable, and not just because they raise customer fees and close branches. Consider the city of Philadelphia. It used to be headquarters for close to a dozen banks, each fueling the economy with its own counsel, ad firm, and accounting relationship. Now there is only CoreStates. That has led directly to a big decline in the city's wage base, not to mention sponsorship of civic events. If CoreStates gets bought by an out-of-town bank, look for a civic disaster in the nation's fifth-largest city.

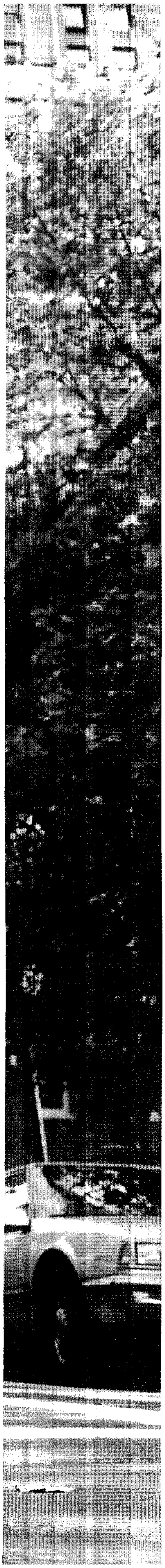
The mutual funds have also poured money into the dubious credit-card industry, which has enjoyed techlike growth for most of the past ten years. But increasingly, everybody who needs a credit card already has one. Credit-card companies' growth rates would slow down if they didn't "reach" for more customers simply to meet the mutual funds' targets. Hence your dog's current ability to get a credit card, and a record number of personal bankruptcies despite the strong economy.

Another unfortunate beneficiary of the mutual-fund game is the restaurant industry. Dining out is not by its nature a fast-growth business. But a restaurant chain with a concept and five profitable stores can start talking about 500—remember McDonald's—and fund managers will throw money at them. But how many Outback Steakhouses can there *be*? Cannibalization sets in, and management can't maintain quality. That's what happened to Rally's and Checkers, two shooting-star equities. Retail stores like Sunglass Hut have similar stories. The mutual funds have also, sadly, financed the marketing blitzes that turn some retailers into "category killers." With mutual-fund billions, they've assassinated mom-and-pop office-supply, stationery, toy, and hardware stores across the country.

By and large, though, these unintended offshoots of the high-growth infatuation are a small price to pay when the alternative is to be left behind in a competitive global marketplace. Fully half of the growth in GNP this year will probably come from U.S. technology companies, many of which wouldn't be alive if it weren't for the fund managers. The consequences: good, high-paying jobs and, ultimately, a better standard of living for all.

This nineties match in heaven between the visionary mutual "bankers" and the managements that seek growth wherever they can find it could, of course, be derailed by a severe market correction. But rank-and-file investors keep sending in their money, much to the amazement of the professionals. As long as their hopes and optimism continue to be rewarded with hefty capital gains, the United States will possess a strong, growing, technology-based economy well into the next century. ▬

TRASH



STREET GODS

By Guy Martin   Photographs by Chris Militscher

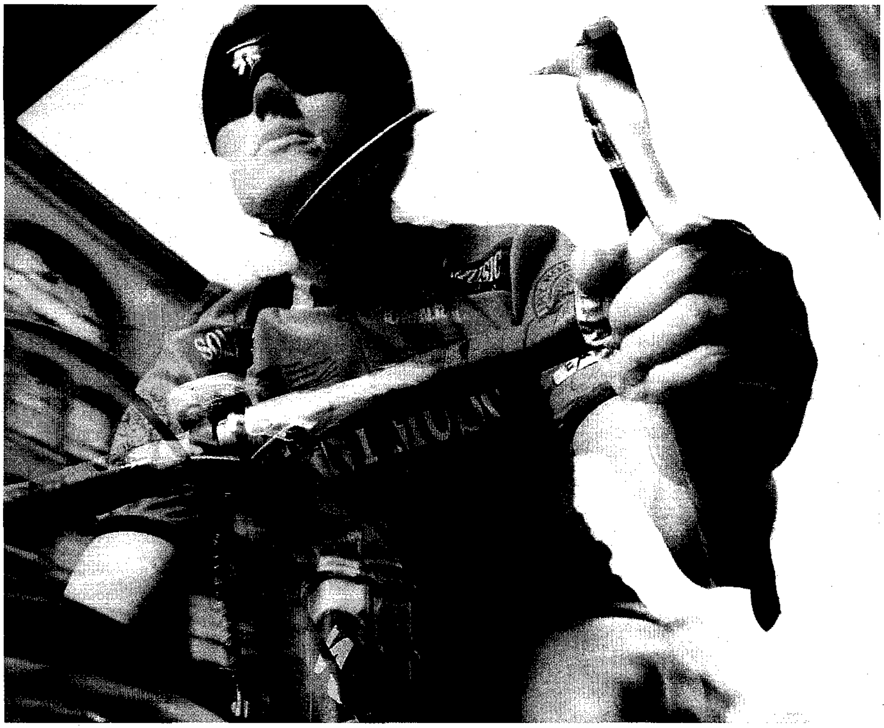
ASIDE FROM PIGEONS AND POSSIBLY RATS, CYCLISTS ARE THE CITY'S largest unlicensed moving horde: Last month, more than 11,000 passed through the DOT's 50th Street counting posts during a working day, nearly double the number of a decade ago. According to the advocacy group Transportation Alternatives, there are some 90,000 cyclists in the five boroughs. The riders and their machines can be ordained into archetypes, most of which have been around—though not necessarily tooling through TriBeCa or humping it through a red light at Lexington and 42nd—for a couple of thousand years.

◄ Hermes

HE STARTED AS A BIKE MESSENGER AT 15. NOW, AT 31, Jose "Trash" Davila is the most swift of the most swift. Currently employed by Express It on West 52nd, Trash has armor of aboriginal messenger provenance—in 1990 he was a founding member of the now disbanded "Team X-Men" bike-messenger posse. The X-Men culled motorcycle shops and sporting-goods stores for fierce hockey helmets, shin pads, and studded plastic chest protectors. ■ His bike is a 21-gear Mongoose Rockadile with a suspension neck and XTR brake pads, a $1,000 rig Trash fondly calls "my creation." He rides it about 75 miles a day, including the 25-mile commute to and from the Bronx. He can make it from Central Park to Battery Park in fifteen minutes. ■ "I can do about 50 miles an hour," he explains casually. "Grabbin' cars. I grab mirrors, antennas, windows, bumpers, the wheel well. I can hold on with a finger. I can just lay my hand on the trunk and hold there with gravity. The cars only go about 35, but when I let go, then it's like catchin' a wave and I can shoot down, see?" ■ Trash has never had a wreck. He would like to send all New Yorkers the following benediction: ■ "To my people in NY City: Ching/A/Ling, my brothers, and those who are incarcerated. To my co-workers and friends at the auto and bike shop at 54th and Ninth. To my loved ones, to my ex-girls, especially to my daughter, Yaritiza Maria Davila, and to my team-mates out there: Yeah-yeah, go-go, live to ride, and ride to live. Love, Trash, the X-man."

➤ Sisyphus

RAFAEL MORALES, THE MODEST YOUNG deliveryman of the Ninth Avenue and 22nd Street Ray's, has, he explains, a lot of work in the pizzeria—he mops up, makes the dough, and, atop his vintage Workman delivery bike, rolls takeout orders made between 10 A.M. and 5 P.M. to their destinations. The trademark metal box over the front wheel can carry six $12 pies at a time. It's a big job, and it never stops. ■ Typical rounds: "The Federal Building at Tenth and 17th. London Towers, north side of 23rd. The hotel across from the Garden; 601 West 26th, Portfolio/Black Dog, good tippers, very good tippers. Two-eighty-nine 10th, it's a garage, you know, mechanics. Also good tippers." ■ Morales's exquisitely dependable Workman is the only bike still manufactured in New York City. "It's never broken down," he says with a sort of grim admiration. "*Never.*" ■ Then, as if a vision of the next day's work has just bloomed in his head, he adds, "I'm getting my GED at Brandeis High School. Can you get me outta here and get me a job?"

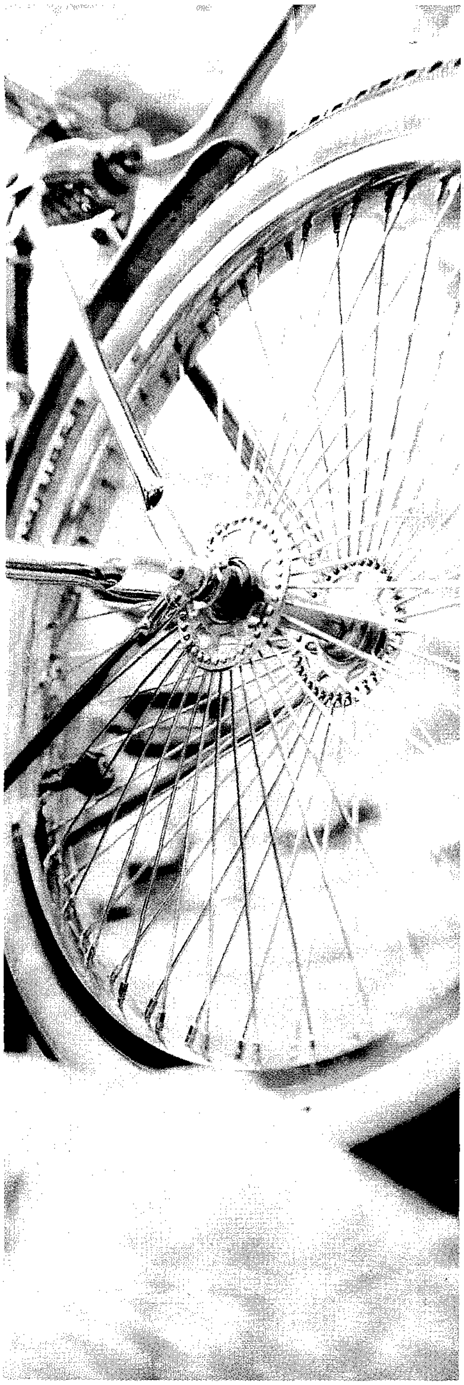


▲ Atalanta

THE MYTH IS AS FOLLOWS: ATALANTA WOULD ONLY MARRY THE SUITOR WHO BEAT HER IN A FOOT race. If he didn't, or couldn't, he was killed. Cindie Baker, a bike racer and travel writer who works for the French Government Tourist Office at 444 Madison, demurs, "I don't take it that seriously." ■ But she does take it damn seriously. She is in her third season with a Sony Music Studios–sponsored team, and on a good week she'll make the time to do 175 miles, including hill repeats, intervals, and sprints. With other racers cutting the air around her, Baker will average fourteen minutes per 6.2-mile lap around Central Park—or about 27 mph—a speed she can maintain for 40 miles. She rides a $2,000 specialized carbon-fiber composite, with Arc-en-Ciel rims and a Shimano Ultegra grupo, or derailleur. ■ "It started back home in Topeka, Kansas," she explains. "When I was 23, I rode my bike across the state, and I realized that you could go further than twenty miles."

▲ Icarus

JAY ECKER AND HIS BUDDY TREBOR BATTAGLIA have a bike dream that they can customize these low riders and make a killing. "I've only been into it for about six months, but a lot of my friends are into it, and in L.A. they have clubs and everything," says Ecker, 22, pictured above with his little Schwinn. "We're thinking of doin' the bodies in fiberglass. It's kinda hard to explain, but, like, where the tank would be on the motorcycle, we'd, like, fill that space with fiberglass, and have fiberglass pedals, and, you know, get some baby Daytons." ■ Baby Daytons, Ecker points out, are the low riders' tiny white-walled wheels. Baby Daytons are critical in staying low to the ground.



STREET GODS

▼ Iris

SHE WAS THE ANGEL/DIPLOMAT OF ZEUS, AND, ACCORDING TO THE GREEKS, THE EMBODIMENT of the rainbow. Lucy Hollier, age 3, spreads light from the rear seat of her father Dave Hollier's Trek 830, while her brother Sam, 4½, rides on the seat their dad has bolted to the frame behind the handlebars. The Holliers, Dave Hollier and Katherine Barr, live Montana-style over their own cabinetmaking shop in Williamsburg, so this is the bike-as-family-Volvo. Both urban-pioneer parents have mastered the art of biking their kids *while* walking their two German-shepherd mutts on the cobbled industrial streets. ■ "The kids both like the front seat better than the backseat," says Lucy's mother, Katherine Barr. "The backseat is just a rack with a piece of insulate on it to make it comfy. The metal pegs are made by friends of ours out here with a metal shop." ■ What are the Holliers going to do when the kids get too big? "I don't want to think about that right now," says their father.

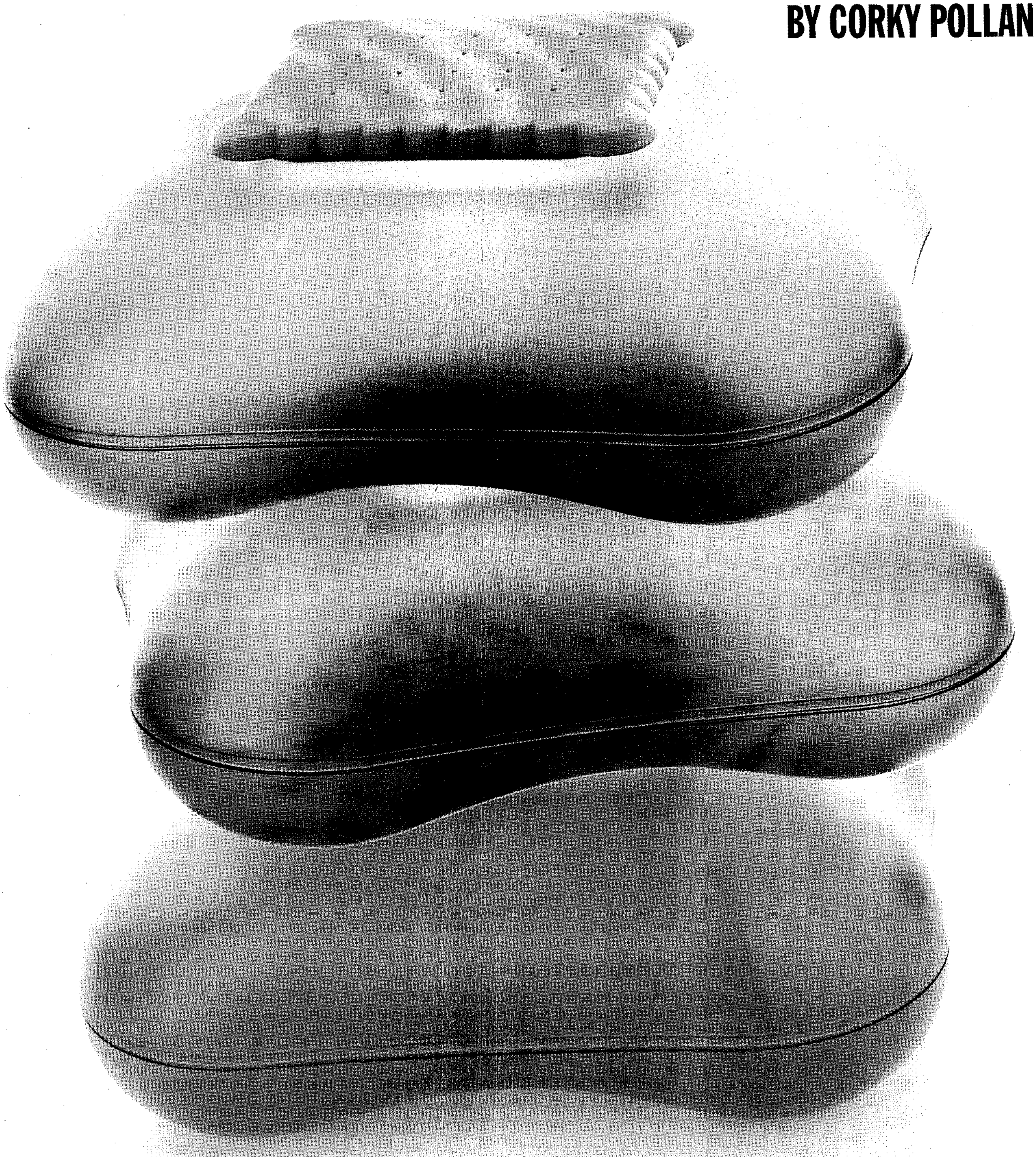
◄ Hephaestus

GEORGE BLISS, 42, MAY NOT BE CRIPPLED, NOR IS HE MARRIED TO ANYBODY NAMED Aphrodite, but he is messianic and he does have an enormous bike forge—one part garage, three parts madman's lab—called "The Hub," just next door to the Hell's Angels on East 3rd. Stacked on huge racks to the fifteen-foot ceiling of the Hub are hundreds of antiques ("This is a rickshaw from Jakarta") and mind-numbing pedal-driven prototypes ("Well, that's a *chaise lounge* attached as a sidecar to an old cruiser"). Bliss has even made a "DumpTrike," which carries a 100-gallon recycling container over the front wheels. But the smithy's pride and joy—the machine that will finally enable the mayor to ban cars in Manhattan *entirely*—is the fiberglass pedicab. Bliss currently has a dozen in hard-to-avoid colors working for him from Wall Street to 125th under the name PoNY (for Pedicabs of New York; 212-PONYCAB). The fare is 50 cents per minute. The pedicabs did quite well in their first summer trial, and Bliss stands ready at the forge, hoping for bigger things.

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN



A Tough Cookie

Italian architect–cum–product designer Stefano Giovannoni seems to suffer from a split personality: He designs sleekly avant-garde stainless-steel tableware for his King-Kong design company and *outlandishly playful stuff when he creates for Alessi's more* experimental one, Family Follows Fiction. The name is an impish take on the definitive bit of modernist doctrine (you know, form follows function), and the division consists of eight designers noted for making cartoony homewares from new kinds of plastic. Giovannoni has turned out such puckish items as Anna G. corkscrew, Lilliput pot, and, most recently, Mary biscuit, a rubber-and-plastic biscuit-shaped box for storing—yup—biscuits ($80).

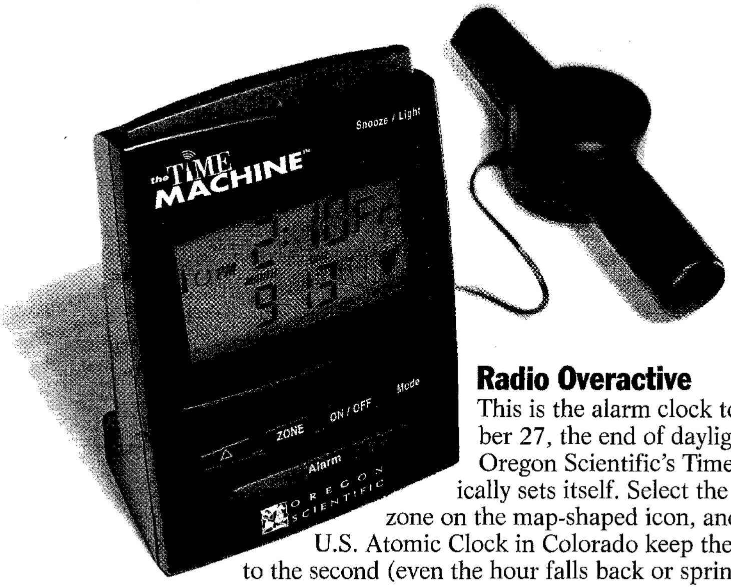
MOSS/*146 Greene Street/226-2190*

If...
(Questions for the Game of Life)
MEXICO

Random Harvest

Though there are no wild surprises or cutting-edge finds at the closet-size shop Random Accessories, owner Lynn Freidus (formerly with Macy's) brings a keen eye and highly developed editing skills to the selection of merchandise. Best of all, most everything's under $40. Key chains, Kate Spade–ish nylon totes, clocks, soaps, frames, streamlined watches, and scads of pleasingly priced sterling-silver jewelry are among the artfully arranged mishmosh here (from $5 for wire votive-candle holders to $30 for sterling-silver cuff links to $175 for Simon Sassoon watches).

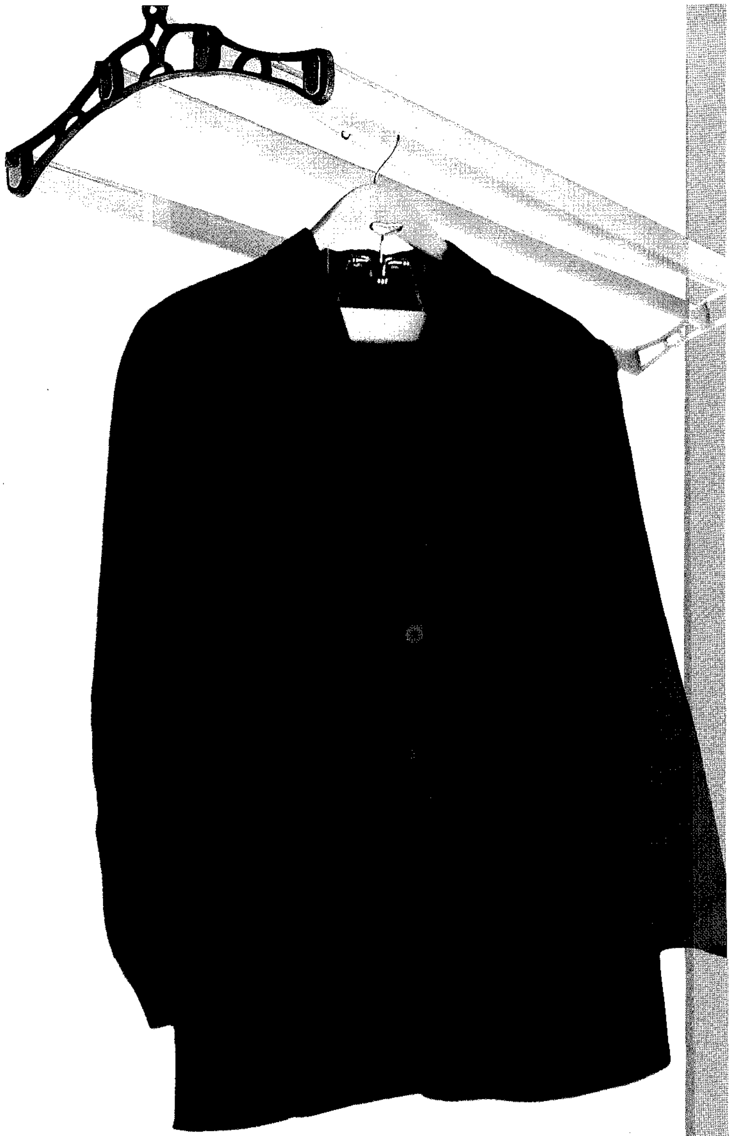
RANDOM ACCESSORIES/*169 Thompson Street, north of Houston Street/358-9079*



Radio Overactive

This is the alarm clock to buy before October 27, the end of daylight saving time. Oregon Scientific's Time Machine automatically sets itself. Select the appropriate time zone on the map-shaped icon, and signals from the U.S. Atomic Clock in Colorado keep the timepiece accurate to the second (even the hour falls back or springs forward). A digital LCD screen also shows the day and date, and these, too, are adjusted automatically ($129.99; batteries included).

S. FELDMAN HOUSEWARES/*1304 Madison Avenue, near 92nd Street/289-7367*



Upward Mobility

Just in time for the influx of this season's pea coats and down jackets, Gracious Home (the East Side's ever-expanding housewares superstore) has concocted a nifty way of relieving closet overload. It's a cast-iron-and-wood adaptation of a Victorian clothes-drying rack that works on a pulley system. Simply mount it to the closet ceiling, then work the cord: The four-foot-long, fifteen-inch-wide rack rises for out-of-the-way storage and lowers for easy access ($75).

GRACIOUS HOME/*1220 Third Avenue, at 70th Street/517-6300*

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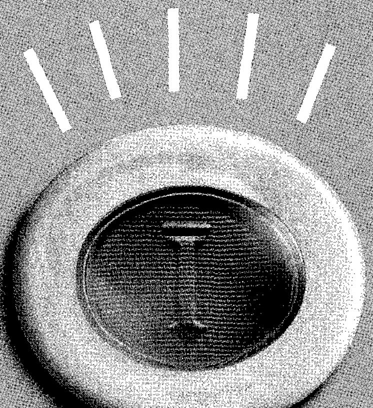

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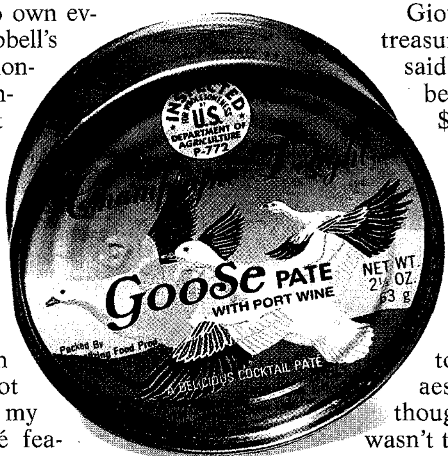
Giovanni's Pâtés
Assorted 2.25-ounce cans
(Giovanni's Appetizing Food Products, Inc.)

MY CONSUMER PURSUITS HAVE LED to some interesting sobriquets. "You're a consumer obsessive," said one observer; "a minutiae fetishist," opined another. These descriptions are fine, but they're really just fancy-shmancy ways of expressing a much simpler truth: I'm a *collector.*

I've always collected things. First it was baseball cards, then comic books, then wheat pennies, then records, then industrial artifacts, then coin-operated gadgets, and so on. If you're not afflicted with collector's disease, then you'll never understand, but if you're a fellow sufferer, then you know what I'm talking about—it's not a choice but an imperative.

It's rare that a simple grocery item appeals to my collecting instincts—like, who really needs to own every variety of Campbell's soup, right? Occasionally, though, I encounter a product line that pushes all the right buttons. Such was the case when my friend Ray recently sent me a can of Giovanni's Deviled Crab Pâté.



INSPECTED AND PASSED BY U.S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE P-772
Goose PATE WITH PORT WINE
NET WT. 2¼ OZ. 63 g
Packed By
A DELICIOUS COCKTAIL PATE

It isn't just liver anymore: Giovanni's pâté.

I should mention here that pâté is not exactly a staple of my diet. But this pâté featured one of the most appealing packages I'd ever seen: a small disc of a can with a playful illustration on top and a lovely serving-suggestion photo on the bottom. Some bouncy type and graphics ran along the edge, including the following: "One of the 'Good Little Cans' that go all over the world!" This simple line, charming on its own terms, also hinted of further Giovanni's goodies, which was enough to activate my collecting impulses—within moments, I was speculating on how many varieties of Good Little Cans there might be, how big a shelf would be needed to display them, and where such a shelf might be mounted in my apartment. Realizing that I was getting ahead of myself, I rang Giovanni's and asked for the complete set.

A few phone calls and some tense anticipation later, I had all nine Giovanni's pâté varieties set out in front of me: crab, shrimp, lobster, trout, mushroom, salmon, goose, turkey, and chicken liver, the last of which kicked off the line back in 1941. As I suspected, the cans are immensely satisfying to hold, play with, or just look at—at 2⅝ inches wide by an inch thick, they're just small enough to seem like toys, an impression reinforced by their stackability and colorful illustrations. As for the pâtés themselves, they taste fine, but frankly that seems beside the point. Fortunately, I procured two cans of each variety, so I could have my pâté and eat it, too.

Giovanni's secretary-treasurer, Elvira Ricossa, said the pâtés retail for between $1.40 and $2 and that the line moves 700,000 or so units a year. Ricossa, whose late husband, Giovanni Ricossa, founded the small company in 1933, seemed oblivious to the product line's aesthetic appeal, although she noted that I wasn't the first to be captivated by a Giovanni's package—the firm's anchovy paste won *Tube Topics* magazine's 1994 Metal Tube of the Year award. She also said Giovanni's plans to revise and slightly enlarge the pâté cans for 1997, at which point the ones in my possession will become—of course—collector's items. *(Giovanni's Appetizing Food Products, Inc., P.O. Box 26, 37775 32 Mile Road, Richmond, Michigan 48062.)* ■

SEND PRODUCTS, gadgets, promotional literature, and suggestions to Paul Lukas, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999. E-mail address: krazykat@pipeline.com.

Photograph by Wayne Simpson.

SALES & BARGAINS **DANY LEVY**

Dura Sell

Finds worth keeping: Classics like solid-brass doorknobs, vintage Rolexes from the twenties, and these silk tulips are here for the long haul.

I WANT A MASSAGE, AND I *want it now* is essentially all you have to say when you call Healing Hands (though *please* never hurts)—and a licensed massage therapist will be at your home or office within the hour. The traveling spa, whose client list includes everyone from Edgar Bronfman Sr. to guests at the Carlyle, is discounting rates: One-hour massage at your home or office, was $100, now $90; at their place, was $80, now $70. *Healing Hands, 849 Lexington Avenue, near 64th Street (570-5282).*

One to Watch

FOR THOSE OF US WHO WEREN'T bequeathed Grandpa's funky retro watch, all vintage timepieces (as well as selected new ones) are on sale at Lloyd Jensen. Prices may be steep, but so are the discounts: Patek Philippe eighteen-karat, was $8,500, now $3,700. The store also has Cartier, Rolex, Franck Muller, and more. *Lloyd Jensen, 716 Madison Avenue, near 63rd Street (980-3966); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 10–6; through 10/23.*

Cut and Dried

MELONIE DE FRANCE CARRIES DRIED FLOral arrangements made in the south of France. Some resemble multi-tiered wedding cakes; others look like big bouquets. They *all* smell lovely (in a sachet kind of way), look pretty (in a frilly sort of way), and are on sale. For example: Topiaries, normally $190, are $139. Others, ranging from $17 to $1,250, are up to 50 percent off. *Melonie de France, 160 East 56th Street (935-4343); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 10–6; through 10/19.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

The *faux* confections, pictured above, from Keesal & Mathews not only look remarkably *vrai,* but with real French tulips running up to $6 a stem, these silken fakes are, at $6.95 apiece, a (relative) bargain. Other man-made blossoms include lilacs, roses, peonies, mums, Gerber daisies, and hydrangeas. *Keesal & Mathews, 1244 Madison Avenue, near 90th Street (410-1800).*

Care Packages

EACH YEAR, A MOTHER LODE OF LADIES' wear by a well-known American manufacturer comes tumbling into this thrift shop. Devotees eagerly await the signal (this is it) and know who we're talking about. (Memo to everyone else: This is a good time to check out the solid stock of gently used designer trappings, like a Jean Muir dress, $150; Escada jacket, $250; and more.) Expect twenty cartons of women's clothing, priced thusly: Tweed jackets, originally $475, are $50; silk blouses and skirts, originally $235–$275, are $25; etc. *Cancer Care, 1480 Third Avenue, near 84th Street (879-9868); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon., Tues., Fri. 11–6, Wed., Thurs. till 7, Sat. 10–4:30, Sun. 12:30–5; while supplies last.*

Down Time

CAROLYN PERKINS, WHO TEACHES AT THE 92nd Street Y, now offers a class in t'ai chi chih, a newish compilation of Oriental disciplines. First-timers can visit the hour-long class free of charge (subsequent ones are $12). The routine, comprising twenty flowing movements, is billed as heightening energy, calming the nervous system, increasing concentration, *and* lowering blood pressure. We'll just call it *very* soothing. *Carolyn Perkins, 44 East 32nd Street, eleventh floor; Tues. 6–7 p.m.; call 371-0133 for reservations.*

Top Brass

SIMON'S—PURVEYOR OF HAUTE hardware, if such a genre exists—is discounting selected Baldwin decorative pieces (like brass hinges; door locks, knobs, and pulls; and light-switch plates) and bathroom accessories 35–70 percent. *Simon's Hardware and Bath, 421 Third Avenue, near 29th Street (532-9220); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.– Wed. and Fri. 8–5:30, Thurs. till 7, Sat. 10–6; through 10/19.*

Hot Koko

EVEN IN A TOWN OF BARGAINS, it's a rare event for retail prices to go almost all the way to wholesale—but Kokopelli in SoHo, which carries southwestern jewelry, art, and Zuni fetishes, is now offering a whopping 50 percent off Kokopelli, Ray Tracey, and gold and opal jewelry. For example, Ray Tracey bear pendant, was $165, now $83. *Kokopelli, 120 Thompson Street (925-4411); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Wed. 11–8, Thurs.– Sun. till 9; through 9/30.*

Moving Images

THE FRANK J. MIELE GALLERY, WHICH FEAtures contemporary American folk art (like paintings, sculpture, furniture, and pottery), has traded the Carnegie Hill spot it occupied for five years for a cozier space at Madison Avenue and 82nd Street. To christen the new digs, Miele is discounting the entire inventory 15 percent. *Frank J. Miele, 1086 Madison Avenue, at 82nd Street (249-7250); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. till 5, Sun. 12–5; through 10/15.*

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

Brenda Blethyn (left) and Marianne Jean-Baptiste in *Secrets & Lies.*

MOVIES **DAVID DENBY**

All in the Family

'Secrets & Lies,' Mike Leigh's new movie about an unlikely mother-and-child reunion, is funny and bitter but never gloomy.

AT THE CENTER OF **Secrets & Lies**—MIKE LEIGH'S great new comedy, which kicks off the New York Film Festival on September 27 and opens in theaters the day after—is a loving but lovelorn mother with two illegitimate daughters. Cynthia (Brenda Blethyn), past 40 and a little heavy fore and aft, is a desperately sweet woman who has never received much affection from anyone. Two of her long-ago boyfriends, after getting her pregnant, left her flat. She gave away her first daughter, conceived when Cynthia was 15, without looking at her, and has lived in a prison of suspicion with the other, Roxanne (Claire Rushbrook), who is approaching her twenty-first year and whose mouth is set in a permanent pucker of loathing and rejection. Night after night the two women, who have ordinary factory and street-sweeper jobs by day, sit in Cynthia's house tearing at each other. *Secrets & Lies* might have settled into an awful gloom; it might have choked on the accumulated defeats of the more anguished sections of the English working class. But gloom has never been Mike Leigh's mood. The two women are possessed of tremendous verbal ingenuity, which they turn scathingly on each other; the language takes off, and so does the movie.

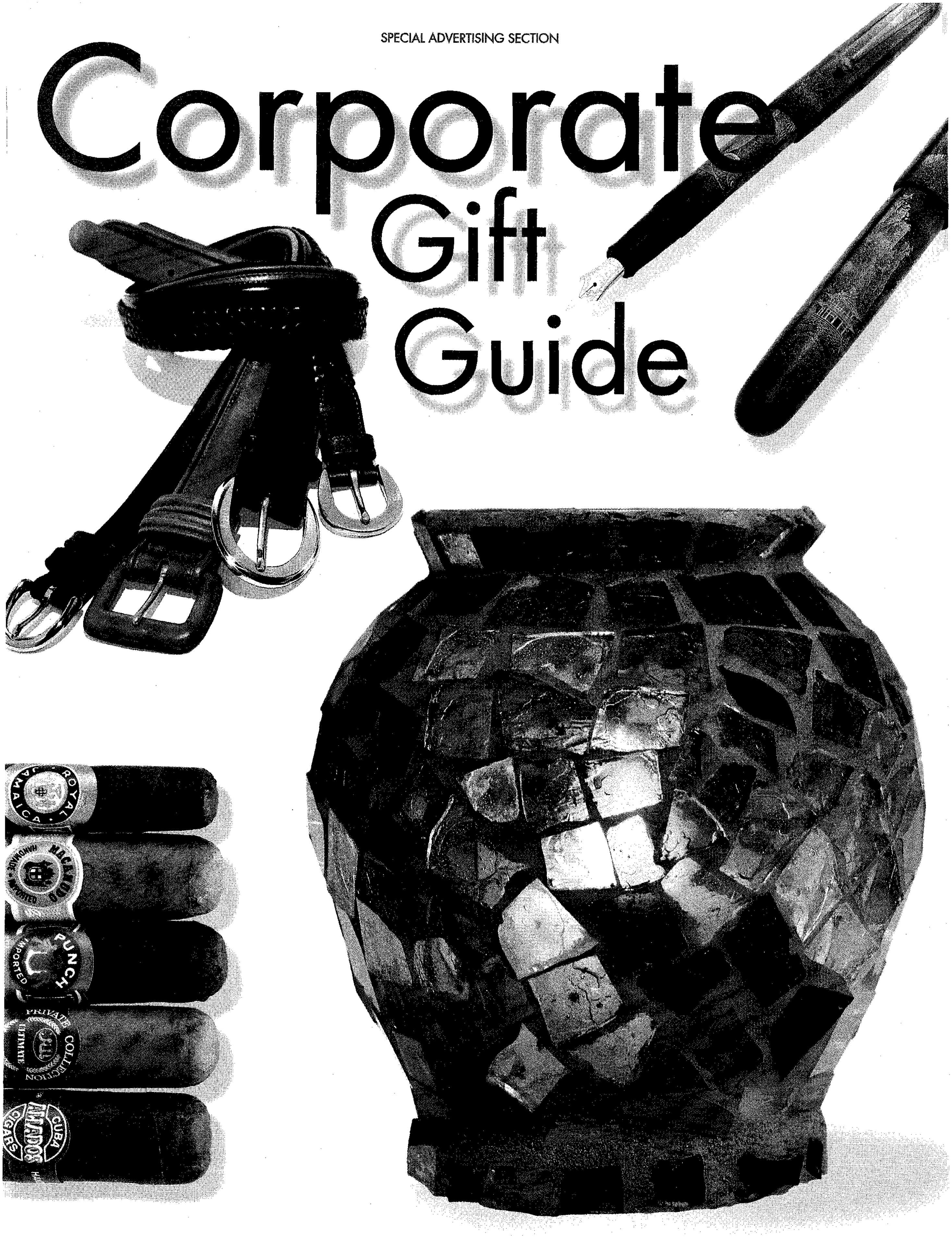
Leigh, the director of *High Hopes* and *Naked,* and a whiz for years in British television and theater as well as movies, bursts the usual generic and emotional bounds of his soap-opera material. Leigh can be bitter and funny at the same time; in this movie, he takes the supreme risk of mixing pathos and comedy, and he gets away with it. The miseries are so openly expressed, the bleakness so rich in its plenitude, that one can only respond with tears and laughter together. *Secrets & Lies* is about the separation of mothers and daughters; it's about the shame, fear, and vanity that drive people apart even as they long for closeness and connection. It's a very intense and painful movie that is also blazingly funny—a miracle, I think.

How did Leigh pull it off? By creating each of his characters as a remarkably idiosyncratic individual. Poor Cynthia wants only to give love, but she is so fearful that angry Roxanne will repeat her own misfortunes and get herself knocked up that she hounds the girl with birth-control information. "Sweetheart! Darling!" she cries, subjecting Roxanne to an endless and excruciating catalogue that sends the girl running away in disgust. Under Leigh's direction, commonplace maternal anxiety blossoms into a brilliant comic aria of hysteria. Brenda Blethyn won the Best Actress award at Cannes earlier this year, an award thoroughly deserved. Indeed, I can't remember the last time I fell so abruptly and violently in love with an actress. Her hair falling into her face, a drink raised to her mouth, Blethyn dissolves into tears again and again, yet she reads Cynthia's lines with exquisite inflections—a purr, a tinkle, a lyrical trill rising from disorderly flesh. One longs for this great messy woman to speak.

The other wing of Cynthia's family is dominated by her heroically amiable brother, Maurice (Timothy Spall), a large and prosperous man *(continued on page 55)*

SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION

Corporate Gift Guide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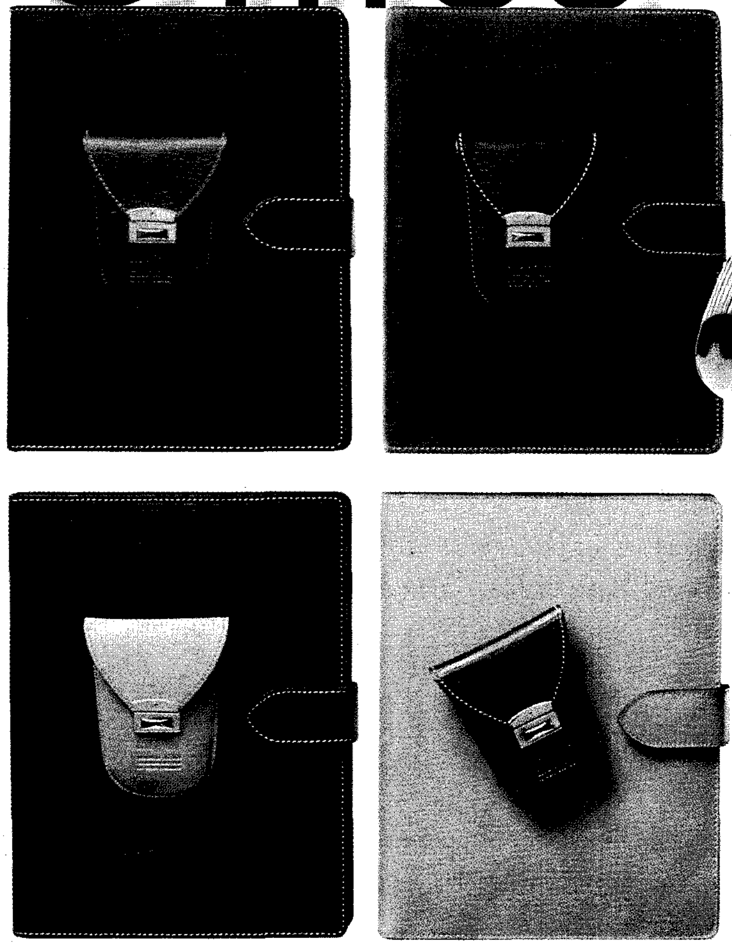

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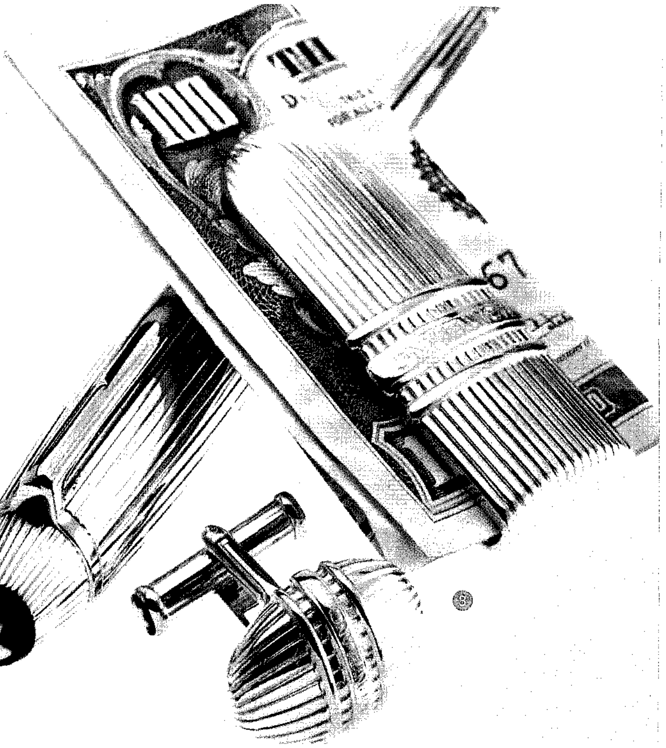


③

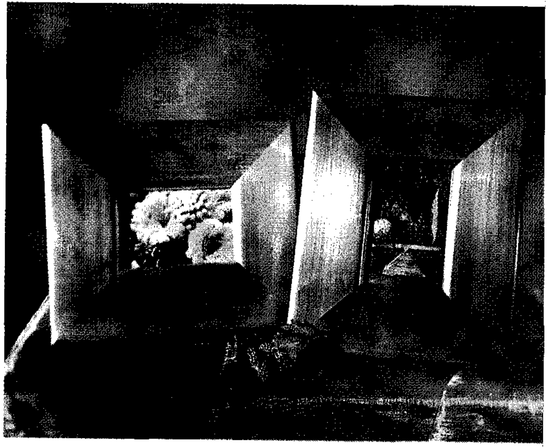
① *Bold colors, hand-stitched leather, and practicality are hallmarks of these stylish agendas, by Goldpfeil*

② *The handsome leather carry-all, from Orvis, stows laptop, calculator, and an array of office products*

③ *High-power accessories from Montblanc's Solitaire Le Grand Collection (shown in sterling silver pinstripe)*

④ *Decorative objects, such as gold- or silver-leaf frames, are among Felissimo's timeless gift ideas*

②



④

Creative cufflinks, by Paul Stuart, in angel-devil and nautical motifs

The leather attache, by Goldpfeil – ideal for business travellers

Presents of Mind

By Susan Sommers

Beverly Hood Allen
Marketing Director

Christy Casamassima
Editor

Richard Mantel
Design Director

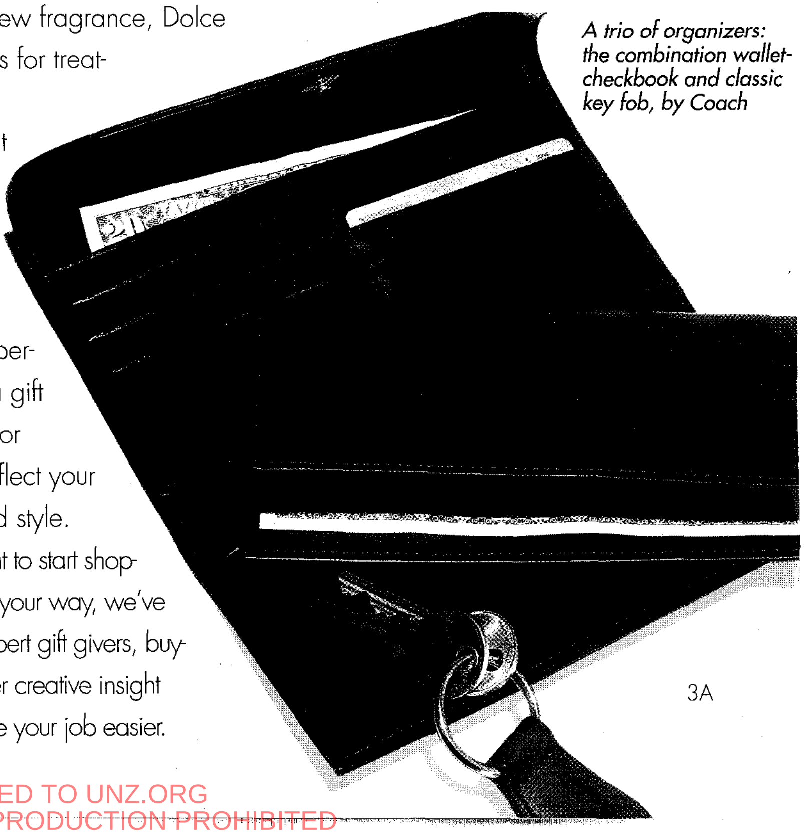
Shawn Lipenski
Research

Scott Hunt
InkWell, Inc.
Design Production

If you consider gift giving an important part of doing business (and who doesn't these days?) each item you choose takes on added significance. "Executives and companies who practice successful gift giving understand that the medium truly is the message," explains Dawn Bryan, the author of *The Art and Etiquette of Gift Giving*. "Selecting imaginative, appropriate, and memorable gifts can assist in the smooth execution of business at hand," Bryan adds. The idea is to avoid giving gifts that have obviously been purchased in bulk – those that appear to have been selected without the recipient's taste and personality in mind.

"I look for something stylish, pleasurable – and most important – unexpected," says Daniel J. Moriarty, vice president of corporate relations at Christian Dior Perfumes. Moriarty's offerings this year will include Dior's new fragrance, Dolce Vita, and certificates for treatment at the Dior Centre de Beauté at Bloomingdale's – both luxurious and coveted gifts that are an extension of his profession and personality. Similarly, a gift for a client, vendor or employee should reflect your company's taste and style.

Now is the moment to start shopping. To help you on your way, we've asked a variety of expert gift givers, buyers, and sellers to offer creative insight and expertise to make your job easier.



A trio of organizers: the combination wallet-checkbook and classic key fob, by Coach

A gift with a personal message, such as a professional photography session, is a special way to say thank you for a job well done. "You can have it forever," explains Trudy Schlachter, who has snapped some of the city's power elite. Along similar lines is an album that documents a business trip. If you've travelled with Cindy Crawford, as did stylist Stephen Knoll of Knoll Salon, you might appreciate a memento."I did Cindy's hair for the Omega campaign, which was shot all over the world," he recalls. "We got albums as a reminder of a great time."

A pigskin photo album ($105) is among the eclectic gift items at **Felissimo** (10 West 56 Street; 247-5656). Unique gold- or silver-leaf picture frames (under $100) also follow the theme. The store's wrapping, called furoshiki (folding the item in colorful fabric), is as special as the gifts.

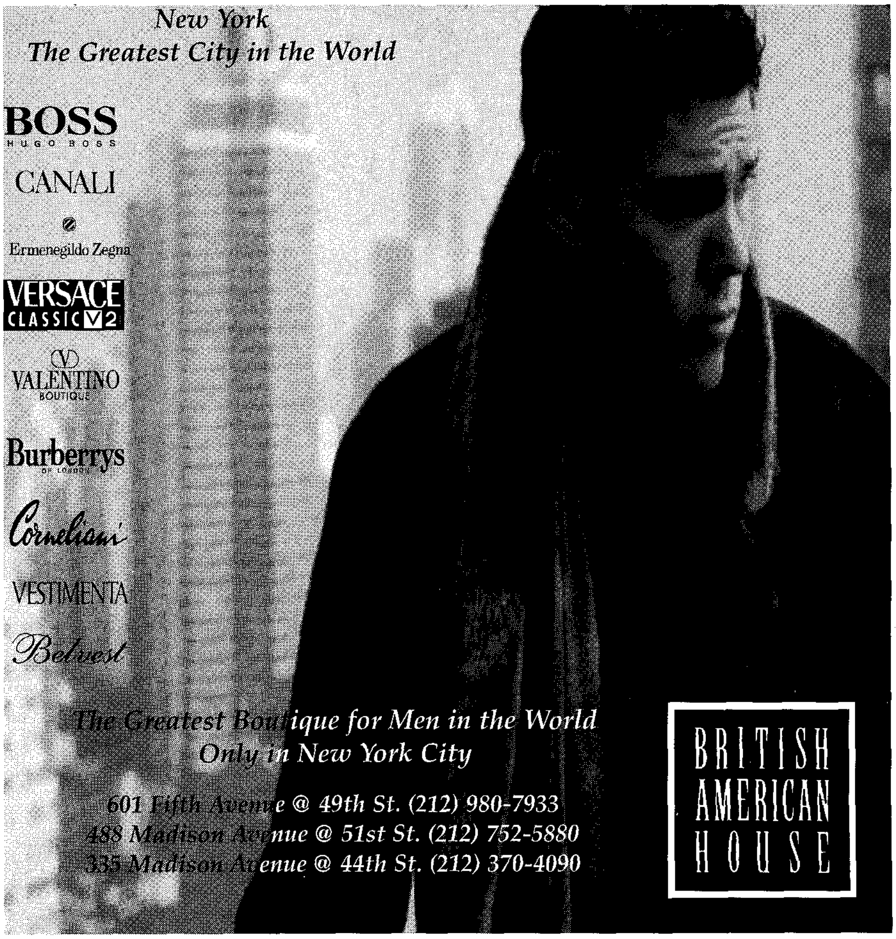
Kate's Paperie (561 Broadway; 941-9816) is another good source for leather photo albums, diaries, journals, and atlases ($55 to $200); the store will stamp on an employee's initials or a company logo for a nominal charge.

The corporate gift with the most universal appeal, however, is a pen. For top-tier firms whose budgets allow, the new 18K gold **Waterman** signé Boucheron ($2,500) makes quite a statement. A more modest option, from **Namiki**, includes a retractable fountain pen (under $200), in a variety of colors and nibs. The new **Montblanc** MeisterstÜck pen set, an ode to Mozart, contains miniature writing instruments ($560) that can be tucked into a purse or vest pocket.

Mix and match with **Goldpfeil's** (777 Madison Avenue; 472-1400) hand-stitched leather collection, available in three colors. The cellular phone cases ($90), card cases ($58-$130), and agendas ($207 to $518) are stylish and practical.

Anyone who travels – even just to and from the office – will appreciate a **Seeger** (400 Madison Avenue; 593-7678) trainpass holder ($75) of soft French napa lambskin.

For longer trips, **Orvis** (802-362-8656) offers travel accessories that can be personalized with names, initials, or logos, including a set of three engraved brass luggage tags ($18.50), deluxe grooming kit ($49), and zippered leather travel organizer ($58).



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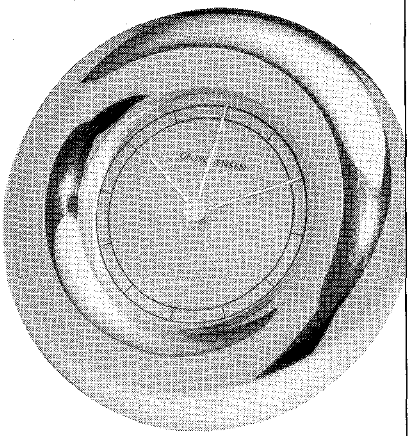

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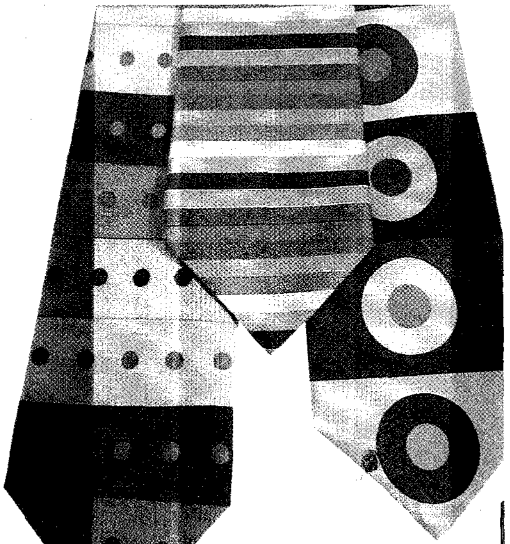

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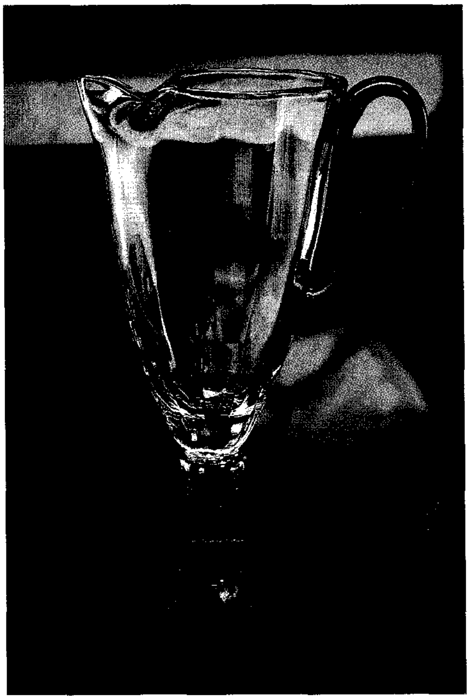

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① *Oversized VIP cups and saucers, by Royal Worcester with motifs for a host of favorite hobbies*

② *Tie me up, tie me down – with Metropolitan Museum of Arts' graphic line of ties and tie holders*

③ *The cobalt-handled water pitcher, at Goldmans Treasures, adds a splash to a stodgy board meeting*

④ *Superior menswear, by top European and American designers, is the signature of British American House*

Denby *continued from page 46*

who makes photographic portraits for a living. Leigh throws in short scenes in which people pose for their picture—couples getting married, a group of friends, a pet and its owner. At first, we may be puzzled by this stuff. What is it doing in the movie? Coaxing and pleading, the bearish photographer tries to get his cranky subjects to smile. Yet Maurice is not some sleazy feel-good operator. His professional expertise covers something we notice only slowly: Maurice is one of the rare human beings genuinely pained by egotism and orneriness in other people, by the common human habit of allowing selfishness to destroy happiness. As we look at the couples held together by affection and antagonism, we begin to get the point: The portrait scenes comment on the rest of the movie; they embroider the larger themes of separateness and loneliness. Mike Leigh has doffed his cap with quite marvelous generosity to one of art's humbler trades: Portraiture, he suggests, is the beginning of narrative art. In Leigh's portraits—and in Maurice's studio shots—men and women enmeshed in antagonism cannot live without one another. At home, Maurice walks in and discovers his wife, Monica (Phyllis Logan), vacuuming the house in a fury. He does no more than look at her, and she immediately launches an extraordinary tirade against his bulky yet acquiescent person. Phyllis Logan, another tremendous actress, tall, angular, and beautiful, pulls her mouth into shapes as odd as those assumed by Claire Rushbrook, who plays the young Roxanne. Leigh, taking his cue, perhaps, from Dickens, has mined the natural vein of eccentricity and exaggeration that runs so deep in the British character. Monica, it turns out, is premenstrual; her tirade is the summit of premenstrual rant, and it serves as a matching set piece to Cynthia's aria about birth control. Fecundity, and all its imperious emotions, has separated them; Monica loathes her sister-in-law and makes fun of her as a slattern because she, Monica, cannot have children. And Maurice looks on in despair.

Into this noisy glen of magpies steps Cynthia's other daughter. We have seen her in the early sections of the movie, an elegant, accomplished black woman, an optometrist named Hortense (Marianne Jean-Baptiste). Her adoptive parents have died, and despite her success and evident self-possession, she feels lost. Hortense presents herself to Cynthia, and the discomfort and confusion and anguish that follow are a comic harvest without rival in recent movies. Part of the joke is that the theater actress Marianne Jean-Baptiste speaks the King's English in an easy way that makes the other women seem like screaming harpies. Jean-Baptiste has exquisite diction, and Leigh and his cinematographer Dick Pope zero in on her mouth too, which turns out to be big and bowlike, unfolding into a beautiful smile that is like a greeting to the universe. The scrunch-mouthed harpies are stuck with a black angel in their midst.

Despite the ordinariness of the settings, the movie is lovely to look at. Leigh doesn't rub our noses in rawness, forcing us to confront "truth" (a common crudity of British film realists); he lets the actors discover their own truths—or rather, he pulls it out of them by encouraging them to perform with just that tiny degree of stylization that allows us to enjoy the dolorous emotions, the embarrassments and humiliations, as essential human comedy. All of this shrewdness and craft and knowledge of what a woman is and can be pours into an episode that seems classic even as you are watching it. Cynthia, refusing to believe that Hortense can possibly be her daughter, sits in a café with this amazing young woman at her side, and the camera holds steady on the two of them as Brenda Blethyn passes through stages of sweet disbelief, impacted memory, panicky denial, a slow, mortified recognition followed by incomparable dismay and then, at last, by something like pleasure. The shot, unmoving, lasts a full seven minutes without a cut, and at the end of it I was shaking. Blethyn even risks what might have been a cliché, a laugh that turns into tears, but she moves the emotion so slowly—seeming to freeze her laughter into a prolonged unbearable instant of self-awareness—that she pulls it off.

As the movie works toward its climax, Maurice the peacemaker takes over. Sane, loving, middle-class men make unlikely heroes; they risk boringness and complacence. But Timothy Spall, a popular TV actor, has darting, nervous eyes, and as the movie goes on we notice his eyes more and more. This man is churning around inside; he's anything but complacent. For all his physical awkwardness—flesh has settled around his comfortable middle—Maurice is the artist figure, the portraitist with roving eyes, a man who sees everything. He's a stand-in, I imagine, for Mike Leigh himself. He speaks the movie's title, railing against the happiness-destroying powers of secrets and lies, and he brings conciliation and harmony.

Does Mike Leigh have the right to congratulate himself as a harmonizer? Normally, I would say that no artist has that right, that such congratulations should be rendered by others, but in this case Leigh has earned his way. At the moment, Leigh is better at separateness than anyone now directing, and better at togetherness than anyone. This is a stunningly empathic film, with moments of greatness. Mike Leigh has produced a miracle; he's made an Ingmar Bergman film without an instant of heaviness or pretension.

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THEATER **JOHN SIMON**

Music Moves Them

'Old Wicked Songs' is in many ways admirable, not least because of two fine performances—too bad Jon Marans's play develops a split personality.

IN **Old Wicked Songs,** JON MARANS HAD A TERRIFIC idea for a two-character play. Stephen Hoffman, a rather callow 25-year-old West Coast piano virtuoso, suddenly finds himself blocked and can't play a note. He has sought out a famous music professor in Vienna, who insisted that he first see a colleague—an elderly, somewhat broken-down singing teacher, Josef Mashkan. Learning the art of the accompanist, in which Mashkan is to instruct him, doesn't interest Stephen, and the elderly professor's good-natured Viennese bohemianism further alienates the deeply neurotic young Californian.

After several false starts, the ill-matched pair nevertheless settles down to work. Mashkan will teach Stephen to sing Schumann's *Dichterliebe* song cycle and, in the process, obliquely return him to the piano. The two men progress from loggerheads to affectionate collaboration as they explore what may be the greatest lieder cycle of all time: Heine's exquisitely bittersweet words set to Schumann's sublime music, which comments as well as supports. It emerges that Mashkan, who is a widower and has no other students, is as troubled as Stephen under his mellow exterior. Through the noble artistic experiment they embark on together, they become not only close friends but also rescuers of each other. Art as bridger of chasms, art as healer—what a wonderful idea, neatly laid out.

Marans, who has written lyrics for sundry popular songwriters, such as Galt MacDermot and Charles Strouse, knows a good deal about music and about how songs are written. But he does not wholly trust his idea for the play. Can theatergoers accept as a subject two men discussing, arguing about, rehearsing a song cycle? And, concurrently, changing their notions about art, the world, and life? Risky business. So Marans seems to have felt compelled to make both men closet Jews, and therewith the play switches to Nazis, concentration camps, anti-Semitism, and skeletons in the closet. By the time it returns to music, the damage has been done.

Obviously, anti-Semitism is a bigger problem than artistic paralysis. Equally obviously, it is a more patently commercial subject in New York City, where so many spectators are Jewish. The bifurcation of the play, however, undercuts both its themes: Each issue deserves full attention, and shuttling between *Dichterliebe* and Dachau devalues both, especially since family and sexual problems of both characters also enter in. Moreover, whereas the musical plot is fresh, the historical one feels shopworn.

Yet I am not sure that the playwright's ability is up to even the more developed side of the play—its mu-

Perfect pair: Hal Robinson, left, as a Viennese music teacher and Justin Kirk as his neurotic American pupil in *Old Wicked Songs.*

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

sical concerns. Marans's dialogue is good enough for boulevard theater—and in the discussions of music, better than that—but it is overshadowed by the immense art beside which it is placed. A certain lack of ear is apparent even in naming the play *Old Wicked Songs,* as the author renders the *Dichterliebe*'s last song, *"Die alten, bösen Lieder."* In English, the phrase does not scan, and thuds on the ear. The cadenced iambic progression of the German could have been better captured as "the ancient, evil songs" ("wicked" is not quite right, either).

Marans and his director, Seth Barrish, have also erred, I think, in using as a bridging device between scenes bits of José Van Dam's recording of *Dichterliebe,* which further overshadows the script and is played loud enough to sound unnatural. (And, if at all, why not one of the great German interpreters, fine as the Belgian Van Dam is in the French repertoire?) But the actors cannot be faulted. Justin Kirk (Stephen) and Hal Robinson (Mashkan) are first-rate and hold their own in German, singing, and piano-playing, though some of the last is the accomplishment of the Yamaha Disklavier, a modern player piano.

Barrish's direction is generally nimble, and Markas Henry (sets and costumes) and Howard Werner (lights) complement it ably. But there is something lacking in a show from which I could not wait to rush home to play *Dichterliebe,* sung by Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Peter Schreier, or Hermann Prey.

AT RAINBOW & STARS WE HAVE **3 of Hearts,** a revue of the songs of Mary Rodgers, composer and daughter and mother of composers. Best known for *Once Upon a Mattress,* she also has other hefty credits and has worked with some of our foremost lyricists, including William Shakespeare. The current show features new songs as well, several with words by Mark Waldrop, a member of the cast.

The *mot juste* for Miss Rodgers's songs would be "charming" or "likable," which is not damning with faint praise. They abound in original flavor, and hold and reward the attention. But they are not, usually, memorable—except for the splendid takeoff on "The Girl From Ipanema," "The Boy From," with words by Stephen Sondheim.

Faith Prince is a consummate comedienne and singer, somewhat less suited to romance and sentiment. The men, Waldrop and Jason Workman, suffer from the widespread ailment of musical-comedy actors, CBQ—the chorus-boy quotient. Workman is a bit stiff, Waldrop too cute. The show may be charming and likable, but a three of hearts is not an ace of spades. ■

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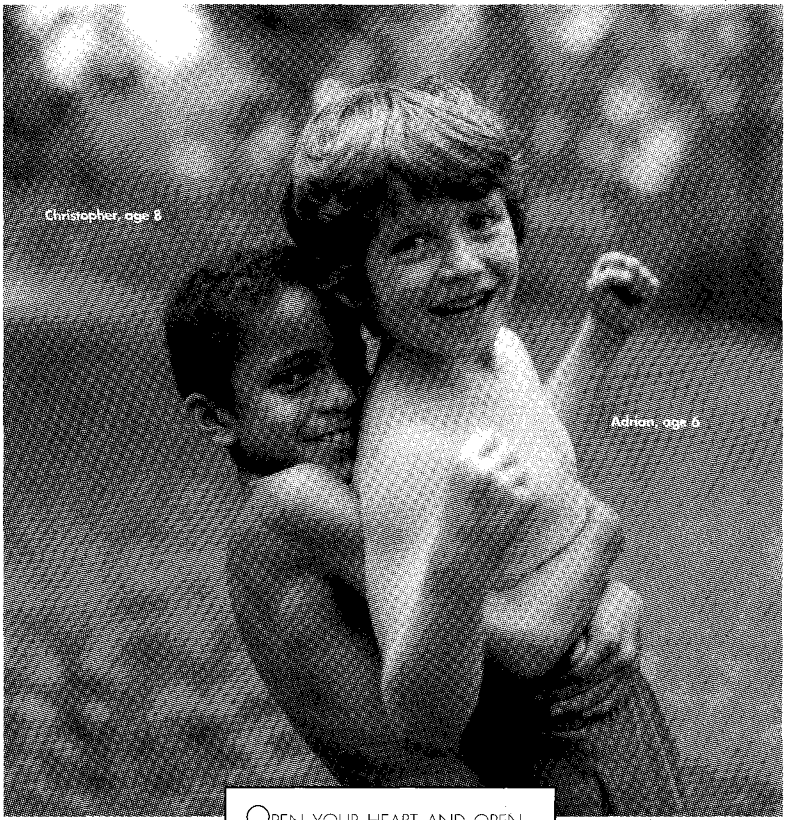

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CLASSICAL MUSIC

PETER G. DAVIS

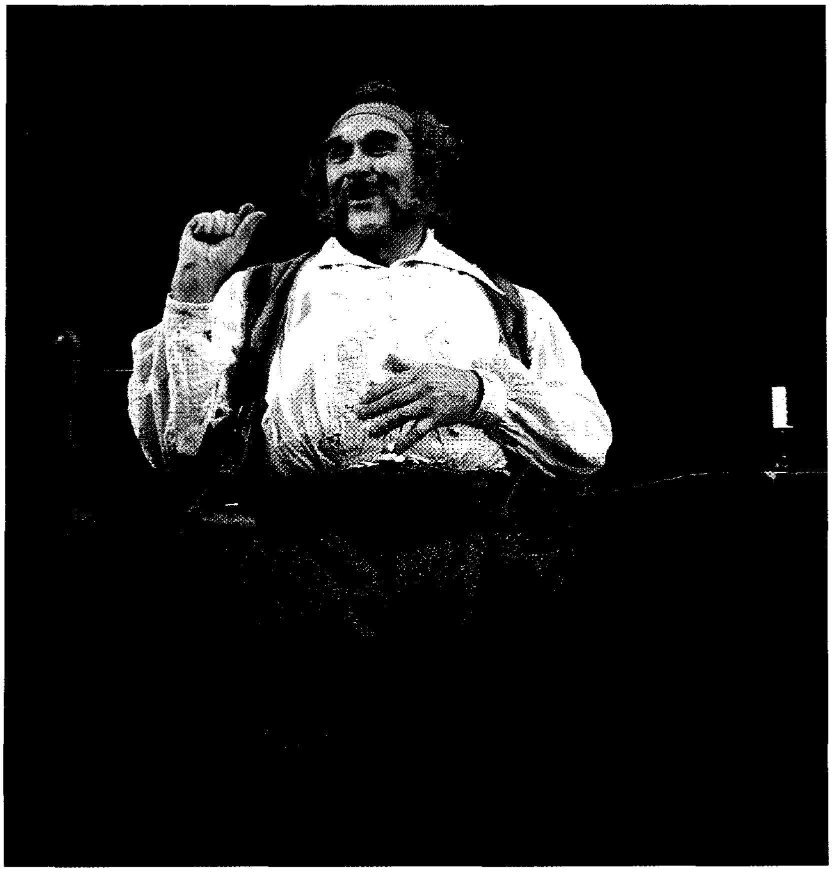
Belly-Up

City Opera weighs in with a lethally leaden 'Falstaff'; the New York Chamber Symphony celebrates an anniversary in its new home with a gem from David Diamond.

PERHAPS THE MOST POSITIVE SPIN ONE CAN PUT on the New York City Opera's opening-night production of Verdi's **Falstaff** is that the new administration inherited the goods and cannot be entirely held to account for their shoddy quality. Such a ragtag affair (I saw the second performance) must have pained the new general and artistic director, Paul Kellogg, who built his reputation at the Glimmerglass Opera by presiding over productions of musical polish and theatrical sophistication, however one might disagree with the artistic results. Of course, the facts of life are harsher at a pressured repertory company than at a summer festival, where more leisurely rehearsal conditions prevail, but the City Opera can and should do better.

Directed by Fabrizio Melano and designed by Peter Dean Beck as a showcase for Sherrill Milnes in the title role, the production originated in 1991 at the Florida Grand Opera. Twenty years ago, Milnes was perhaps the world's leading Verdi baritone, but I'm not sure this roomy voice would have been right for Falstaff even then. Its basic quality is really too thick and resonant with overtones to articulate the quicksilver vocal lines effectively, and at 61, Milnes must deal with a voice that is, not surprisingly, even less flexible and responsive. Then, too, he was never an especially inventive or imaginative actor as a Verdian villain or father figure, and he is not much more convincing as a witty farceur. Whatever benefits 40 years of stage experience and careful vocal husbanding can offer, Milnes draws upon them shrewdly, but in the end, his Falstaff comes off as a pretty dull dog.

Jolly awful: *Sherrill Milnes* in the title role of *Falstaff* at the City Opera.



Still, it is an honest, thoughtful piece of work that might be more distinctive if seen and heard under more flattering conditions. Conductor Guido Ajmone-Marsan errs on the side of caution by choosing impossibly deliberate tempos that produce a performance whose overall musical flavor is lethally leaden—and even at that, the tentative orchestral and vocal ensemble constantly threatens to become unglued. The practical Tudor sets with their Globe Theater frame are pleasant enough, but Melano's conventional blocking is hardly designed to make the singers look good, and this cast needs all the help it can get. Mark Delavan's vocally constricted Ford, Mignon Dunn's dull Mistress Quickly, and Melanie Helton's prosaic Mistress Ford may be beyond help, but it would be good to see Patricia Johnson's Nannetta and Bruce Fowler's Fenton under different circumstances. Only when these fresh-voiced, eager youngsters darted onstage to begin their love banter did Verdi's miraculous score briefly come to life and work its magic.

THE **New York Chamber Symphony** THREW ITSELF A BIG PARTY in Avery Fisher Hall earlier this month, a timely celebration for three reasons. This season, the ensemble marks its twentieth anniversary; it begins a new life as an independent entity based in Lincoln Center after having left (or, more accurately, after being pushed out of) its old home at the 92nd Street Y; and, for those who may have forgotten, the concert was a salutary reminder of just what this orchestra is all about and why it is so important. To make certain we got the point, the evening focused squarely on the two men whose priorities and creative energies have helped give the Chamber Symphony's music-making its special character over the years.

The very idea of establishing an orchestra back in 1977 was more than a bit mad, but Omus Hirshbein, the Y's education and later arts director from 1974 to 1994, has spent his life dreaming up and encouraging wonderfully crazy things that more cautious souls would consider doomed from the start. After all, he is currently director of the music, opera-musical theater, and presenting program at the National Endowment for the Arts—need one say more? Hirshbein may not have turned the Y into one of the city's most vital and innovative musical centers single-handedly, but it's unlikely that without his initiative, knowledge, and energy so many good things would have happened, such grand projects as the ten-year Schuberti-

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

ade, which concludes this spring during the composer's bicentennial year, and the fondly recalled "Vienna 1900" music-and-arts festival, granddaddy of today's proliferating thematic programs. Certainly the Chamber Symphony would not exist today, and the program in Fisher Hall was rightly played in his honor.

The other key figure in the orchestra's history has been Gerard Schwarz, its music director from the very beginning. Schwarz has been such a ubiquitous figure in New York that I'm afraid we were beginning to take his talents for granted. Now that the Waterloo Festival is no more and Lincoln Center has marginalized Mostly Mozart—the conductor's other two local charges for many years—the Chamber Symphony remains his chief concern hereabouts when he is not tending to his principal responsibility, the Seattle Symphony (why Schwarz has never been asked to conduct the New York Philharmonic, where he was co-principal trumpeter for four years, continues to be a dark political mystery). Under Schwarz's care, the Chamber Symphony has developed into an orchestra that plays stimulating, thoughtfully chosen programs with unfailing grace and virtuosity. Since the anniversary concert was typical, a comment I once made about a past season opener also applies here: celebratory but not trivial, imaginative but not arcane, challenging but not forbidding, and performed by musicians who are important artists, not chic media attractions.

Schwarz's enthusiasm for mid-century American orchestral music largely accounts for the late flourishing of David Diamond, at 81 the last major figure of the Copland generation. Diamond's *Night Thoughts,* a world premiere written as an homage to Hirshbein and the orchestra, is a tiny gem, a meticulously crafted free-form fantasy in the composer's familiar romantic-inspired, classically controlled idiom. Richard Danielpour's recent three-part *Canticle of Peace* on biblical texts introduced the Chamber Symphony's new chorus, which relished the score's Bernstein-like exuberance as much as the baritone soloist, William Sharp, delighted in the music's deeper lyrical resonances. It was also a tonic to hear André Watts's glittery pianism put to good use for once, in Lutoslawski's effervescent *Paganini Variations.* I could have done without Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg's mannered account of the Bach Violin Concerto No. 1, and the three vocal soloists—Patricia Schuman, Wendy Hoffman, and Paul Charles Clarke—made little impression with their brief aria-and-song contributions. But the evening ended on a high with Beethoven's festive *Leonore* Overture No. 3, sharpening expectations for what should be an exceptionally adventurous first season in Alice Tully Hall. ■

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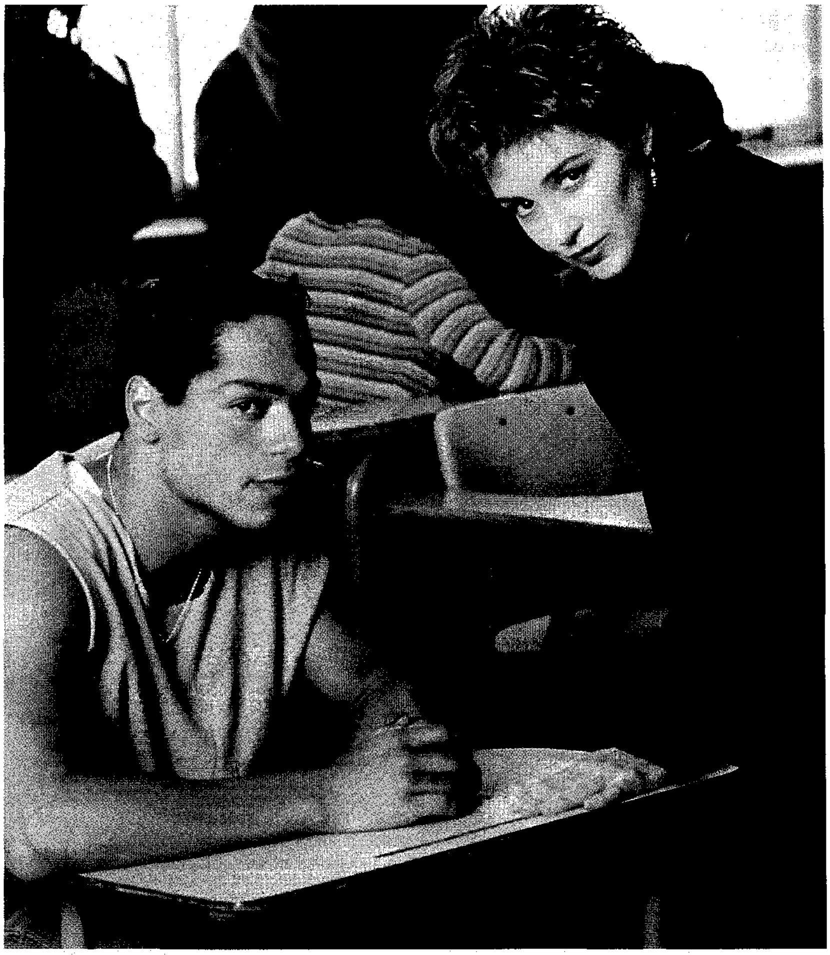

Annie Potts and Greg Serano in *Dangerous Minds.*

MOST TEACHERS, I SHOULDN'T HAVE TO TELL you, aren't jobless musicians or unemployed actors or failed novelists or ex-Marines. Most teachers are actually in it for the teaching, like Prometheus handing out matches. And all of them, TV notwithstanding, teach more than a single class each day. And each of the classes they teach is overstuffed with more students than a sitcom can accommodate, or than decency should allow. These caveats having been duly scribbled in my margin, it's still amazing that a half-dozen new series this fall are devoted to teachers and students; that Plato, Shakespeare, Keats, Melville, George Eliot, Robert Frost, John Steinbeck, and both Tom and Thomas Wolfe are spoken of in prime time as if they mattered; that while politicians demagoggle about uniforms and vouchers and curfews and bell curves, network television is reminding us that once upon a time, public schools embodied the very meaning of this country, before we decided we'd rather not pay property taxes.

I mentioned Malcolm McDowell, in *Pearl,* last week. I'll save Wallace Shawn, in *Clueless,* for a later occasion when we have a better idea whether executive producer Amy Heckerling is capable of sustaining her Vulcan mind meld with Valley Girldom. Of the remaining conscripts to the pedagogical cause, the ex-Marine is my favorite. In **Dangerous Minds** (Mondays, starting September 30; 8 to 9 P.M.; ABC), Annie Potts is more complicated and persuasive as Louanne Johnson than Michelle Pfeiffer was in the film from which the series spins off. Watching Pfeiffer in almost anything except *Grease 2* is a pleasure—as an Updike witch, a heroine of anti-Soviet culture, or a Catwoman—but in the big-screen *Dangerous Minds,* she didn't so much teach as feel bad and look fragile. The notion that while listening to Bob Dylan and reading Dylan Thomas she was also secretly a sort of black-belt biker chick seemed absurd.

Whereas Potts, more often than not dressed as if in a hurry at night in a burning building, oddly vagrant like a rock-band roadie, fiercely inward with memories of guns in Texas, has some cool and edgy street in her. From her previous duty in such sitcoms as *Designing Women* and *Love and War,* she's brought with her only the smart mouth. In this inner-city "academy" program, among these grown-up-too-quickly problem children—Tamala Jones, Vicellous Reon Shannon, Greg Serano—with their high IQs and low self-esteem and gaudy, self-sabotaging behaviors, their gang colors and their babies, Potts has a been-there credibility. She is her own subtext, teaching *Of Mice and Men* as if she had a mouse in her pocket, teaching *Look Homeward, Angel* as if she'd run away with a circus. She's lots more hands-on than is strictly permissible in today's sensitive public schools, where an incautious hug can get you suspected of satanic-ritual abuse, and she's not above bribing kids. By the end of the first hour of *Dangerous Minds,* you have to wonder if they'll all end up living at her house in a social-worker commune. But a good teacher will always break the rules to save a child. Compassion without cunning is just . . . feeling bad.

So is Steve Harvey cunning in **The Steve Harvey Show** (Sundays; 8:30 to 9 P.M.; WB), as an out-of-work sixties soul musician, a Pied Piper in an electric-red fire-engine suit, asked to teach music (and drama and art) to the out-of-control hip-hop generation: "I haven't worked this hard since I filled in for one of the Pips." And: "When Sidney Poitier had this gig, all the white kids held hands and sang him a song." On the other hand, Jim Carrey–wannabe Mitch Mullany, as **Nick Freno: Licensed Teacher** (Wednesdays; 8:30 to 9 P.M.; WB), has his own growing up to do, as an unemployed actor, substitute teacher, and "emotionally stunted child-man" in an urban jungle who makes *Forrest Gump*–shrimp-boat jokes and leaves a

Photograph by Frank W. Ockenfels 3/ABC.

needy student (Jonathan Hernandez) in the lurch to audition for a part in a TV soap opera. (This sitcom's comic surprise so far is Stuart Pankin, as a dean of discipline to whom Nick promises, "Yes, sir, if we see fun, we will kill it!") The development of Tom Rhodes in **Mr. Rhodes** (Mondays; 8:30 to 9 P.M.; NBC) is equally arrested. A long-haired, worst-selling novelist (84 copies) reduced to teaching in a stuffy prep school, he'd rather kids were reading *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* than *Silas Marner.* Rhodes will never be Robin Williams pushing dead poets, but between Michelle Pfeiffer jokes at least he cares about writing, and headmaster Stephen Tobolowsky sort of knows it.

As if whoring after postmodern self-referentiality, *Mr. Rhodes* signs on with a montage of snippets from previous teacher sitcoms. Inclusive though hardly exhaustive, this compost heap of images reminds us that TV tries intermittently to be as nice to teachers as it has been to lawyers and cops. On *Our Miss Brooks, Mr. Peepers, Mr. Novak,* and *Room 222,* the teachers were funny and heroic, while the kids were Silly Putty, to be mashed into shape. As time passed and Nielsens plummeted, the emphasis changed drastically. Though there were programs like *Fame, The Paper Chase,* and *TV 101,* in which the social problems of a disintegrating culture turned teachers and students into a community, they were lucky to last a season. More successful were those series where everybody was crazy together, like *Welcome Back, Kotter* and *Head of the Class;* or they were all athletes, like *The White Shadow* and *Coach.* We went from patronizing our children to a contempt for their teachers—the kids became mostly wise guys and their instructors either Nazis or nerds. *Class of '96* and *Christy,* more recently, sought to redress this balance, but nobody watched. Maybe this fall's sudden resurgence says something encouraging about the culture. Or maybe it means that the whole idea of an education for everyone is so retro and quaint and utopian, we can be safely nostalgic about it.

I'll pin my colors on Annie Potts. In her we see a play of mind that's genuinely dangerous; it fishes for and rescues souls. Although we wouldn't have guessed it from the TV schedule until this surprising season, we will all clock more time in a classroom than in a courtroom or a hospital ward. In the current climate of children as hostages, we have forgotten that education is only incidentally about baby-sitting and career-tracking, or drugs, guns, pregnancy, and AIDS. Its real business is an art—the making of distinctions and connections; surprise, passion, and regret; citizenship and critical intelligence. As Denver warns her sister about their difficult mother in Toni Morrison's novel *Beloved:* "Watch out for her. She can give you dreams." ▬

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Hernias, aneurysms, Kurt Cobain's death, the rigors of touring: A recipe for R.E.M.'s creative flowering.

POP MUSIC CHRIS NORRIS

Road Songs

In between playing stadiums and checking into hospitals on their last tour, R.E.M. made a pretty great album.

IT'S A JANGLE OUT THERE. COUNTING CROWS, GIN BLOSSOMS, Toads, Wet Sprockets, Hooties, Blowfish. So many faceless, toothless rock bands have cribbed the twanging vocals and boho-Byrdsy guitarisms of "jangle"—the grunge of mid-eighties rock criticism—that Michael Stipe must positively shudder, looking out over the rootsy vacuity his band hath loosed upon the earth. No surprise, then, that R.E.M.—the band that minted jangle in the glowing perfection of its debut album, *Murmur*—has fled its initial sonic posture like a bad frat party. In its sixteen years, R.E.M. has been almost pathologically committed to creative shake-ups. It has enlisted rapper KRS-One and members of the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra. The band has gone drearily acoustic, cloyingly pop, bracingly hard-rock, charting a career that's been more compulsively shape-shifting than just about anything on the rock landscape since the Beatles, and a lot more neurotic.

With the release of its thirteenth record, *New Adventures in Hi-Fi,* R.E.M. has made that restless motion literal: The band has made a tour album—recording at concerts and sound checks, in dressing rooms and locker rooms, all during the famously tumultuous tour for its last album, *Monster.* The tour's rigors landed three members in the hospital (for an aneurysm, intestinal problems, and a hernia) and very nearly felled the most scrutinized, respected, and now—after its reported $80 million deal with Warner Bros.—*expensive* musical group on the planet. This is the Ballad of R.E.M. And somehow, in its workaholic mixture of personal tension and methodological looseness, the band has found one of the most fruitful balances of its career. Despite the doubt and darkness swirling through the record, R.E.M. sounds engaged with, confident in, and finally celebratory about what makes it a great, living rock band.

Stylistically, *New Adventures* draws from both of R.E.M.'s last two records, alternating between the metalesque guitar crunch of *Monster* and the folksy intimacy of its predecessor *Automatic for the People.* After *Monster*'s sometimes forced-sounding garage-isms, it's good to hear a confident, retrospective reach in the band's palette. Guitarist Peter Buck has largely abandoned the fast-picked arpeggios that carried the gorgeously woven guitar lines of his earlier work. He's become a savvy atmospherist, moving easily from raucous distortion to pointillist harmonics. The instrumental experimentation—guitar drones, ambient piano plinks, mellotron, zither—rarely overwhelms the band's sure sense of melody. And though aimlessness surfaces occasionally—in the instrumental "Zither" and the R.E.M.-by-numbers torpor of "Low Desert"—sharp turns in atmosphere from song to song make this record every bit the adventure its retro-goofy title typically half promises.

It's a bumpy ride, and not just musically. After the tribal, acoustic invocation of the opener, "How the West Was One and Where It Got Us," the raucous "The Wake-Up Bomb" bursts in like a *Monster* hangover. Over rowdy guitar riffing, Michael Stipe sings, "I had to teach the world to sing by the age of 21 . . . I threw up when I saw what I'd done." Referencing pre-punk fandom with lines about the Dead Boys and T. Rex, Stipe sends up the bloated rock star he doubtless fears becoming. The song could be a dis of the glammy excesses revived by the British band Oasis—"Atomic, supersonic, what a joke"—but it also invokes the personal confusion that rules much of the record. Given the album's backdrop, shades of *Exile on Main Street*-style band psychodrama are inescapable in lines like "I'd sooner chew my leg off than be trapped in this." Stipe has never sounded so bitter and wounded. While no modern rock singer *(continued on page 86)*

Photograph by Anton Corbijn.

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the [illegible] in New York

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Publishers' Clearinghouse

New York Is *(once again)* **Book Country** *this weekend as the annual litfest reminds us—with book fairs, poetry slams, and literary teas, among other classy diversions—that readers are fundamental (page 92)*

movies

Two for the Road...The New York Film Festival

Festival Our Town

Film Forum celebrates the old-school depiction of New York—ghetto-ish, slummy, yet somehow glam—in "The Silent City: New York in the Movies, 1898–1929." The festival kicks off on September 30 with 1928's 'Speedy' (above, with Harold Lloyd as a seriously beleaguered commuter).

New Films

American Buffalo—In this adaptation of David Mamet's play, Dustin Hoffman and Dennis Franz play two men battling over a buffalo nickel. Directed by Michael Corrente. (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) *Village East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

American Strays—A trio of vignettes in which writer-director Michael Covert updates the murderous lunacy of the Wild West. With Eric Roberts, Jennifer Tilly, Carol Kane, and Luke Perry. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Village East.*

★**Basquiat**—The painter Julian Schnabel wrote and directed the movie, and in his conception, Basquiat (Jeffrey Wright) is an innocent, a sacrificial victim of the rabid art. It's the old story: Too much too soon, and the kid couldn't handle it. Schnabel downplays Basquiat's hard-drug habit (we don't even realize he's on heroin until late in the movie), and Schnabel doesn't really explain why Basquiat couldn't pull himself back from the edge. Probably he doesn't know. This Basquiat is an inarticulate free spirit, full of pride and ambition but essentially defenseless. He's not responsible for anything, least of all himself, and art cannot save him. It's a grim myth, and not entirely believable, but Wright is very touching. (Denby; 8/19/96) (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse; Regency; Brooklyn Heights.*

Big Night—Actors Campbell Scott and Stanley Tucci co-directed this modest drama about two Italian immigrants who open a restaurant on the Jersey shore. With Isabella Rossellini and Ian Holm. (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 19th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Bogus—Whoopi Goldberg plays a woman who takes in her late best friend's son and his imaginary friend (Gerard Depardieu). With Frank Langella. Directed by Norman Jewison. (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG) *Gemini Twin; UA East.*

Brother of Sleep—An obsessive young Austrian musician (André Eisermann) must choose between his art and his lover, believing both to be, literally, gifts from God. In German with English subtitles. Directed by Joseph Vilsmaier. (2 hrs. 7 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Bulletproof—Damon Wayans is an undercover cop and Adam Sandler a low-level drug dealer who must band together against a particularly vicious drug lord in this action comedy. (1 hr. 25 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; National Twin; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza Twin.*

Caught—Maria Conchita Alonso and Edward James Olmos star as a married couple whose lives are disrupted by the arrival of a mysterious young transient (Arie Verveen). Directed by Robert M. Young. (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

★**Courage Under Fire**—Denzel Washington gives an intense performance as Lieutenant Colonel Nathaniel Serling, a Gulf War tank commander who gives an order that accidentally destroys an American tank and kills the men inside. But the Pentagon buries the friendly fire incident, and the colonel is given a lousy desk job, investigating whether servicemen nominated for medals actually deserve them. He becomes obsessed with the case of a Medevac-helicopter pilot, Captain Karen Walden (a convincing Meg Ryan), who died on the ground while trying to rescue some stranded soldiers. What is the truth? Screenwriter Patrick Sheane Duncan and director Edward Zwick obviously took a good look at the familiar Kurosawa masterpiece *Rashomon,* in which the audience sees the same story—a rape and a possible murder in a forest—from the point of view of four different participants. Colonel Serling travels the country tracking down Walden's crew, and from the point of view of one man and then another, we see the helicopter go down. Did Walden maintain her authority? Or did she panic? Zwick stages the events again and again, with overlapping details—but significant and fascinating ones. (Denby; 7/22/96) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Cinema 3.*

The Crow: City of Angels—Vincent Perez reprises the role originated by the late Brandon Lee, in this *faux*-gothic tale of an avenging angel. (1 hr. 25 mins.; R) *86th Street.*

Curdled—William Baldwin and Angela Jones star in this black comedy about a young woman so obsessed with death that she revels in the emergence of a local serial killer. Directed by Reb Braddock. (1 hr. 34 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

Dadetown—A meta-documentary about the economic and psychological collapse of a small, tightly knit community in the wake of a corporate invasion. Directed by the late Russ Hexter. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**Emma**—Douglas McGrath, a comedy writer directing for the first time, brings out Jane Austen's dancing social patterns, the mishaps of courtship, the satire of character types. *Emma* is perhaps the most steely and demanding of Jane Austen's books—some of it is almost unnervingly cold—and for long periods, McGrath stays merrily on the surface. Gwyneth Paltrow is lovely, but she's not the most imposing Emma one could imagine. The rich and landed Emma Woodhouse is a kind of local queen with almost unlimited power—not a bad person, exactly, but a snob who manipulates her hapless young protégée, Harriet (Toni Collette), rather shamelessly. Paltrow says Emma's witty lines as if she truly understood them—her speech patterns, cultivated if not quite British, sound natural and unaffected. She's at her best not when she's pushing around Collette but when she's flirting with Jeremy Northam as Mr. Knightley, her brother-in-law and the only human being from whom Emma will bear hearing the truth. Paltrow and Northam, through the most trivial scenes, exchange little smiles of amusement; they

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing. For movie listings online see the last page of this section.

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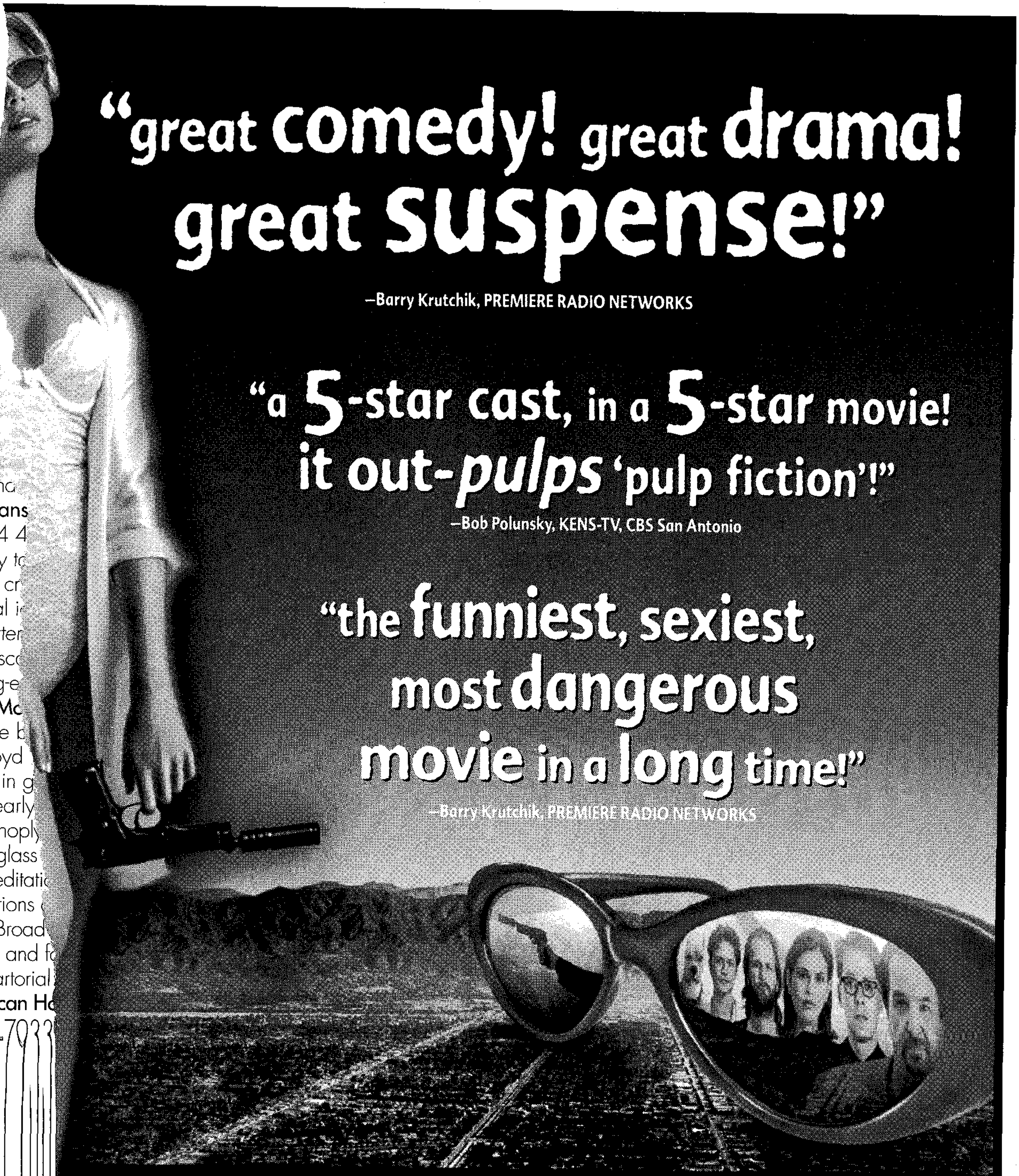

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have a private reality, far removed from the merely social world around them. Yet they live in that world, and the movie becomes very passionate when Emma violates one of its important social codes. This is one of the most celebrated scenes in English literature, and it could have gone wrong in many ways, but it doesn't. McGrath quietly builds a number of things that finally pay off. (Denby; 8/19/96) (2 hrs.; PG) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; 86th Street East; Beekman; Lincoln Square.*

Entertaining Angels—Moira Kelly stars as Dorothy Day, the human-rights activist who opted to live in poverty on the Lower East Side. With Martin Sheen. Directed by Michael Rhodes. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13). *Area theaters.*

Extreme Measures—Hugh Grant stars as a young doctor who suspects his mentor may be involved in some ethically troubling experimentation. With Gene Hackman. Directed by Michael Apted. (1 hr. 57 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

The Fan—Wesley Snipes is a Barry Bonds–type slugger for the San Francisco Giants and Robert De Niro a screwed-up hunting-knife salesman who becomes obsessed with him and plays dirty tricks on him, finally kidnapping his little boy. Does this sound familiar? As the salesman struggles and fails (it seems to be the nature of salesmen in America to struggle and fail), De Niro creates moods of frustration and defeat that are very moving. But there's no commercial thriller if De Niro's character is sane, and quickly, *The Fan* turns to grisly tricks and the audience sinks into a so-what stupor. (Denby; 9/16/96) (2 hrs.; R) *Criterion Center.*

Feeling Minnesota—Keanu Reeves plays a charming slacker who returns home for his brother's wedding, then runs away with the bride (Cameron Diaz). Directed by Steven Baigelman. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Criterion Center; 84th Street Six.*

First Kid—Annoyingly affable comic Sinbad plays a Secret Service agent assigned to protect the president's bratty son. Directed by David Mickey Evans. (1 hr. 41 mins.; PG) *New Coliseum; Plaza Twin; Plaza .*

First Wives Club—Diane Keaton, Goldie Hawn, and Bette Midler star in this comedy about ladies of a certain age who exact revenge on their callow ex-husbands. Directed by Hugh Wilson. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Orpheum; Tower East; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Flirt—In Hal Hartley's latest, the same scenario repeats with ever-so-slight variations: Three couples, in three cities, grapple with commitment, unrequited longing for another, and a life-altering gunshot. Quirkily endearing. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★Fly Away Home—Anna Paquin, the little girl in *The Piano,* stars as a 13-year-old who loses her mother in new Zealand and returns to her father (Jeff Daniels), a feckless inventor, who lives in the Ontario countryside. The girl removes herself emotionally and becomes mother to a gaggle of newborn goslings after the birds' parents have been killed. She raises them and protects them against a too-dutiful forest ranger who wants to clip their wings. The ranger insists that without parents, the birds will not know in which direction to fly during migration season. Daniels's inventor conceives a way of saving the geese from having their wings clipped: He will teach his little girl how to fly one of his contraptions, and together they will lead the geese from Canada down to their winter home in North Carolina. The birds follow Paquin and then Daniels around the fields, running after them in the dusk, and the imagery grows lovingly eccentric—a bunch of silly-goose people playing in eternity. Director Carroll Ballard does terrific work with horses, wolves, and geese, but he doesn't have an easy way with the human race. His grown-ups tend to be solipsists and fantasists—larger children—or stick figures. Daniels, for instance, is such a goosy actor that the girl seems a stronger character than the father. She doesn't become a daughter; she becomes something else—a celebrity, perhaps, which is an inhuman thing for a grieving 13-year-old to be. As long as the movie stays aloft, however, it really soars, one magnificent aerial scene following another. (Denby; 9/23/96) (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Gemini Twin; Lincoln Square.*

★Giant—The re-release of George Stevens's epic drama, based on the Edna Ferber novel. Starring James Dean, Elizabeth Taylor, and Rock Hudson. (3 hrs. 21 mins.; G) *Lincoln Square.*

Girls Town—With a documentary style somewhat akin to last summer's *Kids,* director Jim McKay chronicles the day-to-day trials of three lower-class high-school seniors on the fringes of mainstream society. At times affecting, though it lacks a real final, emotional punch. Starring Lili Taylor. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Plaza Twin.*

Glory Daze—Five frat boys comically struggle with their impending graduation from U.C. Santa Cruz. Written and directed by Rich Wilkes. (1 hr. 42 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Grace of My Heart—In this musical drama inspired by the Brill Building scene of the sixties, Illeana Douglas plays a Carole King–ish singer-songwriter involved in an ill-fated marriage to a Brian Wilson type (played by Matt Dillon, no less). Directed by Alison Anders. (2 hrs. 35 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; New York Twin; Lincoln Square.*

Hustler White—Bruce La Bruce co-wrote, co-directed, and stars in this story of a foreign journalist who becomes obsessed with a street hustler (Tony Ward). (1 hr. 22 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Independence Day—A gigantic spaceship hovers over the Empire State Building, opens its lower doors, emits powerful rays, and—pow!—the Empire State Building explodes into flames. Epics of destruction follow, with flames rolling down streets like water rushing through a tunnel. Will the world be saved? It all depends on a few oddballs—a wimpish young president with a hidden streak of stubbornness (Bill Pullman), a swaggering black marine pilot (Will Smith), a failed Jewish techno-genius (Jeff Goldblum), and a redneck boozer (Randy Quaid) who may have been kidnapped and "abused" by aliens on a recent visit. "If you feel impelled to leave the cities," the president says, "please do so in an orderly fashion"—a line that, in context, is hilarious. Mostly, the effects are cheesy. Aside from one small moment of mystery and terror, Emmerich and co-writer Dean Devlin seem eager to make everything as banal and movieish as possible, until the audience is left thinking, *If only the aliens would come!* (Denby; 7/8/96) (2 hrs. 24 mins.; PG-13) *23rd Street West Triplex; National Twin; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 62nd and Broadway.*

Kansas City—Robert Altman and collaborator Frank Barhydt re-create K.C. during the Depression. At the Hey-Hey Club, Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins jam through the night as a very young Charlie Parker watches in awe from the balcony. At the same time, Blondie O'Hara (Jennifer Jason Leigh) kidnaps the laudanum-addicted wife (Miranda Richardson) of a local big shot. Blondie's husband has fallen into the hands of the local gangsters who run the Hey-Hey Club, and Blondie thinks that she can trade the fancy wife for her thieving husband. Richardson overacts wildly, and Leigh, once again, confuses humorlessness with truth. Altman cuts back and forth between Kansas City mayhem and the men playing at the club, and while the jazz is a joy to hear, the structure of the movie never makes any sense. Jazz, an art form of irony and mockery, so elusive in its meanings, does little in *Kansas City* but serve as a relief from a weirdly uninvolving plot. (Denby; 9/2/96) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Baronet/Coronet.*

Last Man Standing—A remake of Kurosawa's classic *Yojimbo,* with Bruce Willis as a gun-for-hire during Prohibition. Written and directed by Walter Hill. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Crown Gotham; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Cinemas; Brooklyn Heights; Pavilion/Windsor; Plaza .*

The Leopard Son—Naturalist Hugo van Lawick directed this coming-of-age documentary about a Tanzanian leopard cub. (1 hr. 24 mins.; G). *Area theaters.*

One-Shot

Love on the Rocks

Stanley Donen's much-underrated drama *Two for the Road,* with Albert Finney and Audrey Hepburn as a deeply fractured couple who, richer and unhappier, revisit their courtship and marriage, will be screened during "The Best Films of Our Lives" at Symphony Space this Tuesday. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.)

Photograph by Photofest.

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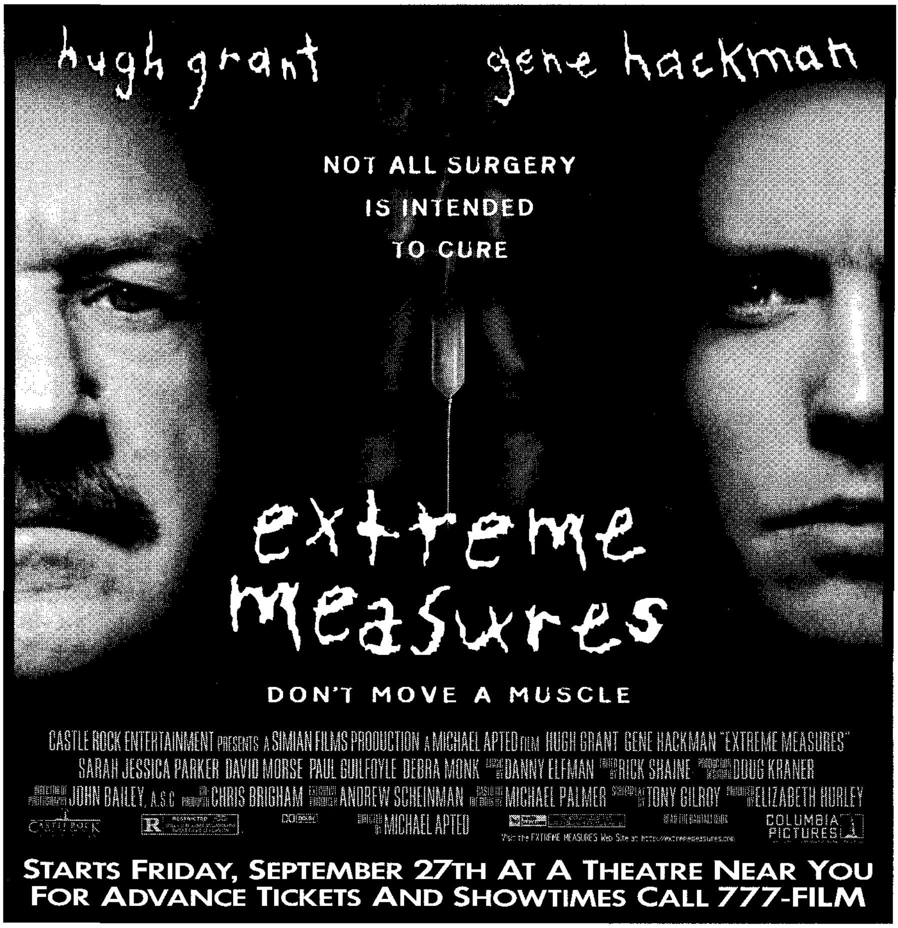

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Opening
Splendor in the Grass

In 'Caught,' Arie Verveen (left) is a young drifter who, like all good-looking freeloaders, has a way with the ladies. Maria Conchita Alonso (with Edward James Olmos, right) is the married object of his desire. Opens September 25.

Surviving Picasso—Anthony Hopkins stars in this portrayal of the artist as seen through the eyes of his devoted and ultimately spurned mistress, Françoise Gilot (Natascha McElhone). Directed by James Ivory. (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *Paris Theater.*

★**Sweet Nothing**—Michael Imperioli's Angel Gazetta is a Wall Street employee who tries crack just once, to accompany a friend. Immediately, he gets hooked, dealing as well as using. When his wife (Mira Sorvino) finally throws him out, he simply slumps in the doorway outside the apartment and waits for the morning. He's a family man—where else is he going to go? *Sweet Nothing* is a modest production that has quietly built a reputation in American film festivals. This is director Gary Winick's first feature, and he works with great restraint. Whatever emotion we feel is honestly earned. Winick may be rare among new directors: He's interested in character, the way people rub up against each other, the tensions and pressures in a family when everything goes wrong. *Sweet Nothing* is earnest and methodical; everything Angel does hurts someone in his life or hurts himself. (Denby; 9/23/96) (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *Lincoln Square.*

Synthetic Pleasures—Iara Lee's fascinating documentary takes a somewhat skeptical look at our increasingly ersatz environment. Among her subjects: a plastic-surgery addict who insists she's a "performance artist," and connoisseurs of the newer illegal substances. (97 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

A Time to Kill—Instant matinee idol Matthew McConaughey glistens, gleams, and spreads warmth—on other people, of course, but most generously upon himself. At the moment, however, he is a very limited actor. The plot itself (which is based on a seven-year-old John Grisham novel) is a cliché-ridden courtroom drama set in a corrupt, racist small town with its noble, victimized blacks and vicious white rednecks. As in every cheap melodrama, you can tell immediately if someone is a good person by how nice he is—even the great Kevin Spacey, playing an ambitious lawyer, gives a blunt, obvious performance. Director Joel Shumacher and screenwriter Akiva Goldsman use the Klan to distract us from their main story: A black mill worker (Samuel L. Jackson) has killed the two young rednecks who raped his 10-year-old daughter; he's then put on trial, with only McConaughey's inexperienced attorney—a Grisham standby—to represent him. The mill worker pleads insanity, but anybody can see that, right or wrong, he's the sanest man in the country. Jackson's mill worker sits in jail, yet he's so much smarter than McConaughey—meant to be the hero—that *A Time to Kill* compounds its embarrassment. We have to wait for McConaughey to figure out that a black man can't get a fair trial in this country. (Denby; 8/12/96) (2 hrs. 28 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

★**Tin Cup**—Kevin Costner is back as Roy McAvoy, a driving-range golf pro known as "Tin Cup" for reasons anatomical as well as professional. Roy has tremendous talent, but it's a talent for making incredible shots at weird angles, not for winning tournaments. Dr. Molly Griswold (Rene Russo), a shrink, stops in for some lessons, and Roy falls in love with the fast-talking beauty. But Molly, who is a bit of a flake, enjoys the security of her current boyfriend, David Simms (Don Johnson), who turns out to be Roy's old nemesis. The movie takes a while to come up to speed, but it finally settles into a messy and loose-limbed romantic comedy. Writer-director Ron Shelton turns golf into a tall tale, which may be the only way to redeem it as a movie subject, and *Tin Cup* is poetically satisfying: It escapes all the clichés of triumph, yet Roy, preserving his brazen individuality, triumphs nonetheless. (Denby; 8/26/96) (2 hrs. 14 mins.; R) *Waverly; Baronet/Coronet; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

★**Trainspotting**—Written by John Hodge, who adapted the cult novel by Irvine Welsh, and directed by Danny Boyle, the movie celebrates the days and nights of raffish pleasure of four deadbeat Edinburgh thugs. The hero, Renton (Ewan McGregor), may be a working-class squatter and a hooligan, but he's literate, he entertains us, and we want him to succeed. The boys shoot heroin and fall down in pleasure; they commit every imaginable crime against bourgeois property; they outrage all the proud, hapless clichés of Scottish nationalism. The style of the movie is fast, voluble, allusive, the bits of dialogue and ghastly jokes and ludicrous physical disasters held together by Renton's narration and the wildly inventive but disciplined editing. These boys don't become addicts because they are failures or victims or because they are unhappy; they become addicts because they want to experience more and more intense pleasures. *Trainspotting* joins the tradition of self-mythologizing male narrative in which young men will do anything for pleasure. For all the scandalous goings-on, Renton's story is perhaps the most upbeat narrative of the season. (Denby; 8/12/96) (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; Lincoln Square; Plaza Twin.*

★**The Trigger Effect**—In the suburbs outside an American city, the power has blacked out, the streets are chaotic, and a settled householder, Kyle MacLachlan, is in a pickle: His little baby girl has an ear infection. When MacLachlan can't get the medicine for her, he steals it from a drugstore, and he runs wildly down the streets like a teenager. In these early scenes, first-time director David Koepp evokes the Hitchcock who injected menace into the silences of routine domestic scenes; this suburb is just barely holding on to civilization. At first, Koepp appears to understand that American touchiness has become a joke; we're a nation of the aggrieved in which everyone imagines himself a victim of everyone else. But then a young friend of MacLachlan's and Shue's turns up, a sexy carpenter, and *The Trigger Effect* begins to seem a conventional triangle drama. Will the bourgeois husband reclaim his sexy, straying wife, who, in the tradition of such movies, needs to be conquered by a man? The movie loses its edge of social observation altogether and becomes a humorlessly didactic fable; still, Koepp shows some ideas, some courage, and the beginnings of a style. (Denby; 9/16/96) (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin.*

Two Days in the Valley—A murder in the San Fernando Valley sets off a chain reaction. With Danny Aiello, James Spader, Marsha Mason, and Eric Stoltz. Written and directed by John Herzfeld. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

A Very Brady Sequel—In the latest of Brady mishaps, Carol's supposedly dead husband reappears, throwing the Brady household into turmoil. Directed by Arlene Sanford. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG-13) *23rd Street West Triplex; Embassy 2–4.*

Walking and Talking—Two lifelong friends (Anne Heche and Catherine Keener) begin to drift apart when one announces her engagement. Written and directed by Nicole Holofcener. (1 hr. 26 mins.; R) *Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Welcome to the Dollhouse—Todd Solondz's wickedly funny black comedy about one Dawn Weiner, a chubby seventh-grader who makes a series of unfortunate fashion choices and is relentlessly tormented by her classmates, teachers, and parents. Winner of the Grand Jury Prize at this year's Sundance Film Festival. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Manhattan
Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Basquiat; Big Night; Girls Town; Lone Star; Trainspotting.* Opening 9/25: *Caught.* Opening 9/28: *Secrets and Lies; Welcome to the Dollhouse.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *The Trigger Effect; Bulletproof.*

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Synthetic Pleasures.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Flirt; Dadetown.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Brother of Sleep; Hustler White; Paradise Lost; Rendezvous in Paris.* Opening 9/27: *Glory Daze.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Dead Man; Down By Law; Stranger Than Paradise.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *A Modern Affair; American Buffalo; American Strays; Emma; Feeling Minnesota; Maximum Risk;*

Photograph by Robert Gilberg/Sony Pictures Classics.

Rich Man's Wife; She's the One; Walking and Talking.

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *A Time to Kill; First Wives Club; Fly Away Home; Grace of My Heart; Last Man Standing; The Spitfire Grill.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *The Postman; Tin Cup.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Big Night; Feeling Minnesota; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; Rich Man's Wife; Trainspotting.* Opening 9/28: *Secrets & Lies.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *A Very Brady Sequel; Independence Day; She's the One.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *She's the One.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *First Wives Club.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *A Time to Kill; Bulletproof; Emma; First Wives Club; Fly Away Home; Grace of My Heart; The Spitfire Grill.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Emma; Feeling Minnesota; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Stealing Beauty.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *The Postman.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Closed for Renovations.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Kansas City; Tin Cup.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Purple Noon; Brother of Sleep.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *Courage Under Fire.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *American Buffalo; Feeling Minnesota; Trainspotting.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *A Time to Kill; Feeling Minnesota; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; The Fan.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Last Man Standing.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Basquiat.* Opening 9/28: *Secrets & Lies.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Rich Man's Wife.*

Embassy 2–4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *A Very Brady Sequel; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Supercop; The Rock.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Trainspotting.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *The Nutty Professor; Eraser.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Independence Day; Bulletproof.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Surviving Picasso.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *First Wives Club; Grace of My Heart; The Crow: City of Angels; The Island of Dr. Moreau.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *The Postman; Rich Man's Wife; Supercop.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Antonia's Line; Eraser; Fled; Mission: Impossible; Stealing Beauty; The Nutty Professor.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Closed for Renovations.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Lone Star.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *The Crow: City of Angels; She's the One.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Emma; Rich Man's Wife.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Emma.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *A Time to Kill; Big Night; Bulletproof; Independence Day; Maximum Risk.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Bogus; Fly Away Home; Matilda; The Spitfire Grill.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Grace of My Heart; She's the One.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *A Time to Kill; Bulletproof; First Wives Club; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; Tin Cup.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *First Wives Club.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Bogus.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Independence Day.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Bulletproof; Feeling Minnesota; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; Rich Man's Wife.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Big Night; Lone Star; Maborosi; Rendezvous in Paris; Secrets & Lies; Walking and Talking.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *A Time to Kill; American Buffalo; Emma; First Wives Club; Fly Away Home; Grace of My Heart; She's the One; Sweet Nothing; The Spitfire Grill; Tin Cup; Trainspotting.* Opening 9/27: *Giant.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *First Wives Club; Bulletproof.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Bulletproof; First Kid; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Bulletproof; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Basquiat.*

Symphony Space—2537 Broadway (864-5400) .(See also"Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *A Time to Kill; A Very Brady Sequel; Bogus; Bulletproof; First Kid; First Wives Club; Independence Day; Jack; Maximum Risk; Rich Man's Wife; The Crow: City of Angels; The Fan; The Island of Dr. Moreau.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *A Time to Kill; Bulletproof; First Kid; First Wives Club; Fly Away Home; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; Rich Man's Wife; The Crow: City of Angels; The Island of Dr. Moreau.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *First Kid; She's the One.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *A Time to Kill; Bulletproof; First Kid; First Wives Club; Fly Away Home; Independence Day; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; Rich Man's Wife; The Crow: City of Angels; The Fan; The Island of Dr. Moreau.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *A Time to Kill; First Kid; First Wives Club; Fly Away Home; Rich Man's Wife; She's the One; The Spitfire Grill.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Basquiat; Last Man Standing.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Bulletproof; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Emma; First Wives Club; Lone Star; Rich Man's Wife; The Spitfire Grill.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Bulletproof; Feeling Minnesota; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Bulletproof; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; Rich Man's Wife.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *First Wives Club; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Bulletproof; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; Rich Man's Wife.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *A Time to Kill; Feeling Minnesota; First Kid; First Wives Club; Fly Away Home.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Bulletproof; First Kid; First Wives Club; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk.*

Pavilion/Windsor—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *First Wives Club; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk.*

Opening

Clean Slate

Angela Jones (left) plays a young woman so fascinated with murder that she somehow finds employment mopping up—literally—after a local serial killer (William Baldwin, right), in *Curdled.* Opens Friday.

Photograph by Alan Markfield/Miramax.

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Bulletproof; First Kid; Girls Town; Trainspotting.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Bulletproof; First Wives Club; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *A Time to Kill; Bulletproof; First Wives Club; Fly Away Home; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; Rich Man's Wife; She's the One; The Island of Dr. Moreau.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Bulletproof; First Kid; First Wives Club; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; Rich Man's Wife; The Island of Dr. Moreau.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *A Time to Kill; Bulletproof; First Kid; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; Rich Man's Wife; Tin Cup.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Bulletproof; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; Rich Man's Wife; The Spitfire Grill.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Emma; First Kid; Rich Man's Wife.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Feeling Minnesota; Independence Day; The Spitfire Grill.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Bulletproof; Maximum Risk; Supercop; The Crow: City of Angels.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *A Time to Kill; Feeling Minnesota; First Kid; First Wives Club; Last Man Standing; Rich Man's Wife.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Emma; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; Rich Man's Wife.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Fly Away Home; She's the One.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Feeling Minnesota; First Wives Club; Fly Away Home; Independence Day; She's the One; Tin Cup.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Bulletproof; First Kid; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *A Time to Kill; A Very Brady Sequel; Carpool; She's the One; Willie Wonka and the Chocolate Factory.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *A Time to Kill; Bulletproof; The Crow: City of Angels; The Island of Dr. Moreau; Trainspotting.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Bulletproof; Feeling Minnesota; First Wives Club; Independence Day; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; Rich Man's Wife; She's the One.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Lone Star; Emma.*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *First Kid; Last Man Standing.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *First Kid; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; The Crow: City of Angels; Trainspotting.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *First Wives Club; Fly Away Home; She's the One; The Spitfire Grill.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *First Wives Club.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *A Very Brady Sequel; Bulletproof; First Kid; First Wives Club; Fly Away Home; Maximum Risk; The Spitfire Grill; Tin Cup.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Bulletproof; First Kid; First Wives Club; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; She's the One.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *A Time to Kill; A Very Brady Sequel; Bulletproof; Feeling Minnesota; First Kid; First Wives Club; Fly Away Home; Independence Day; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; Rich Man's Wife; The Island of Dr. Moreau; The Spitfire Grill.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Roger Corman." 9/28: *Night Tide* (1963) and *The Unholy Rollers* (1972). "George Stevens." 9/29: *George Stevens: A Filmmaker's Journey* (1984) and *A Place in the Sun* (1951). George Stevens Jr. will be present. 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $7.

Anthology Film Archives—9/24: *El Chicko* (1995). 9/27–9/29: "Films by Dziga Vertov." 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

A Different Light—9/29: *Yentl* (1983). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Film Forum—"Mizoguchi." 9/23 and 9/24: *The Life of O-Haru* (1952). 9/25 and 9/26: *Sisters of the Gion* (1936) and *Osaka Elegy* (1936). 9/27–9/29: *Ugetsu* (1953). "The Silent City: New York in the Movies, 1898–1929." 9/30: *Speedy* (1928) and *Trollies, Els, and Double Deckers.* 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"Made in Taiwan 2: Cutting-Edge Cinema." 9/23: *A Brighter Summer Day* (1991) and *A Confucian Confusion* (1994). "Remembering William K. Everson." 9/25: *Air Mail* (1932) and *Zoo in Budapest* (1933); 9/26: *Hot Saturday* (1932) and *It Always Rains on Sunday* (1947). 9/27: *Straight Shooting* (1917), *The End of the Trail* (1932),
and *Overland Stage R*
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Star (1960); 9/28 and 9
and *Pathetic Fallacy* (19
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9/27: *Secrets & Lies* (19
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and *Beyond the Clouds*
(1995) and *A Self-Made*
St., plaza level. (875-560
night $17 and $30).

Knitting Factory—9/26: '
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National Museum of the American Indian—Through 9/29: *Flames in the Forest* (1991), *David Against Goliath* (1992), *Godparents' Song* (1994), *Kashinawa: The Real People* (1994), and *Roots, Thorns* (1993). Call for program info. 1 Bowling Green (825-6914); free.

Symphony Space—"The Best Films of Our Lives, Part III." 9/24: *Two for the Road* (1967) and *Voyage to Italy* (1953). 2537 Broadway (864-5400); $8.

Happening Sleeping Giants?

1968's 'Rock and Roll Circus.'

Surefire critical smashes, like Mike Leigh's *Secrets and Lies* and Milos Forman's *The People vs. Larry Flynt*, occupy the prestigious opening- and closing-night slots, respectively, at the 34th New York Film Festival (September 27–October 13, at Lincoln Center). Sandwiched in between, however, are 28 other dramas, comedies, romances, political thrillers, documentaries, and unearthed-or-restored classics, all largely—as of now—bereft of hype. Below, our choices for the most likely, and worthy, sleepers at this year's festival.

BREAKING THE WAVES (OCTOBER 4 AND 6) Lars von Trier's devastatingly beautiful love story about a young newlywed, paralyzed from the waist down, who begs his wife to carry on affairs. Winner of the Jury Prize at Cannes.

SLING BLADE (SEPTEMBER 28–29) Billy Bob Thornton expands his much-acclaimed 1994 short film, about a young man who killed his mother and her lover, into a notable first feature.

IRMA VEP (SEPTEMBER 28–29) Writer-director Olivier Assayas's contemporary, highly experimental remake of Feuillade's *Les Vampires*, with HK diva Maggie Cheung and Jean-Pierre Leaud.

SUBURBIA (OCTOBER 11–12) The kids who hang out in front of the Circle K on school nights, directed by Richard Linklater (*Slacker, Before Sunrise*) from Eric Bogosian's play.

UNDERGROUND (OCTOBER 12) Screened at the Walter Reade last February, Emir Kusturica's modern masterpiece, about postwar Yugoslavia, is honored with a rare repeat performance.

ROLLING STONES ROCK AND ROLL CIRCUS (OCTOBER 12–13) This "lost" 1968 concert film—probably made under the influence of serious hallucinogens—features casually brilliant performances from the Who, Marianne Faithfull, the Dirty Mac Band, and the Stones, with Mick as your master of ceremonies.

art

Larry Bell...Gerome Kamrowski...Chris Doyle

Openings

Not to be outdone by the SoHo Arts Festival, Chelsea is holding its first-ever **Chelsea Artwalk**. The event, sponsored by TAG Heuer, takes place from September 25–29 and offers, among other things, free tours of the Chelsea art district on Saturday, September 28, and Sunday, September 29, at 12 and 2 and visits to artists' studios. Call Winston Wächter Fine Art at 327-2526 for more information and to make tour reservations.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Jan Aronson—Paintings of landscapes in the American West whose compositions bring to mind works by Marsden Hartley and Georgia O'Keeffe; through 10/12. Winston Wächter, 111 E. 65th St. (327-2526).

Bram Bogart—New paintings on burlap and painted terra-cotta vases by the Dutch/Belgian Matterist painter; through 10/19. Avanti, 22 E. 72nd St. (628-3377).

Giorgio de Chirico—An exhibition that reevaluates De Chirico's relationship with American collectors, curators, and critics in the period between the two world wars, and includes oil paintings, works on paper, fashion illustrations, and portraits of the artist by American photographers; through 10/26. Hunter College, 695 Park Ave. (772-4068).

Melvin Edwards—Recent metal relief sculptures; through 10/26. CDS, 76 E. 79th St. (772-9555).

Andrew Ehrenworth—Portraits of dogs in drippy, expressionistic brushwork that play on the conventions of portraiture; through 10/19. Graham & Sons, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).

Lester Johnson—A retrospective of works on paper by this figurative artist who taught painting at Yale University for nearly 30 years, including his dark, solitary figures of the sixties; scenes of men in bowler hats from the seventies; and his colorful street scenes of the eighties; through 10/30. Cadé, 1045 Madison Ave. (734-3670).

Markus Lüpertz—The artist's "German Motif" paintings from the seventies; through 10/26. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

Peter Sullivan—New abstract paintings; through 10/12. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

Anton van Dalen—Drawings, paintings, cut-outs, and constructions of birds and cars spanning the sixties to the present; through 10/12. Baumgold, 128 E. 72th St. (861-7338).

Andy Warhol—Paintings from the artist's 1984 "Rorschach" series; through 10/19. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (744-2313) and 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

57th Street Area

John Alexander—Elegiac paintings of flowers that suggest the artist's response to man's encroachment on nature; through 10/19. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

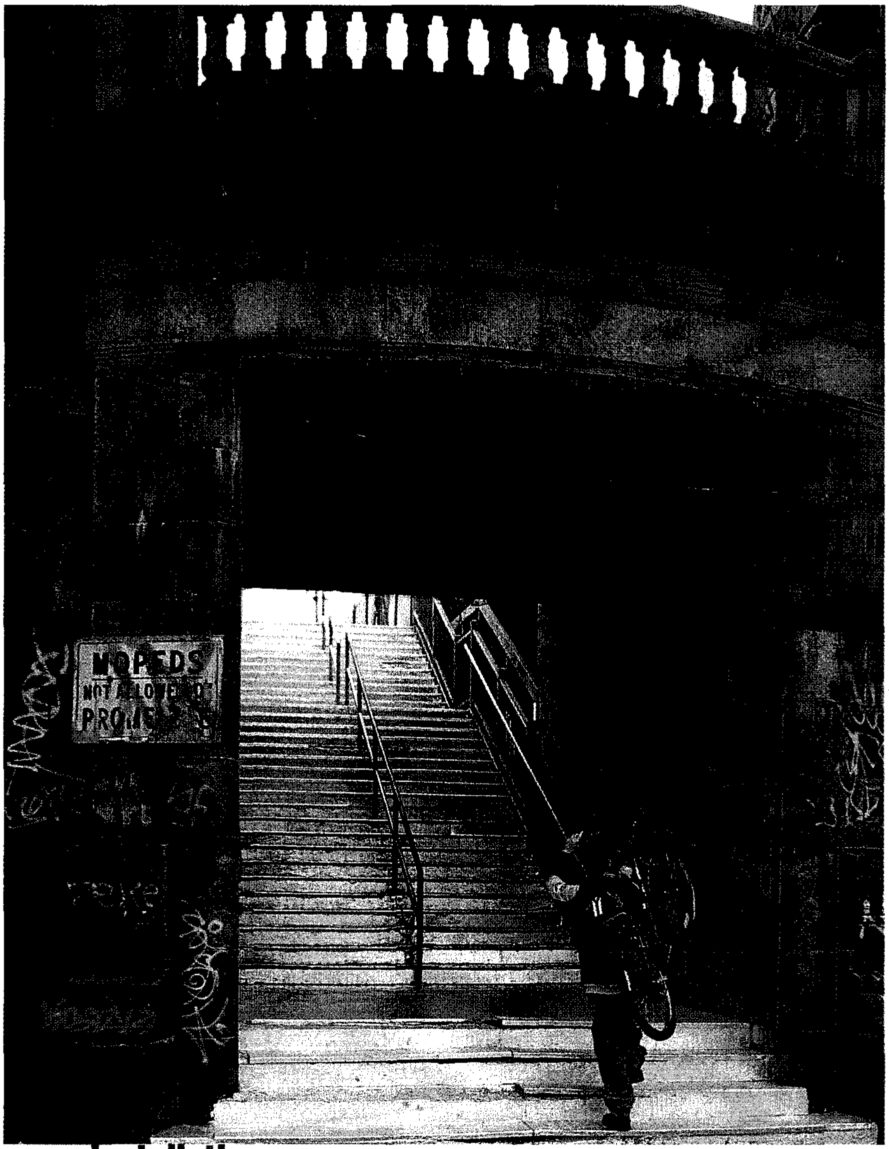
Ann Agee—An installation that uses homemade wallpaper and figurines; through 11/2. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

Helen Berggruen/Thomas Paquette—Paintings that depict the everyday maintenance of historic Paris/Paintings of Maine landscapes. Through 10/12. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

Lorenzo Cardi—Recent paintings and charcoal drawings of vestigial seacapes and figures that suggest the effects of the passage of time; through 10/12. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.



Installation

The Artist's Gild

Chris Doyle's *Commutable* (a project commissioned by the Public Art Fund) makes walking—and cycling—from Manhattan to Brooklyn a richer experience. The gold leaf he's applied to the steps of the Williamsburg Bridge's Manhattan entranceway will eventually be worn off by foot and bicycle traffic—but for the moment, at least, commuting seems a bit less pedestrian.

Photograph by Andrew Moore.

Leonardo Drew—Recent large-scale wall reliefs whose rusted and weathered surfaces are built up over grid structures of repeating units of cast-off materials; through 10/19. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929).

Werner Drewes/Attilio Salemme—Paintings and drawings from the twenties to the sixties by this German artist who studied at the Bauhaus and immigrated to the United States in 1930/Geometric and amorphic paintings produced between 1943 and 1955. Through 10/19. Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (399-5510).

Andrew Gellatly—Reductive landscapes; through 10/12. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

Thomas George—Recent abstract paintings that evoke landscapes; 9/26–10/26. Snyder, 20 W. 57th St. (262-1160).

Gerome Kamrowski—The artist's Abstract Expressionist paintings and watercolors from the forties and a selection of his mysterious shadow boxes; through 10/19. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

Yayoi Kusama—Recent paintings and an installation by this Japanese artist whose works from the fifties and sixties were shown by Paula Cooper Gallery last spring; through 10/19. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Emil Nolde/Christian Rohlfs—Paintings, watercolors, and prints by the two German Expressionist masters; through 11/9. St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (245-6734).

Gabriel Orozco—New works; through 10/12. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Peter Saul—New paintings by the Texas-based artist on such subjects as current affairs (O.J. Simpson and Newt Gingrich), art history (Mona Lisa, Salvador Dali, and Marcel Duchamp), and art criticism (a double portrait of Hilton Kramer and Peter Schjeldahl); through 10/31. Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (757-6655).

Robert Rauschenberg—New vegetable-dye transfers on paper; through 10/19. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Tom Wesselmann—New abstract cut-out metal paintings, through 10/26, at Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (586-0110) and a series of lithographs and metal pieces depicting nudes from 1990; through 10/26, at Davidson, 41 E. 57th St. (759-7555).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Richard Artschwager/Donald Judd—New works/Sculpture; through 11/2. Kent, 67 Prince St. (966-4500).

Jean-Michel Basquiat—A selection of paintings, drawings, and objects by the late artist; through 11/23. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Larry Bell—A sculpture project titled *Sumer* that comprises 24 bronze sculptures based on the artist's computer sketches of stick figures, one of which measures 22-by-34-by-36 feet; through 10/5. Art et Industrie, 52 Thompson St. (966-6800).

Laurie Campbell—Abstract paintings whose fields of somber color allude to the battlefield; through 10/26. Engelhorn, 470 Broome St. (966-6882).

Michael Chandler—New gestural abstract paintings whose curving brushstrokes suggest hurricanes, whirlpools, and other natural phenomena; through 10/26. In Khan, 415 W. Broadway (226-6484).

Robert Cumming—Cut-paper silhouettes that depict a strange world of nature girls, whaling boats, and apartment buildings; through 10/12. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Jackie Ferrara—A new wood sculpture titled *Corridor Watch* that features the artist's trademark lattice of horizontals and verticals; through 10/12. Klein, 40 Wooster St. (431-1980).

Rodney Graham—Selected works from the artist's editions; through 10/12. Klagsbrun, 80 Mercer St. (925-5157), Thurs.–Sat. 11–6.

Michael Gregory—New paintings of fruit and other still-life objects arranged on tables; through 10/16. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Vincent Hamel—Many-layered abstract paintings whose colors are an amalgam of previous layers of color; through 10/5. M–13, 72 Greene St., 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

Julia Jacquette—Paintings executed in sign painter's enamel that incorporate images of desserts, women's hands, flowers, wedding dresses, and other idealized images of the home and its comforts; 9/25–11/2. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

David Jeffrey—Works created from raw beeswax, pulverized charcoal, and paper that reflect the artist's close observation of the relationship between the natural and manmade; through 10/12. Kramarsky, 560 Broadway (966-6601).

Kristin Jones and Andrew Ginzel—A series of interrelated works that explore mortality and the nature of the flux; through 10/19. TZ'Art, 28 Wooster St. (966-9059).

Kavita Nayar—Paintings, works on paper, and burnt-paper constructions sewn together with jute, by a New Delhi artist; through 10/24. Bose Pacia, 580 Broadway (966-3224).

Clemencia Labin—A site-specific installation of paintings on gravestone-shaped panels; through 10/27. Stellweg, 87 Houston St. (431-5556).

Martin Kersels—Photographs, a motorized audio sculpture, and a video sculpture that explore aspects of bodily control and destruction by this artist who was a soloist and collaborator with the Shrimps, the Los Angeles performance group; through 10/19. Gorney, 100 Greene St. (966-4480).

Paul McCarthy—An installation of the artist's own version of the American West, animated by mechanical figures set in a teepee, a saloon, and a bunkhouse; through 10/12. Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. (219-9600).

Pieter Laurens Mol—New works that encompass a variety of media and refer to Dutch culture and history; through 11/9. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405).

Lucio Pozzi/Susanna Rubin—Works from his "Rag Rug Group," made by aligning short strokes of thick oil paint with a palette knife on tinted canvas, creating geometric patterns/Recent sculptures and drawings based on geometric floor patterns commonly found in the home. Through 10/12. Weber, 142 Greene St. (966-6115).

Andreas Karl Schulze—Abstract color-pencil drawings on museum board; through 10/26. Bungert, 225 Lafayette St. (925-0200).

Sonja Sekula—A retrospective of paintings by this Swiss artist (1918–1963) who worked in New York during the forties and fifties, and who showed her Abstract Expressionist paintings at Peggy Guggenheim's gallery Art of This Century and at Betty Parsons Gallery; through 10/26. Swiss Institute New York, 495 Broadway (925-2035).

Joel Shapiro—Recent sculpture and drawings; 9/26–11/9. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224).

Jim Shaw—Recent paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs based on artworks the artist has seen in his dreams; through 10/19. Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (925-8335).

David Stern—Heavily impastoed paintings that mix abstraction and figuration; through 10/19. Rosenberg + Kaufman, 115 Wooster St. (431-4838).

Wolfgang Tillmans—An installation of photographs that examines the relationship between "commercial" and "fine art" photography; through 10/26. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

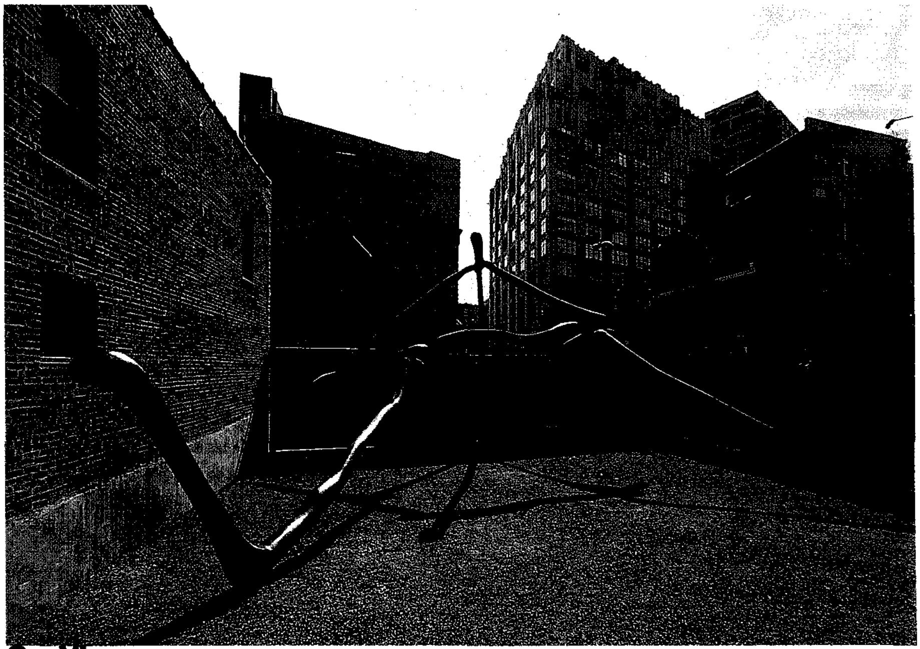
Richard Tuttle—New paintings on carved and cut-out waferboard; through 10/26. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

Luc Tuymans—New paintings by this Belgian artist that transform familiar American scenes and objects into unsettling visions of the dark side of America; through 10/19. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (966-9074).

Jan Vercruysse—Recent sculpture and prints by the Belgian artist; through 10/30. Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (925-4338).

Andy Warhol—Paintings from the artist's 1984 "Rorschach" series; through 10/19. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828) and 980 Madison Ave. (744-2313).

H. C. Westermann—An exhibition focusing on three related types of sculptures from the artist's work, among them sculptured objects in glass enclosures, wooden boxes enclosing sculptural elements or constituting a sculpture in themselves, and wood boxes incorporating layers of partially mirrored glass; through 10/12. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (941-0012).



On View *Considering that it was originally conceived as one of twelve sculptures to complement a house that Frank Gehry was designing—they were to have been positioned among the property's trees—Larry Bell's three-ton, 22-by-34-by-36-foot cast-bronze 'Stickman' looks surprisingly at home alone in a sculpture garden in SoHo. The elongated Gumby-like body, which gives the impression of having been drawn in air, was inspired by the forms of ancient Sumerian calligraphy. At Art et Industrie, 52 Thompson Street; through October 5.*

Photograph courtesy of Art et Industrie.

Hannah Wilke—The late artist's performalist self-portraits and video/film performances made between 1976 and 1985; through 10/19. Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (226-3232).

Mark William Wilson/Mary Carroll—Landscape paintings that verge on abstraction/Hand-built ceramic vessels decorated with pressed molded forms of vegetables and fruits. Through 10/12. Fotouhi Cramer, 560 Broadway (431-1304).

Other

Paul D. Miller—An installation that uses different environments or "zones" to create a dialogue between a youth culture based on rapid change and the historically "conservative" art world; through 10/10. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695).

Dani Tull—A conceptual project that investigates the nature of the sale of a model home in a planned community through photographic documentation; through 10/13. Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St. (633-6555), Wed.–Sun. 11–6.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Stone—113 E. 90 (988-6870). Paintings by Scottish artist Derrick Guild, furniture by Barcelona architect Antonio Gaudí and Catalan designer Joan Busquets; through 11/26.

57th Street Area

Baron/Boisanté Editions—50 W. 57th St. (581-9191). A group show of works that were inspired by or incorporate excrement, by Robert Arneson, Mike Kelley, Piero Manzoni, Bruce Nauman, Not Vital, and others; through 11/16.

Lelong—20 W. 57th St. (315-0470). Recent pastels by Sean Kelly, sculpture by Donald Judd, and paintings by Nicola De Maria, Joan Mitchell, and Frederic Matys Thursz; through 11/1.

Mathes—41 E. 57th St. (752-5135). "Guardians of the Sacred Word," featuring Tibetan manuscript covers for Indian Buddhist texts created from the 12th to the 15th century; through 10/19.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). "Abstraction Across America, 1934–1946," with works by Albers, Diller, Greene, Morris, Scarlett, Shaw, Von Wiegand, others; through 11/9.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Art in General—79 Walker St. (219-0473). Sculpture-based installations by six emerging British artists; through 10/26.

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (226-3970). "A Strategy Hinted At," with neo-Conceptual works by eight artists; through 10/26.

Exit Art—548 Broadway (966-7745). "The Shape of Sound," an interactive presentation from visual artists and ambient-sound musicians; through 10/19.

Feature—76 Greene St. (941-7077). Two two-person exhibitions: Banicki and Robbins; Lopez and Ross; through 10/12.

Ross—568 Broadway (343-2161). Landscapes by the self-taught artists Minnie Evans, Louis Monza, and Alfredus Williams; through 10/26.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (966-9520). "Collection in Context: Hands," a selection of photographs of hands from the sixties to the present from the collection of Henry M. Buhl; *Vegetable House*, a cavelike construction by Anne Chadwick; through 10/19.

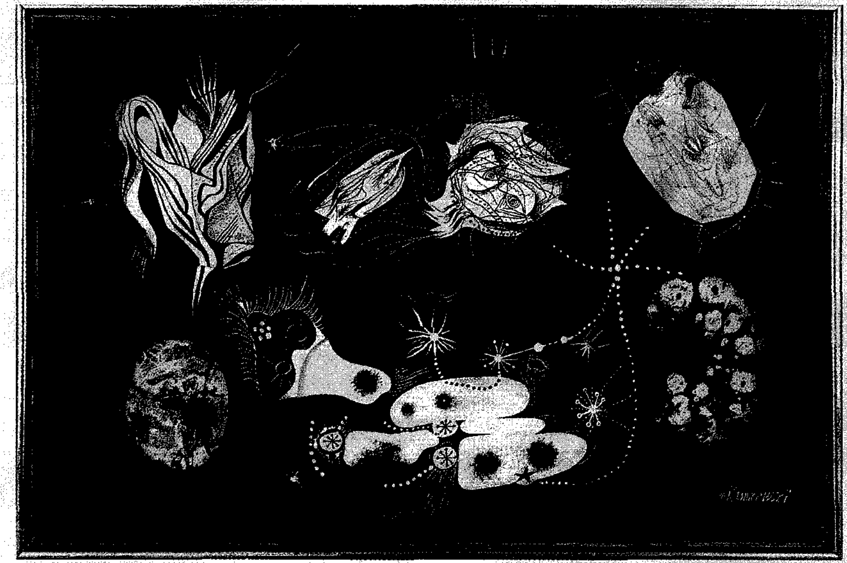
Other

St. Marks Position—20 St. Marks Place (475-1644). Four artists transform the gallery's bedroom, living room, kitchen, and bathroom; through 10/26.

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (924-4212). "What I Did on My Summer Vacation," an exhibition of photographs taken with disposable cameras by critics, curators, artists, and gallery owners that will be raffled off to benefit White Columns on October 18; through 10/20.

Retrospective

Boxes of Wonder



Photograph courtesy of Washburn Gallery.

There's little reason New Yorkers should remember the painter Gerome Kamrowski—now 82, he quit the New York art scene in 1946 to teach painting at the University of Michigan, and his more recent efforts haven't been widely shown (he still works in his Ann Arbor studio every day). But in the relatively short time he spent here, from 1939 to 1946—the years covered by the Washburn Gallery's current exhibit of the artist's work—Kamrowski was considered one of the most innovative of the young artists influenced by Surrealism; he developed a style of biomorphic abstraction whose undulating, protozoan forms were uniquely his own (he was one of the few American painters singled out for praise by André Breton, the founder of the Surrealist movement, who noted his achievement in a 1950 essay).

Particularly obscure, but nonetheless darkly compelling, are Kamrowski's mysterious shadow boxes (above, *Spectral Time*), inspired not by the box works he'd seen by Joseph Cornell and other Surrealists, he says, but by museum dioramas and a job he took in window display, decorating three-dimensional illuminated boxes at Grand Central Terminal. Perhaps because of the lack of response from artist friends Tony Smith, William Baziotes, Jackson Pollock, and others, who saw them hanging on the walls of his Bleecker Street studio, Kamrowski, until recently, never bothered to exhibit the boxes. "I don't know of anyone who had a strong reaction to them at the time," he insists. Some five decades later—the art world being nothing if not mercurial—an appreciative audience has finally come around.

EDITH NEWHALL

Photography

Arsenal—Fifth Avenue at 64th St. (473-1566). Photographs of Wave Hill from Marie-Claire Montanari and Jeanne Hamilton; through 10/25.

Robert Capa—A exhibition of his Spanish Civil War photographs celebrating the publication of the book *Robert Capa: Photographs* (Aperture; $50); through 10/18. Aperture's Burden Gallery, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

Henri Cartier-Bresson—Four decades (1935–1975) of scenic photos and portraits taken in the U.S.; through 11/2. Equitable, 787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818).

Danziger—130 Prince St. (226-0056). Celebrity portraits, landscapes, and recent Olympic portraits by Annie Leibovitz; a survey of photographs of skies from the 1860s to the present, including works by Metzner, Misrach, Porter, Weston, and others; through 10/12.

Ricardo de Oliveria—Contemporary photographs of suburbia; through 10/12. Bonakdar, 130 Prince St. (925-8035).

Philip-Lorca diCorcia/Harry Callahan—Color photographs that record the everyday working lives of people in urban environments/His photographs of telephone wires taken between 1950–1976 that depict simple black lines on an empty white background. Through 10/19. Pace Wildenstein-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Michael Eastman—Photographs taken in Prague, Granada, Bologna, and other European cities between 1992 and 1996; through 10/19. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Joan Fontcuberta—Photographs using motifs and images from Miro, Dali, and Picasso to imitate their paintings; through 10/26. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St., 752-1223.

Gianfranco Gorgoni—Twenty-five years of artists' portraits; through 10/12. Castelli, 578 Broadway (941-9855).

Gibson—568 Broadway (925-1192). Photographs by James Carpenter, William Childress, Leandro Katz, Bill Lundberg, and Janet Rifkin; through 11/2.

Goldstein—39 Wooster St. (431-0314). "The Nature of Light," a group show featuring "alternative" photography, such as 3D shots or pinhole camera photos, or even photos taken without a camera (photograms); through 10/19.

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Wed.–Sun. 11–6;

$4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Landscapes of the Civil War: Newly Discovered Photographs From the Medford Historical Society; through 11/10. . . . "Reunions: The Lost Children of Rwanda"; through 11/10.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave. (860-1783), Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6. "Chim: The Photographs of David Seymour." The first full-scale retrospective of works by this photojournalist who was a founder of Magnum Photos; through 11/3. . . ."Berenice Abbott: Portraits, New York Views, and Science Photographs From the Permanent Collection"; through 11/3. . . ."Brian Weil: In Memoriam." Images from Weil's series on the Hasidic Jews of Williamsburg, Brooklyn; the Miami Police Department; professional boxers and wrestlers, and the worldwide AIDS epidemic; through 11/3.

Larry Keenan—Photographs of mid-sixties Haight-Ashbury, including portraits of Bob Dylan, Allen Ginsberg, and others; through 11/5. Great Modern Pictures, 48 E. 82nd St. (242-2581).

Martin Koeniges—Portraits of Willem de Kooning taken in East Hampton; through 10/19. Woodward, 476 Broome St. (966-3411).

Rudolf Koppitz—Nudes, landscapes, and cityscapes photographed in and near Vienna between 1910 and 1930; through 10/19. Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave. (628-5300).

Miller—138 Spring St. (226-1220). Photographs of the naked human body by Arbus, Bellocq, Brandt, Callahan, Mapplethorpe, Weston, others; urban abstraction from the seventies by Baltz, Bishop, Metzker, Mudford; through 10/26.

Richard Misrach—Selections from the artist's ongoing "Desert Cantos" project, at Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200), through 10/5, and at Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223), through 11/2.

Pierre Molinier—Fetishistic photographs, collages, and photomontages by the influential French gender performance artist who began photographing himself in the fifties, and in the sixties created an obsessive photographic documentation of his private "male lesbian" fantasies. At Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (794-4444), through 10/22, and at Wooster Gardens & Brent Sikkema, 558 Broadway (941-6210), through 11/9.

Miguel Rio Branco—"Out of Nowhere," photographs from Brazil's Santa Rosa Boxing Academy; through 11/5. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

John Schlesinger—A series of black-and-white photomontages on the theme of writer's block and the creative process; through 10/12. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Frederic Weber/Alvin Booth—Images of faces caught in moments of introspection and emotional confrontation/Photographs of male and female nudes who have been painted in gold, wound with rope, or coated with latex. Through 10/12. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

Museums

Alternative Museum—"Media Mind—Les Levine: A Recent Survey." A survey of the artist's projects since 1989; through 11/2. 594 Broadway (966-4444), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; contribution suggested.

American Craft Museum—"Breaking Barriers: Recent American Craft." Works by Wendell Castle, Dale Chihuly, Viola Frey, Michael Lucero, Albert Paley, Joyce Scott, and other contemporary craft artists; through 10/13. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $2.50 seniors and students.

American Museum of Natural History—"Okavongo: Africa's Last Eden." Color photographs taken in the Okavango Delta of Botswana, Africa, by wildlife photographer Frans Lanting; through 1/5/97. . . ."Purposeful Traveler: Titian Ramsay Peale (1799–1885)." Paintings, illustrations, photographs, and memorabilia by and about the nineteenth-century artist/naturalist Titian Ramsay Peale, who was the youngest son of the Philadelphia painter Charles Willson Peale; through 2/28. . . ."Witness: Endangered Species of North America." Photographs of animals and plants in immediate danger of extinction; through 10/6. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $7 suggested contribution, $5 students and seniors, $4 children.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Bronx Spaces"; through 10/13. . . ."Amidst the Silence: Enrique Martinez Celaya and Alberto Rey"; through 10/13. . . . "Women of Hope: African Americans and Latinas Who Made a Difference"; through 10/13. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000); Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3, $2 students, $1 seniors.

Brooklyn Museum—"Latin American Photography: A Spiritual Journey." Photographs depicting different aspects of Latin American culture by artists who are native to Central or South America, or have spent a significant part of their lives there; through 1/19. . . ."Alison Saar: The Woods Within." An installation of fifteen totemic sculptures; through 10/13. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum—"Mixing Messages: Graphic Design in Contemporary Culture." Works by various graphic designers, among them Fabien Baron, Art Chantry, April Greiman, Chip Kidd, and Paula Scher; through 2/16. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868), Tue. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5; $3. $1.50 seniors and students.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Juan Muñoz: *A Place Called Abroad*." An installation of a streetlike environment occupied by groups of figures; 9/26–6/29. . . . "Hanne Darboven: Kulturgeschicte 1880–1983"; through 6/29. . . . "Fred Sandback: Sculpture"; through 6/29. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $3 suggested contribution.

Drawing Center—"Selections Fall 96," with drawings by Ignasi Aballi, Ginny Bishton, Caryl Davis, and Laurie Reid; through 10/19. 35 Wooster St. (219-2166), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 10–6, Wed. 10–8, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

El Museo del Barrio—"The Liberated Print: The Portfolio in Puerto Rican Graphics"; 9/27–1/12. . . . "Adál: Out of Focus Nuyoricans." A series of twenty computer-generated portraits created by the Puerto Rican artist Adál in 1995–96, and an accompanying poem by the poet/playwright Reverendo Pedro Pietri; through 10/13. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Guggenheim Museum—"Meret Oppenheim: Beyond the Teacup." The first retrospective of the Swiss artist's work in the United States, spanning the early thirties to the early eighties; through 10/9. . . . "Africa: The Art of a Continent." The first major survey of the artistic traditions of the entire African continent; through 9/25. . . . "In/sight: African Photographers, 1940 to the Present"; through 9/22. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $10, $5 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Mediascape." Multimedia and interactive art by ten artists, among them Marie-Jo Lafontaine, Bruce Nauman, Nam June Paik, and Bill Viola; through 10/27. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8, Sun. 11–6; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Louis Kahn Drawings: Travel Sketches and Synagogue Projects." A survey of the architect's drawings and models for synagogues; 9/30–12/15. . . . "From Court Jews to to the Rothschilds: Art, Patronage, and Power." The first exhibit to examine the cultural life of court Jews in Germanic lands; through 1/19. . . . "The Illegal Camera: Photography in the Netherlands During the German Occupation, 1940–1945"; through 12/1. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Two by Two." An exhibition comparing men's and women's clothing from 1700 to the present; through 11/17. . . . "The Art of the Renaissance Woodworker: The Gubbio Studiolo Restored." An exhibition that complements the museum's recent installation of a room of inlaid trompe-l'oeil panels that was once the *studiolo* of Duke Federico da Montefeltro; through 4/97. . . . "Studio Glass in the Metropolitan Museum of Art"; through 10/6. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September).

Museum of American Folk Art—"A Place for Us: Vernacular Architecture in American Folk Art"; through 1/5. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Projects: Pieter Laurens Mol"; through 11/12. . . . "Pictures of the *Times*: A Century of Photography From the New York *Times*"; through 10/8. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed.; $8, $5 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish).

Museum of the City of New York—"Revisiting the Scene: New Evidence, New Discoveries." Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings of scenes of New York from the museum's collection; through 1/12/97. . . . "Gaelic Gotham: A History of the Irish in New York"; through 10/27. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"Asher Brown Durand: An Exhibition in Honor of the 200th Anniversary of His Birth"; through 10/6. . . . "Collection Update 1995: Recent Acquisitions"; through 10/6. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"alt.youth.media." An exhibition of zines, Web sites, CD-ROMs, and audio, video, and print projects by young media artists speaking out on youth culture; through 11/5. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sun. 12–6, Sat. 12–8; $4, $3 artists and seniors; free for visitors under 21.

New York Public Library—"The Romance of the Stone: Lithography, 1796–1825"; through 1/11. . . . "Drawings by Charles Addams"; through 1/25. . . . "Headlines, Deadlines, Bylines: The New York *Times* Morgue 1896–1996"; through 10/19. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"A Fine Line: Rembrandt as Etcher"; through 1/5. . . . "Seventeenth-Century Dutch Drawings in the Pierpont Morgan Library"; through 1/5. . . . "Seeking the 'Splendid Misery': Presidential Races from Washington to Truman"; through 1/5. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"The Listening Sky: An Inaugural Exhibition of the Studio Museum in Harlem Sculpture Garden"; through 10/27. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"NYNY: City of Ambition." Paintings, photographs, films, architectural models, and period clothing produced in New York City between the turn of the century and 1960; through 10/27. . . . "An American Story." Works from the museum's permanent collection; through 10/6. . . . "Collection in Context: Breuer's Whitney—An Anniversary Exhibition"; through 12/8. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 9/27 at at 10: "American Paintings, Drawings, and Sculpture." On view from 9/21.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 10/1 at 1: "Decorative Pictures." On view from 9/27.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730).

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 9/25 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Furniture and Decorations." On view from 9/21. 9/26 at 10:15 and 2: "American Paintings." On view from 9/20. 9/26 at 10:15: "Arcade Silver." On view from 9/22. 9/27 at 10:15 and 2: "Continental Furniture." On view from 9/21. 9/28 at 10:15 and 2: "Wine." On view from 9/26. 10/1 at 10:15 and 2: "Holder Collection." On view from 9/27.

Swann—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 9/26 at 10:30: "American Autographs From Private Collections." On view from 9/23. 10/1 at 10:30: "19th- and 20th-Century Photographs." 10/1 at 2:30: "20th-Century Photographs." On view from 9/28.

theater

Michael Gambon...Lydia Koniordou

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Elektra—The play by Sophocles, in a new and critically acclaimed production by the National Theater of Greece. Starring Lydia Koniordou, one of the brightest stars in that country's theatrical firmament, as the betrayed daughter of Aegisthus and Clytemnestra. $15–$55. 9/25, 9/26, 9/27 at 8; 9/28 at 1:30 and 8:30; 9/29 at 3. *City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Sex and Longing—A new comedy by Christopher Durang, starring Sigourney Weaver as a woman who attempts to assuage the melancholy sense of displacement that is the abiding, inescapable burden of sad humanity by trying to have sex every fifteen minutes. Did that sentence end up the way you were expecting? $25–$45; a limited number of $15 student rush tickets will go on sale two hours before each peformance. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/10 opening. *Cort, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Big—A musical adaptation by John Weidman, Richard Maltby Jr., and David Shire of the 1988 film that starred Tom Hanks as a 12-year-old kid who makes a wish for an adult body and, to his surprise, gets it. With Daniel Jenkins, Crista Moore, and Jon Cypher; directed by Mike Ockrent, with choreography by Susan Stroman. $42.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 15 mins.*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-880-0740.

Performance

Brit Wit

In the fifties, Graham Greene noted that one of his countrymen's most irritating habits was—as he put it—mistaking jollity for humor. Eddie Izzard, one of England's hottest "alternative" comedians, just might be able to convince you otherwise. He makes his American debut this week at P.S. 122 (150 First Avenue; 477-5288).

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—Miss it at the Public earlier this year? George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing has transferred uptown. $20–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chimère—A few blocks from the original site of P.T. Barnum's American Museum, to which a very different tradition of animal act traces its roots, Zingaro, the French "equestrian theater" troupe, has arrived. The group, which uses horses as the focus of a meeting between circus techniques and dramatic performance, is making its American debut under the auspices of BAM with its latest production, a dreamlike evocation of Indian equestrian culture. $60 9/26–28, 9/30, 10/2, 10/4–5, 10/7–9, 10/11–13; $75 10/15, 10/16, 10/18–20, 10/22, 10/23, 10/25–27. At *Battery Park City;* call *307-4100* for tickets, *718-636-4100* for information.

The Cocoanuts—In their early days, the Marx Brothers formed the habit of touring their farcical vaudevilles as live stage shows before committing them to film. Chelsea's American Jewish Theater, having successfully dusted off Irving Berlin and George S. Kaufman's original (1925) script for a knockabout farce about the Florida land boom—the basis for the movie that introduced the Marxes to Hollywood—and given the latter its first professional New York revival in 61 years, has recently moved it uptown. $45 Tues.–Thurs., $47.50 Fri.–Sun. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $47.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

A Delicate Balance—Edward Albee, the writer who infused continental absurdism with a distinctively American accent, ends his far-too-long absence from Broadway with this Lincoln Center Theater revival of his 1966 Pulitzer Prize–winning drama about a family torn between love, fear, and madness. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 9/29. *Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 40 mins.* •

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Nathan Lane as that sly guy Pseudolus. $60–70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2 through 10/7; Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 thereafter. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

Grace and Glorie—Tom Ziegler's Broadway-debut play is the story of a tough-minded mountain woman (Estelle Parsons) and the Manhattan careerist (Lucie Arnaz) determined to save her, willing or otherwise, from the ravages of real-estate development and its attendant sadnesses. Directed by Gloria Muzio. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. *Laura Pels Theatre at the Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. (719-9393). 2 hrs.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Mackenzie Phillips as Rizzo through 9/24; Sheena Easton takes over the role thereafter. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Hughie—Eugene O'Neill began his life in a seedy hotel at Broadway and 43rd; a few blocks up the street, Al Pacino is currently inhabiting the seedy hotel in which that life drew (metaphorically) to an end. This moody chamber piece about a self-deluding small-time hustler—the playwright's next-to-final Broadway production, staged posthumously in 1964—runs through 10/9. $55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. *Circle in the Square, 50th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (239-6200). 1 hr. 10 mins.*

An Ideal Husband—His contemporary George Bernard Shaw excoriated the hypocrisies of Victorian England with bitingly logical wit, but the similarly minded Oscar Wilde occasionally found emotional empathy a more apt tool. Sir Peter Hall's acclaimed West End revival of this 1895 play, which uses a conventional plot of unmasked adultery to condemn soul-stifling British intolerance and self-deception, arrives on Broadway from London's Haymarket—the same theater, ironically, from which its successful debut production was withdrawn a century ago following the writer's arrest and imprisonment for homosexuality. $30–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the recent Broadway production of *State Fair,* the Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam,* featuring contemporary heartthrob Lou Diamond Phillips (un-bald) in the role created by Yul Brynner. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its tenth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Love Thy Neighbor—Jackie Mason, back on Broadway with a new one-man show of stand-up comedy. $37.50–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Booth, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Patti LuPone (*Evita*) as the great *monstre sacrée* herself. $32.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

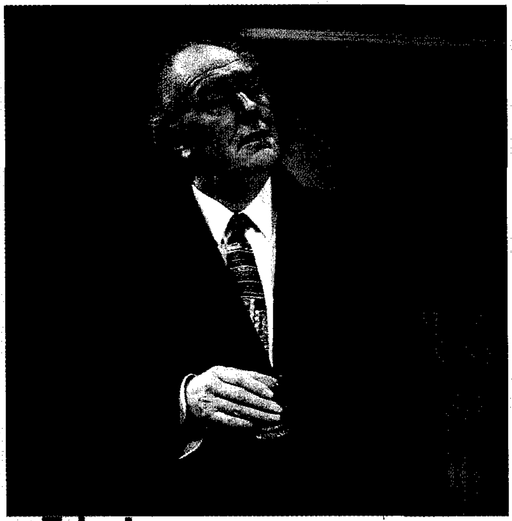
Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94.) $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/2/94. Through 1/5/97. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Skylight—New York last saw that fine playwright David Hare in December, when Lincoln Center's short-lived production of *Racing Demon,* a drama about the current crisis of faith in the Church of England, seems to have proved somewhat too parochially British for American audiences. They shouldn't have that problem with this less polemical, more inward drama focusing on the reunion, after three years, of a wealthy restaurateur and a schoolteacher, discussing a love affair that may or may not have run its course. Don't miss the American stage debut of Michael Gambon, known to TV audiences here from Dennis Potter's *The Singing Detective* and the more recent PBS show *Maigret*—and to Sir Ralph Richardson simply as "the Great Gambon." $40–$55. Through 9/24: Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat at 2. Thereafter: Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Royale, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $35–$70. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)*? Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Summer and Smoke—You can't describe the unvarying spiritual assailants of any Tennessee Williams heroine more succinctly than with the old Anglican phrase "the world, the flesh, and the devil." In this play from his productive middle period, Mary McDonnell plays repressed spinster Alma Winemiller, while Harry Hamlin—his days on *L.A. Law* were no doubt a great help here—performs all three of the above roles more or less simultaneously. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., Sun. at 2. Through 10/20. *Roundabout, 1530 Broadway (869-8400). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—Andrew Lloyd Webber's (mega-)musical adaptation of the Billy Wilder film masterpiece about a deranged Hollywood dinosaur and her reluctant boy toy. London's Elaine Paige (*Evita, Cats*) recently took over from Betty Buck-



Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Talent In the Details

In the early sixties, Pablo Picasso was solicited by a reporter for *Life* magazine for his opinions on the differing approaches to art of artists and art critics. When art critics get together, replied Picasso, they talk about abstract matters—things like shape, line, significant form. "When *artists* get together," he continued, "they talk about where you can buy the best turpentine." A similar nuts-and-bolts approach informs the work of the great British actor Michael Gambon (*The Singing Detective, Maigret*), currently making his American stage debut at the Royale in David Hare's *Skylight* as a wealthy restaurateur trying to rekindle the ashes of a decade-old love affair with a younger woman. Like his mentor Laurence Olivier, who famously began his approach to a role by deciding what sort of nose the character had, Gambon eschews the more touchy-feely aspects of master-thespian preparation in favor of a detailed, exhaustive attention to physical appearance and line rhythms—a reflection, perhaps, of his pre-theatrical training as a skilled industrial machinist. ("You've got to know what a fellow looks like before you know how he feels, don't you?" he says. "I *mean.*") Combining a massive physical presence capable of shifting instantaneously from looming to elfin and a voice that can, in fact, do anything, he gets stunning results. Given Hare's enduring antipathy to the rapacious legacy of England's Margaret Thatcher eighties, the part of an aggressive right-wing capitalist is not without its risks. In lesser hands, it might all too easily come off as a shallow ogre, rather than, as here, a bundle of all-too-human contradictions held in fascinating tension. But Gambon's (quite literally) breathtaking performance gives a lie to the old canard about British actors emphasizing surface effects at the expense of emotional power; seeing it is, to borrow from Wittgenstein, like watching someone strike a series of distinct, exquisitely precise notes on the keyboard of the imagination.

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Opening

The Best Man?

H. L. Mencken never minded paying income tax; dollar for dollar, he liked to say, democracy was the best entertainment value going. Writer-performer Douglas McGrath—who's just finished adapting and directing the Gwyneth Paltrow film *Emma*—takes that proposition to heart with his one-man election-year comedy *Political Animal,* beginning performances at the Promenade (2162 Broadway; 239-6200) this Tuesday.

ley as Norma Desmond. $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Victor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. "One way or another, *Victor/Victoria* will make history. Like a karaoke record, it's got everything minus one: a true star, a solid cast and ensemble, savvy staging and choreography, lush scenery and costumes and lighting, a funny (or at least doggedly farcical) book—everything but one really good song. This will be the test: Can a Broadway musical make it without a score? Julie Andrews has a look, voice, and personality that live in perfect harmony with one another, whether she is singing, dancing, acting, or just being. But there is—or rather, isn't—the unrelievedly second-rate music of the late Henry Mancini, augmented by three songs from Frank Wildhorn, which blend in seamlessly, alas. All the lyrics are by the once capable Leslie Bricusse, now given to such stuff as 'Paris is so sexy/ Riding in a taxi [texi?]/ Gives you apoplexy.' Still, *Victor/Victoria* may be the best unmusical musical you are ever going to see." (Simon; 11/6/95.) With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (382-0100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Americana—$20. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 9, Sun. at 7. Opening 9/27. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

City Water Tunnel #3—The city of Rome was renowned throughout antiquity for the greatness of its civic aqueducts, but did its dramatists ever make them the subject of a play? Leave that to New Yorkers, and to this multidisciplinary theater piece about New York City's third water tunnel, begun in 1970—the largest nondefense public-works project in the Western Hemisphere. $12/TDF. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 1. Through 10/6. *HERE Performance Space, 145 Sixth Ave. (989-6830).*

Edmond—A revival of David Mamet's dark 1982 fable about a contemporary urban Everyman. $32. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 10/1 opening; through 10/27. *Atlantic Theater Company, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Evolution—A multi-disciplinary rock-music extravaganza. $30; $10 student rush tickets available one hour before curtain for all performances. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. *Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. (346-8510).*

Fit To Be Tied—Farceur Nicky Silver, who's been more than a little successful channeling Noël Coward—we just mean artistically, of course; don't let him suggest otherwise—follows up last season's *The Food Chain* with a new vehicle for the dizzying Silver wit. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. In previews for a 10/15 opening; through 11/3. *Playwrights' Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say *propitious* time. $25 through 10/7, $35 thereafter. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7:30, Sat. at 10, Sun. at 3; food and drink available/optional. In previews for a 10/7 opening. *Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Full Gallop—Following its sucessful run at Manhattan Theatre Club last fall, Mary Louise Wilson's one-woman show about *Vogue*'s Diana Vreeland, the woman who invented both contemporary fashion and—to hear her disciples tell it—the color red, is back on Off Broadway for a return engagement. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opening 9/24. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Late Nite Catechism—A new comedy in the *Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All to You* genre, featuring Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $25–$32.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Beginning previews 9/26 for a 10/3 opening. *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. (239-4200).*

Magic On Broadway—Like it says, performed by illusionist and prestidigitator Joseph Gabriel. $30–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opening 9/29. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (997-1780).*

Political Animal—$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. Beginning performances 9/24 for a 10/7 opening; through 11/17. Promenade, 2162 Broadway at 76th St. (239-6200).

Radio Gals—A comic musical about an Arkansas music teacher who, in defense of freedom of the airwaves, the First Amendment, and other American stuff, defies the big broadcasting boys by operating a radio station out of her living room. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. Opening 10/1. *John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Rhinoceros—Eugene Ionesco's avant-garde classic, presented by the Valiant Theatre Company in its first major New York revival since opening on Broadway in 1961. $30–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat, Sun. at 3. Through 10/20. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

View of the Dome—An election-year drama about an idealistic young attorney's introduction to the no-sissies-allowed world of Washington power politics. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opening 9/30. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

Now Playing

900 Oneonta—Morphine addiction, child abuse, alcoholism, and psychosis are just a few of the subjects touched upon in this story, which carries on the Southern Gothic tradition at its most lurid, about a dying paterfamilias who wishes to put his family through hell before going there himself. (Jon Cryer stars, Burl Ives apparently not having been available.) $12. Tues.–Sat at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Circle Repertory Theater, 632 Broadway (505-6010).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $35–$45. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Born to Sing!—It's dueling-divas time, ambitious-newcomer division, when a singing superstar has to choose between her own daughter and (gasp) a brash interloper to accompany her on the road in this new high-octane musical about backstage passions from the creators of 1983's pop-and-gospel-inflected *Mama, I Want to Sing.* $15-$35. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun at 7. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700)*

The Boys in the Band—So what if it has a cast of characters—The Brave One, The Scared One, The Troubled One, etc.—seemingly lifted from a forties bomber movie? One excuses such roughness in the case of genuine thematic innovation, and Mart Crowley's groundbreaking 1968 script—the one that introduced gay culture, anxieties, and mating rites to mainstream theatrical audiences—is one of the few plays of the last 30 years unquestionably entitled to that distinction. $40-45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Cowgirls—What happens when a classical-music trio gets booked by mistake into a country-music palace and races frantically to accommodate its longhair style to a room where crewcuts predominate? About what you *A Night at the Opera* fans would imagine, probably. Mary Murfitt and Betsy Howie's new musical comedy of errors is directed by Eleanor Reissa. $29.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta La. (420-8000).*

Disappearing Act—A musical celebration of the urban gay lifestyle. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7, Sat. at 10, Sun. at 3. *47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 3, Wed.–Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse (formerly Playhouse on Vandam), 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—One of this year's more melancholy theater trends is the posthumous musical. Like *Rent* composer Jonathan Larsen, costumer and musical "conceiver" Howard Crabtree passed away in June, days after completing work on his latest backstage-comedy revue. But the show, as developed by Mr. Crabtree with Dick Gallagher and Mark Waldrop, goes on. $40. Mon.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Making Porn—Ronnie Larsen's play about life in the gay-porn industry. With Johnny Hanson; directed by Mr. Larsen. Resuming performances 10/1. $25 Tues.–Thurs., $30 Fri.–Sun. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri.–Sun. at 7, Sat. at 10. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).*

Matty—A one-man show about baseball star Christy Mathewson, written and performed by Eddie Frierson. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Old Wicked Songs—Jon Marans's Pulitzer Prize–nominated play about an emotionally frozen young pianist and the old master who thaws him out. $42.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Promenade, 2162 Broadway at 76th Street (580-1313).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Phaedra—Everett Quinton, doing that Everett Quinton thing he does to Euripides' classic tale of a mom with one bad case of ants in the pants for her stepson. (All right, that's not *exactly* what it says in *The Oxford Guide to Classical Literature*, but you get the idea.) $20. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 9/29. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave. at 10th St. (307-4100).*

The Sleeping Hippo—The story of a "Jules and Jim"-style romantic triangle in—well, where every other masterpiece of Western culture is being imagined these days, too: the East Village. $25/TDF. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 9/29. *Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. (715-1808).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29.50–$42.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.,* then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(279-4200).*

Off-Off Broadway

3 in Synchronicity—$12/TDF. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. Through 10/13. *Synchronicity Space, 55 Mercer St. (925-8645).*

The All-Nude College-Girl Revue—$20 Tues.–Thurs., Sun.; $25 Fri. and Sat. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. (through 9/29) at 7. Through 10/5. *Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Bread and Circuses—A weekly series of new plays. $12. Sun.–Tues. at 8. Through 12/17. *Expanded Arts, 85 Ludlow St. (253-1813).*

Cloud Nine—$12. Fri.–Mon. at 8. Through 10/7. *Third Eye Repertory, 22 W. 34th St. (501-2420).*

The Diviners—$10. 9/25–29, 10/2–6 at 8. Through 10/6. *Stella Adler Conservatory, 419 Lafayette St.*

Dom Juan in Manhattan—$10. Mon.–Wed. at 7:30. Through 10/2. *Nada, 167 Ludlow St. (420-1466).*

Donkey Bar—$12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 9/29. *Kraine Theater, 85 E. 4th St. (479-7350).*

Doubletalk —$15/TDF. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 10/11. *Wings Theatre, 154 Christopher St. (627-2961).*

Eddie Izzard—$12. Opening 9/25 at 7:30; thereafter, Thurs.–Sun. at 7:30. Through 10/20. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (477-5288).*

Extremities—$12. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 9/29. *Center Stage Theatre, 48 W. 21st St. (465-7366).*

Goddess—$10. Sat. at 8. Through 9/28. *Solo Arts Group, 36 W. 17th St., Fifth Floor (463-8732).*

Heating & Cooling—A philosophical comedy by Sara Plath—no relation to Sylvia, her subject matter would seem to indicate—about the wacky quantum mechanics of air conditioning. $15; $10 students/seniors. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. Through 9/29. *Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (727-3626).*

It Begins With a Kiss...—$10; students/seniors, $5. Wed.– Sat. at 8. *Creative Place Theatre, 750 Eighth Ave. (539-3899).*

Jason and Medea—$10. Thurs.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 4. Through 10/6. *Nuyorican Poet's Cafe, 236 E. 3rd St. (505-8183).*

Julius Caesar—$12. 9/26–10/12 at 8. *Expanded Arts, 85 Ludlow St. (253-1813).*

The Packwood Papers—A documentary-style theatrical performance based on the papers, and the sexual peccadillos described therein, of the deposed Senator from Oregon. $12. Thurs.-Sun. at 8. Beginning performances 9/26; opening 9/29. *78th Street Theatre Lab, 236 W. 78th St. (873-9050).*

The Passion—$20. Wed.–Sat, at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 9/29. *Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (462-3079).*

Pig—$20; Thurs., pay what you can. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 10/12. *29th Street Repertory, 212 W. 29th St. (465-0575).*

Recognition—$15. 9/25–9/28 at 8. *The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. (255-5793).*

Richard III—The play by Shakespeare. Free. Thurs.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. Through 10/20. *Theatre at West-Park Church, 165 W. 86th St. (496-4543).*

Risky Revolutionary—$25. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Through 10/6. *Castillo Theatre, 500 Greenwich St., 2nd Floor (941-1234).*

The Sifter—$10, plus two-drink minimum. Sun. at 7. Through 10/27. *Trocadero, 368 Bleecker St. (242-0636).*

Sun Flower—$10 9/26–9/29, $15 thereafter. Thurs., Sat. at 8, Fri. at 9, Sun. at 3. *Homegrown Theatre, 2628 Broadway (961-0962).*

Tabula Rasa—$12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Sun. at 3; extra performances 10/6 at 7 and 10/12 at 3. Beginning performances 9/27. *Phil Bosakowski Theatre , 354 W. 45th St. (592-1885).*

Too Much Light Makes the Baby Go Blind—Thirty *extremely* brief plays performed in sixty minutes. Admission prices are randomly determined by adding $4 to the roll of a single six-sided die. Fri. and Sat. at midnight. *Nada, 167 Ludlow St. (330-8087).*

Trapped—$10. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 9/28. *The Present Company, 445 W. 45th St. (307-1022).*

Vampire Lesbians of Sodom—From Sodom to Las Vegas with Charles Busch: What *else* do you need to know? $10, plus a two-drink minimum. Fri. at 10. Through 9/27. *The Duplex, 61 Christopher St., (255-5438).*

The Vicar's Wife—A one-man show, written and performed by Dave Mowers, about a gay New York man who wanders into an Episcopal church and finds the spirit moving where it listeth—in this case, toward a serious infatuation with a particularly hunky clergyman. $15. 9/26–28, 10/3–5, 10/10–12 at 8; 9/29, 10/6 at 6. *Greenwich Street Theatre, 547 Greenwich St. (604-4222).*

Volunteer Man—$15. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. Through 9/29. *Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Place (353-3665).*

The Wild Guys—$12. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Through 9/27. *Miranda Theater, 259 W. 30th St. (279-4200).*

Talent

Mourning Becomes Her

On Broadway, it customarily takes a female performer of exceptional fire—Judith Anderson, Diana Rigg—to lure audiences to the severe sonorities of Greek tragedy. The latest to rise to the challenge is acclaimed Greek actress Lydia Koniordou, starring in the title role of the National Theater of Greece's production of Sophocles' 'Elektra.' The play, performed in its original language (English supertitles provided), arrives at City Center on September 25 for six performances only.

restaurants

It's a Fixe...Home-Brand Wine...Opaline

Object of Desire

Dining by the Sword

To avoid the nighttime din of Marguery Grill, try its recently introduced lunch, when the mood is more tranquil. The menu's only sandwich, juicy grilled swordfish with sweet roasted peppers and avocado on Eli's olive bread, comes with crispily addictive waffle potatoes. (133 East 65th Street.)

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). Also, 1565 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (288-4810). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

F.illi Ponte Ristorante—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. *39 Desbrosses St. (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Félix—Parisian bistro conveniently situated on SoHo's version of the Champs-Élysées, serving escargot and other Gallic standards. The atmosphere, as in most territory south of Houston, is stylishly casual. *340 W. Broadway (431-0021). (M) AE, TM.*

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barn-like TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River valley farmers and their produce. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat fillo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating *acceptable methods of payment:* ($) = *cash only,* AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Photograph by Erik Rank.

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Zeppole at the TriBakery—TriBakery, the downtown bakery that morphs into a cozy Italian restaurant for lunch and dinner, has already won a loyal following with its fresh, tasty antipasti, delicious breads, and delectable pastas. Zeppoles, served in a paper bag, are a house specialty. *186 Franklin St. (431-1114). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Casanis—A shrine to French barroom bric-a-brac in the basement. A bistro that is as Paris was in the sixties. Yes, that was Jean-Paul Belmondo. *54 E. 1st St. (777-1589). (M) ($).*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Greenwich Cafe—Open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Try the veal couscous and the Mediterranean antipasto plate. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Sazerac House—There's a lot of history in this eighteenth-century landmark building. A Village hangout for 30 years, the Saz specializes in Cajun-inspired American food, like Louisiana crab cakes, jambalaya, and pan-seared salmon. *533 Hudson St., at Charles St. (989-0313). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bambou—There's a new flavor on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like ackee-and-callaloo tart with scotch-bonnet-and-tomato salsa, and coconut-curry lobster with banana-lentil salad. The relaxing, tropical dining room and bar have already attracted such boldfaced names and beautiful faces as Harry Belafonte, Marisa Tomei, Iman, and Roshumba. *243 E. 14th St. (358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bobby O's City Bites—Patrick Swayze's second restaurant (with partner Bobby Ochs) specializes in casual American fare like steak, sandwiches, pizzas, and soup. The laid-back atmosphere and affordable food draw a young neighborhood crowd that mingles and eats surrounded by enormous photos of celebrities taking—you guessed it—big bites. *560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like baby clams in green onion broth as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . .? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, old-world establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Heartland Brewery—A rollicking brewpub with a lively outdoor café and a menu as American as its Thomas Hart Benton–ish murals. Accompany your choice of microbrew with comfort food like meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potatoes, grilled Black Angus sirloin, and—for adventurers—buffalo burgers. The beer-weary can sample among the city's largest selection of single-malt scotches and tequilas. *35 Union Square W. (645-3400). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Notaro Ristorante—This new Kips Bay Italian restaurant has already attracted a loyal following form NYU Hospital across the street with dishes like New Zealand rack of lamb with Cabernet-wine sauce, spicy Tuscan seafood, and cacciucco alla Toscana. *635 Second Ave., nr. 34th St. (686-3400). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Tre Pomodori—Host Tom makes everyone feel at home in this casual trattoria, which is well situated for movie crowds. Sample house specials like grilled veal chop with Barolo wine and shiitake mushrooms, and ravioli with butter and sage. *210 E. 34th St. (545-7266). (I–M) ($).*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club–like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Waterfront Ale House—This cozy Kips Bay bar and restaurant has outlasted lots of other microbrew-pubs, and the American food—fish and chips, house-smoked barbecue ribs, venison-and-black-bean chili—is the best accompaniment to the house beverage. *540 Second Ave., at 30th St. (696-4104). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Aquamarine—A trailblazer on the Hudson waterfront, this new restaurant plays up its exceptional location with a sculpture garden, a river walk, sunset views, and patio din-

1993
HOME
BARREL SELECT
CABERNET FRANC
FROM THE NORTH FORK OF LONG ISLAND
THIS WINE IS COMPRISED OF 80% 1993 CABERNET FRANC AND 20% 1994 CABERNET FRANC GROWN, PRODUCED AND BOTTLED FOR HOME RESTAURANT, NYC, NY. BY JAMESPORT VINEYARDS, JAMESPORT, NY. TOGETHER WITH THE WINEMAKER RICHARD OLSEN-HARBICH, WE CAME UP WITH THIS UNIQUE BLEND IN MARCH 1996, ONLY ONE BARREL WAS PRODUCED (ABOUT 25 CASES) OF WHICH YOU ARE DRINKING #
17/300
PERHAPS YOU SHOULD HAVE ANOTHER? ENJOY!
Barbara and David

Tasting **Sweetly self-sufficient Home restaurant has nearly become a cottage industry, with its seasonal larder of handmade preserves, condiments, and now Home wine, a blend of two vintages of Cabernet Franc grown at Long Island's Jamesport Vineyards. The versatile red, customized by Home owners David Page and Barbara Shinn, is lighter-bodied and livelier than Cabernet Sauvignon, transcending the standard red-wine-for-meat, white-wine-for-fish dictum. (20 Cornelia Street.)**

Photograph by Wayne Simpson.

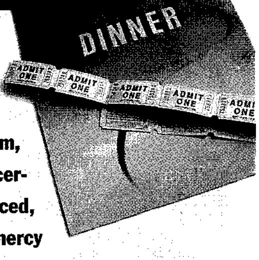
ing. The American menu features curry-dusted Chilean bass with mashed potatoes, and black-pepper-glazed pork chop with a potato crisp. *Hudson River and 26th St. (243-9500). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cafe Americanstyle—An ideal rest stop for Lord & Taylor shoppers, whether they're simply grabbing a bite or resting their weary feet for hours. American fare in a simple setting. A welcome respite from the unruly retail throng. *424 Fifth Ave., nr. 39th St. (391-3344). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Flowers—A fashionable Flatiron restaurant with surprisingly tasty and innovative food and a lively atmosphere. Sample the chef's modern renderings of shrimp rolls, baby lamb chops, and baked Alaska. *21 W. 17th St. (691-8888). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Lola—A lively front-room bar leads to a vast and airy back room, made surprisingly private by the centrally located banquettes. The kitchen focuses on seafood with a variety of global influences. Try the Szechuan peppercorn-seared halibut, citrus-glazed tuna, and the house's renowned fried



Trend

The *Fixe* Is In

There are two abiding reasons for the popularity of prix fixe menus: the perception, reinforced by the summer $19.96 lunch program, that *prix fixe* translates into *bargain,* and the entirely unrelated certainty that a chef left to his own devices will assemble a perfectly balanced, well-executed meal. A handful of New York restaurants, including Gramercy Tavern and La Colombe d'Or, have added a physical component to the prix fixe philosophy, by designating separate rooms—frequently with dissimilar moods and personalities—for prix fixe and à la carte dining. And in two weeks, SoHo's tiny Savoy (pictured; 70 Prince Street) will begin serv*ing only prix fixe menus in a brand-new dining room on the second floor.* Owner Peter Hoffman initially annexed the space for a bar and lounge. But then one particularly frantic evening led him, along with chef David Wurth, to fantasize about a restaurant where they'd serve just "one appetizer, one entrée, and one dessert." Thus, their three-course prix fixe, featuring homey food Hoffman calls "primeval and Promethean," cooked for the most part on a wind-up rotisserie he brought back from France. At $48, Savoy's upstairs menu isn't cut-rate, but it will re-create—or, more likely, transcend—the experience of an excellently orchestrated dinner party at the home of a good friend who makes the consummate lamb shank.

Dinner isn't *entirely* the point of the Screening Room's new prix fixe (54 Varick Street), which debuts this week as part of an effort to integrate the two entirely separate clienteles the restaurant-cinema complex has generated. "People are coming to dinner who don't know there's a theater next door," says partner Henry Hershkowitz. The $30 prix fixe includes three courses *and* a movie ticket, lopping roughly six to eight dollars off the price of a mid-level dinner and a movie. Hershkowitz and partners launched the meal deal partly as a response to city dwellers' relentless quest to get something for nothing. Even pre–prix fixe, says Hershkowitz, "customers were already asking for a movie discount if they ate dinner first."

Robin Raisfeld

Photographs: top, Kenneth Chen; bottom, Wayne Simpson.

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chicken. There's live music Wednesday through Saturday and a justly famous gospel brunch on Sundays. *30 W. 22nd St. (675-6700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Artos—The centerpiece of this fanciful Mediterranean restaurant, designed by Adam Tihany, is the massive hearth oven, used to bake a variety of fresh crusty breads. Sample Greek classics like baked lamb with orzo, moussaka, spanakopita, and grilled octopus and calamari. *307 E. 53rd St. (838-0007). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

BlackFinn Bar & Restaurant—A place boasting all the elements to satisfy overtaxed office workers: happy hour, TVs, a fireplace, and a friendly attitude toward cigar smoke. The Cajun menu offers spicy fare like chicken-and-sausage jambalaya and blackened shrimp po'boys. On Sundays, there's live reggae and a raw bar. *994 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (355-6993). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Coldwaters—Lots of fresh, simply prepared seafood: steamers, soft-shell crabs, lobsters, and grilled shrimp and scallops in a casual atmosphere. *988 Second Ave., at 52nd St. (888-2122). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresh Basil's Trattoria—This casual midtown Italian restaurant prides itself on its friendly service and contemporary atmosphere. Try the gnocchi Aurora, the seafood pescatore, or the grilled veal chop with portobello mushrooms. *663 Lexington Ave., nr. 55th St. (888-4292). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Il Valentino—Enjoy your meal of veal scallopine with grappa raisins, or the whole roasted fish of the day, at this formal Northern Italian midtowner, and then lounge about at the cigar and grappa bar. Dine outside while you still can. *330 E. 56th St. (355-0001). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $46 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Meltemi—This East Side Greek restaurant, cheerfully decorated in nautical colors with an Aegean mural, specializes in the kind of fresh charcoal-grilled whole fish that needs little more seasoning than olive oil, lemon juice, and herbs. *905 First Ave., at 51st St. (355-4040). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Torremolinos—This casual midtown restaurant serves a variety of Spanish regional dishes, like paella Valenciana and Castilian-style rack of baby lamb. *230 E. 51st St. (755-1862). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue-by-way-of-Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Wylie's Rib & Steak Joint—And a true "joint" it is, with messy finger food like baby back ribs, plus steak and barbecued chicken. *891 First Ave., at 50th St. (751-0700). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 P.M. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district cafe popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled

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salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Judson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. *152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," and with the accomplished Lincoln Carson replacing pastry chef Richard Leach, the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. *60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes frito misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Puttanesca—The multi-tiered antipasto table is the luscious centerpiece of this casual West Side Italian. You can't go wrong with any of the homemade pastas and desserts. *859 Ninth Ave., nr. 56th St. (581-4177). (M) AE.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shaan—A comprehensive, if voluminous, menu. Northern Indian in a spacious floral dining room in Rockefeller Center. *57 W. 48th St. (977-8400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Sullivan's Restaurant & Broadcast Lounge—This restaurant's nostalgic location in the landmarked Ed Sullivan Theater informs its classic style, with "Hollywood" booths, 30-foot ceilings, and mahogany bars. The menu, half steakhouse-American and half Chinese, features such diverse selections as surf-and-turf and litchi-tea-smoked duck with sesame cakes. Live jazz nightly. *1697 Broadway, nr. 53rd St. (541-1697). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Akbar—Newly renovated, this Indian restaurant is cozy and colorful, with a stained-glass ceiling overhead. Business-minded types abound. *475 Park Ave., nr. 57th St. (838-1717). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kid's menu. All menu items are under $10. *201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mickey Mantle's—A sleek sports bar and restaurant with an art gallery, the requisite TV monitors, and a collection of vintage baseball jerseys. Features American cuisine like hickory-smoked baby back ribs, chicken-fried steak, and grilled swordfish. *42 Central Park So. (688-7777). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Opening

Where Poe Would Go

Opaline, the East Village's newest French bistro, was inspired by Guy Pène du Bois's 1946 painting *Absinthe House, New Orleans,* and hopes to re-create—minus the wormwood liqueur—its bohemian aura. A performance stage, for local theater groups and live music, accommodates the neighborhood's *Rent*-engendering artistic impulses. (85 Avenue A, near 5th Street.)

Photograph by Erik Rank.

Motown Cafe—Motor City music, live and memorialized in showbiz displays, keeps the crowds lining up. So do the down-home midtown versions of barbecue, fried chicken, meatloaf, and crab cakes. *104 W. 57th St. (581-8030). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Serendipity 3—A fun house for grown-ups and kids alike, with a foyer boutique and a wildly eclectic American menu featuring frozen hot chocolate, foot-long hot dogs, and fabulous dessert concoctions. *225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Arlo's—There aren't many restaurants of this caliber on this somewhat barren strip of York Avenue; chef Christian Caiazzo's New American menu, informed by his stint under Wolfgang Puck at Postrio, shows creativity and verve. Try the grilled salmon with lemon couscous, wild-mushroom risotto, or grilled lamb chops with tapioca-curried rice and cucumber-yogurt sauce. *1394 York Ave., at 74th St. (327-0870). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare, and a people-watchers' paradise. When the weather warms up, dine on lobster ravioli and grilled American lamb chops in the sidewalk café. *768 Madison Ave., nr. 66th St. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Elaine's—Primarily a clubhouse for the city's notables and wannabes. A table here is considered a badge of honor by some. While discussing the issues of the day, try American fare for very busy people. *1703 Second Ave., bet. 88th and 89th Sts. (534-8103). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

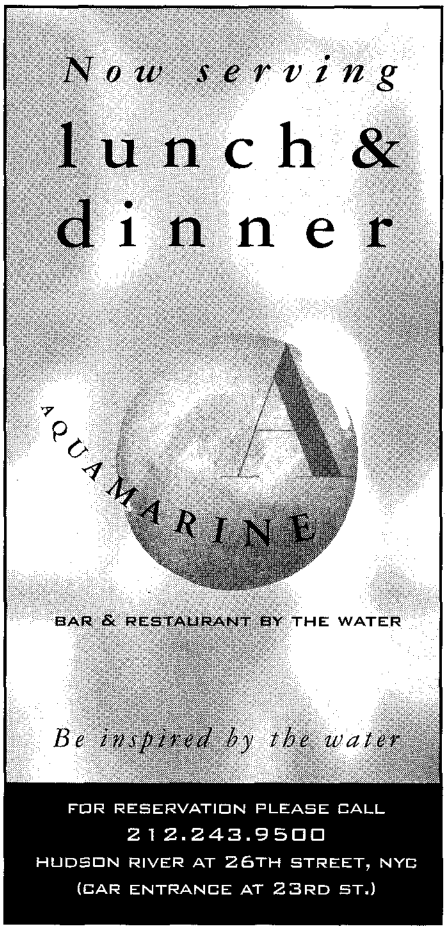
Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. The food is drawn from all regions; the red snapper with fresh vegetables is a standout, as are the homemade desserts, and the wine list has won awards. Live piano music nightly. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*



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Solutions to last week's puzzles

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Norris continued from page 62

has ever been as compellingly, often annoyingly, elliptical as Stipe, it's possible this album's on-the-fly construction didn't give him time to engage his cloaking devices.

Which is not to say Stipe has suddenly gone Jackson Browne on us. It's more that his ongoing project of rescripting rock personae sounds less mannered here, more heartfelt. Occasionally, he's still casting about for the right mode. In the first single, "E-Bow the Letter," Stipe, perhaps spurred on by a guest spot by his idol Patti Smith, attempts a Smith-style fever dream: "Fields of poppies, little pearls / All the boys and all the girls . . . teenage film stars / hash bars." I suppose I could set about trying to decode all these Hollywood and drug references like a mid-sixties Dylanhead, but that seems inappropriate for an R.E.M. song. The passion in Stipe's southern hollercroon has always been more evocative than his art-damaged poesy. His voice is best suited to oblique simplicity like "Fall on Me" or "Losing My Religion," deriving its magic from the music around it. And in this album's two pop gems, that magic is made with effortless grace.

"Be Mine" is R.E.M., beautifully, doing its thing: determinedly building a knotty, uncompromised sound into a stately palace of a pop song. Joined solely by a brooding, fuzzed-out electric guitar, Stipe sings lyrics straight from the annals of the young Lou Reed, with the same high, soft innocence he once used to cover the Velvet Underground's "Femme Fatale" and "Pale Blue Eyes." The chorus is characteristically incantatory but quite uncharacteristically direct: just "you and me," repeated like a mantra as the rough-hewn, distorted guitar chords shift like storm clouds in a gravely beautiful progression beneath the chorus. Any way you slice it, a passionate, plainspoken meditation on love is a breakthrough for R.E.M.

But in a way, the album's coda, "Electrolite," is even more inspiring. The song ends the tour diary in L.A. with Stipe looking down on Hollywood and actually enjoying his pop dreams: "I'm Steve McQueen, I'm Jimmy Dean." The country-western piano and folksy roll of the song recall the second album's "(Don't Go Back to) Rockville," and this sonic comfort with the band's jangly past suggests a larger sense of peace. It's a love song of sorts, but to a life more than to a person: "Stand on a cliff and look down there / don't be scared / you are alive / you are a star tonight."

It's a strange, satisfying moment for a band whose constant motion has taken it from superhipness to mainstream giantism, with disillusionment on all sides. Stipe ends the album singing, "I'm not scared / I'm outta here," stepping away from the ledge, putting down the microphone, and—finally—going home. ■

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican, promise. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel—*and* a completely au courant sushi bar. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Niko's Mediterranean Grill & Bistro—This uptown grill specializes in the cuisine of the moment: Mediterranean, with influences from Greece, Israel, Turkey, and Italy. Sample large portions of moussaka, lamb with orzo, grilled fish, kabobs, and—strangely—brick-oven pizza. *2161 Broadway, at 76th St. (873-7000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($).*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($).*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Stick to Your Ribs—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much further than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). Also, 433 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (501-7897). (I) ($).*

Water's Edge—Every table has a view of Manhattan. A quiet and elegant space to partake of fancy American fare like lobster-and-leek strudel and Alaskan halibut with snow-pea greens, enoki mushrooms, and ginger broth. Jacket required. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Try the chicken and rice and the seafood gumbo accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. *296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966). (I) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

in concert

Topical Opera...Chamber Works...Wings of Song

Classical Music

Tuesday, September 24

New York Philharmonic—With pianist Vladimir Feltsman, performs the premiere of Katzer's *Soundhouse*; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $15–$65.*

Wednesday, September 25

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Gala opening for the season, honoring Marilyn Horne, featuring vocal and instrumental works by Handel, Puccini, Strauss, and Rossini. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), reception at 6:15, concert at 7:30; reception and concert, $85, concert alone $40.*

20th Century Masters: Shostakovich—Violinist Livia Sohn, violist Paul Coletti, cellist Robert Demaine, and pianist Norman Kreiger perform *Cello Sonata in D minor* and *Piano Trio No. 1, Op. 8. Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, E. 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448), at 7:30;$24.*

Thursday, September 26

Opera and the News—A program of operatic selections whose plots parallel current news events. *Great Hall, Foundation Building, Cooper Union, 7 East 7th St. (353-4195), at 7:30; $10.*

20th Century Masters: Shostakovich—The Manhattan String Quartet performs String Quartets No. 1–4. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, E. 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448), at 7:30;$24.*

Bargemusic—Works by Beethoven, Stutschewsky, and Dvorák. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

New York Philharmonic—With pianist Helen Huang, performs works by Mendelssohn and Schumann; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$65.*

Friday, September 27

New York Philharmonic—See 9/26, at 11.

20th Century Masters: Shostakovich—The Manhattan String Quartet and the Moscow String Quartet perform *Two Pieces for String Octet, Op. 11* and *Two Pieces for String Quartet, 1931. Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, E. 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448), at 7:30;$24.*

MSM Symphony—Performs works by David Noon and Brahms; Zdenek Macal, conductor. *John C. Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway and 122nd St. (749-3300), at 8;free.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Saturday, September 28

20th Century Masters: Shostakovich—The Manhattan String Quartet performs String Quartets No. 5–8. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, E. 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448), at 7:30;$24.*

New York Philharmonic—See 9/26.

Sunday, September 29

Jeremy Levin, Pianist—Performs works by Haydn, Liszt, and Rachmaninoff. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 2; $25.*

20th Century Masters: Shostakovich—The Manhattan String Quartet performs String Quartets No. 9–12. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, E. 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448), at 2;$24.*

Irish Themes—American pop music with Irish themes, organized by *Fascinatin' Rhythm* host Michael Lasser. *Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672, ext. 206), at 3; $5.*

On Wings of Song—The second season of vocal concerts opens with a recital by mezzo-soprano Margaret Lattimore. *Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. (734-2130), at 3; $10.*

Bargemusic—See 9/26, at 4.

New York Viola Society—Violist Rebecca Young opens the season with a recital of works by Shostakovich and others. *Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. (924-7299), at 7:30; $10.*

20th Century Masters: Shostakovich—The Manhattan String Quartet performs String Quartets No. 13–15. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, E. 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448), at 7:30;$24.*

A Night of Beethoven—The Seoul Symphony of New York performs the *Egmont Overture* and other works, with violinist Chin Kim and pianist Yuri Kim. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8719), at 8; $30.*

Monday, September 30

Helmut Jasbar, Guitarist—Performs works by Bach, Schubert, Cyndi Lauper, and Miles Davis. *Church of Our Savior, 59 Park Ave., at 38th St. (759-5165), at 8; free.*

Tribute

Muscovite Master

Dmitri Shostakovich, who died in 1975, would have been 90 this year, reason enough for a five-day festival celebrating the prolific symphonic composer. The Manhattan String Quartet performs the complete string quartets (joined by the Moscow String Quartet for an octet), and Hunter College hosts a discussion of Shostakovich's legacy on September 27 and 28. (Call 772-5020 for details; 772-4448 for tickets.)

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Giordano's *Andrea Chénier*, 9/30 at 6:30, 10/3 at 8; Smetana's *The Bartered Bride*, 10/1 at 8, 10/4 at 8; Verdi's *La Traviata*, 10/2 at 8, 10/5 at 8; Giordano's *Fedora*, 10/5 at 1:30. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $23–$250.*

New York City Opera—Puccini's *La Bohème*, 9/24 at 8, 9/27 at 8; Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*, 9/25 at 8, 9/28 at 8;Gilbert & Sullivan's *H.M.S. Pinafore*, 9/28 at 1:30; Verdi's *Falstaff*, 9/29 at 1:30. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $17–$78.*

Amato Opera—Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor.* 9/27 and 9/28 at 7:30. *Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery (228-8200); $20.*

Dance

Yanira Castro—The choreographer presents the new dance-theater work *Crux.* 9/27 at 9, 9/28 at 8. *Merce Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St. (865-7915); $10.*

Have Red Ever Green—World premiere of Tai Dang & Co.'s dance-theater work. 9/26 to 9/29 at 8:30. *Columbus Park Pavilion, Bayard St. bet. Baxter and Mulberry Sts. (989-6830); free.*

Rambert Dance Company—Works choreographed by Christopher Bruce, Jiri Kylian, and Ohad Naharin. 9/24–9/28 at 8, 9/28 and 9/29 at 2, 9/29 at 7:30. *The Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $35.*

Photograph by Archive Photos.

nightlife

Frisell...Mould...Jazz Tribute City

Concerts

"An All-Star Tribute to Oscar Peterson"—The flashy and erudite Canadian jazz pianist collects kudos and trades fours with Shirley Horn, Herb Ellis, Roy Hargrove, Milt Jackson, Stanley Turrentine, and a host of other well-wishers on 10/1 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (307-7171). $60.*

Kenny G; Toni Braxton—9/26 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall, 1260 Ave. of the Americas (307-7171). $46–$76.*

Fred Hersch—A quiet, unassuming monster of a pianist, Hersch has been a jazz-scene linchpin for years now, organizing the excellent *Last Night When We Were Young*—the first all-jazz AIDS benefit record—in 1994, and offering his own Billy Strayhorn and Johnny Mandel tributes with a variety of local talent. Now Hersch offers three nights of solo performances, and each one promises a distinct and fascinating look at his major influences. On the first, Hersch performs his quirky and spellbinding takes on the great Broadway songwriting team Rodgers and Hammerstein (also heard on his new CD *Fred Hersch Plays the Music of Rodgers and Hammerstein*). The next is "Mostly Monk," followed the week after by "Mostly Hersch," a look at his own compositions. 9/25 at 8 P.M. *Merkin Concert Hall at the Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330). $15.*

Pearl Jam—The angst! The guitars! The hair! The meandering world-music excursions and Eddy Vedder's creeping solipsism displayed on the spotty new *No Code* should hardly prevent Seattle's arena-rockers from bringing the drama. With Ben Harper. 9/28–9/29 at 5 P.M. *Downing Stadium at Randall's Island. Sold out.*

Ground Rules:
In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Houston Person and Etta Jones—The smoothed-out tenor-saxophonist and the bluesy jazz singer. 10/4 at 8 P.M. and 10 P.M. *Jazz Cafe at Flushing Town Hall, 137-35 Northern Boulevard, Flushing (718-463-7700). $20.*

"R&B Supershow"—Featuring Rose Royce, Deniece Williams, New Birth, Bloodstone, the Emotions, Mary Jane Girls, and the Floaters. 9/28 at 8 P.M. *Theater at Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (307-7171). $30–$40.*

"Radical Jewish Culture"—Curated by downtown composer, avant-saxophonist, and klezmer ace John Zorn, this two-day festival combines music, dance, and film in an exploration of the edgier side of Jewish heritage. 9/30: John Zorn's Masada, with Joey Baron, Greg Cohen, and Dave Douglas. 10/1: John Schott's "In These Great Times," with John Schott, John Horton Murray, Trevor Dunn, and Kenny Wolleson. Both performances at 8 P.M. *Merkin Concert Hall at the Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330). $17.50.*

Reverend Horton Heat—Indie rockabilly from slacker evangelist Heat, joined by the Lunachicks and Reacharound. 9/25 at 8 P.M. *Webster Hall, 125 E. 11th St. (307-7171). $15.*

Kamioka Ryutaro and Shofukutei Tsurube—The stars of Japan's Papepo TV put on an improvisational show on 9/28 at 7:30 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). Free.*

"Venus Variety"—A three-week-long multi-disciplinary showcase of women in music, dance, and photography. 9/26: Marie Mcauliffe Ark Sextet, with Kevin Norton, Dave Hofstra, Chris Washburne, Rich Perry, and Ron Henke. 9/27: Helga Davis Quintet, featuring Ted Cruz, Marlon Bowden, David Fiuczynski, Jason Dimateo, and Lewis "Flip" Barnes. 9/28: Kitty Brazelton, Martha Mooke, Martha Colby, and Jane Getter.

Performance
Beyond Good and Evil

"People always say, 'You guys look so *different,'* " reports Adam Gussow, "and I'm always like, 'Well, you know, *duh.'* " The blond half of blues duo Satan and Adam (Chicago Blues, September 26), harmonica player Gussow has come up with a stock rejoinder—"We're two skinny, intense New York guys who like the same music"—but he's hardly blind to the mountains of cultural baggage associated with his musical partnership. Adam and Satan make every bit the strange bluesfellows their names and countenances imply. Once known as Sterling Magee, Satan—well, *Mr.* Satan actually—is a semi-legendary soul guitarist who played with James Brown, King Curtis, Etta James, and George Benson, among others, later moving his one-man-band setup of guitar and two high-hat cymbals to the streets of Harlem. ("I knew the clubs were dying and outdoors was the thing," he told a blues magazine.) Gussow is a Princeton grad student writing a dissertation about the blues and had studied blues harmonica for years before being struck by the sight of Satan rocking his cymbals and guitar on 125th Street. After screwing up the nerve to sit in, Gussow found a mutual rapport that got him asked back. It eventually carried the pair through nine years, numerous tours, and three fine, raucously funky albums, including the most recent, *Living on the River,* and even a spot in the U2 movie *Rattle & Hum.* "Here in New York, in this racialized atmosphere, so many buttons are pushed." says Gussow. "It's white and black, it's young and old, it's *Crossroads,* it's Huck and Jim." Exasperated, he lapses into rootsy dialect: "We're just so archetypally overdetermined."

CHRIS NORRIS

Clubland

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 9/24: Folk-rocking treasure J. J. Cale. 9/27: "Required Listening: A No Risk Evening of Discovery," with Barra MacNeils, Disappear Fear, Laurie Freelove, and Rainravens. 9/28: Witty and acerbic folksinger Patty Larkin. 9/30: The music of Frank Zappa performed by Eddie Palermo and His Big Band. 10/2: The Nields. 10/3: Acoustic Alchemy. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Shows nightly at 9. 9/27: Clattering local avant-pop treature Skeleton Key. 9/30: Erstwhile John Cougar Mellancamp violinist, now a brooding indie-rock songwriter, Lisa Germano. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches be-

You've got a real life. Enjoy it responsibly.

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Dewar's®

hind the stage. 9/26: Adam and Satan. 9/27: Hiram Bullock. Every Sunday, it's the Open Blues Jam. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—St. Marks, not Coney Island, but still thrills and spills a plenty, with seedy outer-borough ambience and bands picked by Jesse Malin, lead singer of local punk preservationists D Generation. Every other Saturday night belongs to the famed trash-rock party "Green Door NYC." Mondays are given to the jungle D.J. salon "Konkrete Jungle." *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. 9/25: Sun Ra Intergalactic Lounge with the Sun Ra Arkestra, Wilber Morris, Peter Brotzman, and Dennis Charles. 9/27: Moroccan trance-drummer, dancer, and singer Hassan Hakmoun and Zahar. 9/28: Magnetic Fields. Every Tuesday, it's the electro-funk rotating-D.J. showcase party "Analog." *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. 9/27–9/28: Bob Mould; Rasputina. 10/2: The Tragically Hip. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars and some of the biggest names in now music. 9/25: Bill Frisell Quartet with Don Elias. 9/26: Bill Frisell Quartet with Don Byron. 9/27: Bill Frisell Quartet with Lee Konitz. 9/28: Bill Frisell Quartet with Joe Lovano; Bern Nix Trio. 10/1–10/2: Eric Bogosian. Monday nights, the groovy organ trio Medeski, Martin, and Wood play. *74 Leonard, bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. 9/26–9/27: Blues great Junior Wells. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues Jam. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th St. (369-BLUE).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 9/26: Spoken-word rock outfit King Missile brings its various collaborators and spin-offs, including quirky guitarist Dogbowl and a solo set by Missile pundit John S. Hall. 9/27: Knockout Drops; Ryan Downe; Loaded. 9/28: Red Aunts; New Kingdom. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 9/25: They Might Be Giants. 9/26: New Radiant Storm Kings. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Saturdays and the punkishly feisty Rogue's March on Sundays. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).*

Rodeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk in Kips Bay—with gas-station signs, mounted long-horns, and peanuts in the shells. Its urban rockabillies tend to be pierced and dyed, and its stage occasionally hosts greats like Austin legend Ronnie Dawson, Joe Ely, and Otis Blackwell, all past visitors. *375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. *94 Ave. A (473-7373).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. 9/24: Essence All-Stars Organic Grooves with jazzfolk Dr. Lonnie Smith, Joey Defrancesco, Tony Purrone, and Idris Muhammed. 9/25: Baba Olatunji and his Drums of Passion. 9/28: Samba Novo. 9/30: Dave Valentin. Shows nightly. *204 Varick St. (243-4940)*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. 9/25: The grande diva of exotica, Yma Sumac. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. 9/24: Lyricist Lounge, hosted by the amazing hardcore hip-hop band the Roots. 9/27: Singer-guitarist Ben Harper warms up for his opening date with Pearl Jam. 9/28: Selecter; Skeletones; Bigger Thomas. 10/2: Willy DeVille and the Mink DeVille Big Band. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Westbeth Theatre—The West Side's midsize, mid-priced rock venue, which makes up for some unfortunately placed columns with the pleasant addition of a sultry bar and lounge. Through 9/28: The amazing John Kelly presents *Paved Paradise*, in which the willowy performance artist channels the voice and mannerisms of Joni Mitchell. Sounds like pure camp on paper, but live, Kelly's eerie countertenor voice is angelic. Show at 8:30 P.M. *151 Bank St. (691-2272).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 9/26: Acoustic Junction; Zuba. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Talent
Gang of Four

On his latest, gorgeous record, *Quartet,* jazz-guitar genius Bill Frisell (far right) shaped a lush, panoramic orchestra out of just guitar, trumpet, violin, and trombone. He leads the same amazingly resourceful combo at the Knitting Factory September 25–28, joined by a new star each night: percussionist Don Alias (Wednesday), clarinetist Don Byron (Thursday), alto-saxophonist Lee Konitz (Friday), and tenor man Joe Lovano (Saturday).

Jazz

Birdland—A comfy, two-tiered restaurant with huge bay windows, late-fifties jazz paintings, and striking lights. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Blue Note—Easily the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening and, as its empire expands, charges accordingly. 9/24–9/29: Pianist and educator Billy Taylor celebrates his 75th with a distinguished crew of well-wishers, including Donald Byrd, Stanley Turrentine, Joe Lovano, Tito Puente, Christian McBride, Curtis Fuller, Phil Woods, and others. 10/1–10/2: Vibraphone great Milt Jackson celebrates the 70th birthday of one of his favorite bass players, the great Ray Brown. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—Jazz's secret garden and, at 25 years old, second only to the Village Vanguard for longevity. It's an intimate, dark-paneled restaurant into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (473-9700).*

Iridium Room—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center crosses Dali with Dr. Seuss in its décor and hosts some formidable jazz comers in its basement, along with the occasional legend. One of the latter, the great guitar innovator Les Paul, has moved his Monday-night office hours here after the closing of his longtime haunt Fat Tuesday's. 9/24–9/29: Kenny Barron Sextet, with John Stubblefield, Eddie Henderson, Dave Fink, and Victor Lewis. 10/1–10/6: Ahmad Jamal Trio. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

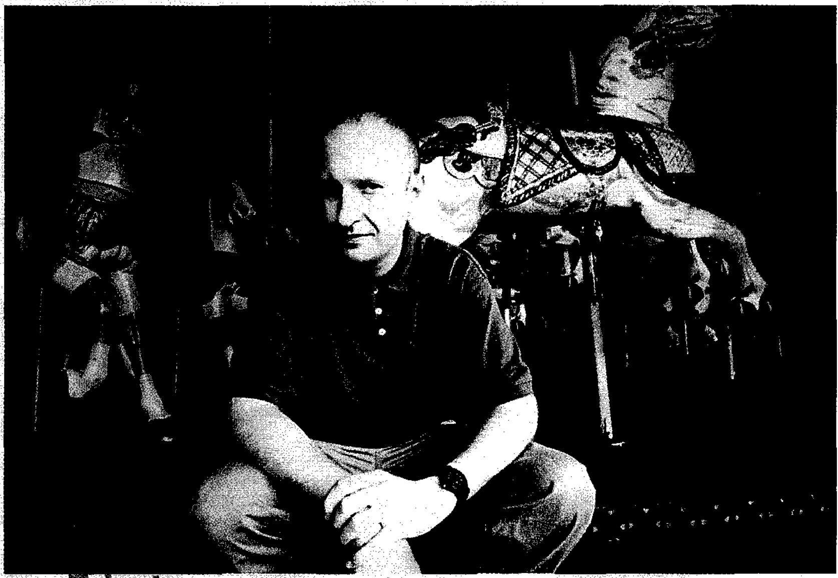
Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. 9/24–9/29: The burning alto-saxophonist Bobby Watson leads his group New Horizon, featuring Will Calhoun. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars, and a scant $4 cover. 9/24–9/29: Pianist Dave McKenna. 10/1–10/6: Joey Altruda. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz



Talent

Post-Post-College Rock

On his fine first solo album, Bob Mould, leader of eighties underground rock giants Hüsker Dü, sounds off on life as an aging punk. He sings "I Hate Alternative Rock" and other gems at Irving Plaza, September 27–28.

Orchestra swings on. 9/24–9/29: Roy Hargrove Big Band. 10/1–10/6: Javon Jackson Quartet. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Visiones—Spanish food and avant-ish jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. 9/24: Carlos Ward Quartet. 9/25–9/28: Bill Stewart Quartet. Every Monday, Gil Evans protégée and composer Maria Schneider leads her excellent seventeen-piece orchestra at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust. W. Tsilis Quartet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra show Fri. and Sat. at 1 A.M. *125 Macdougal St. (673-5576).*

Zinno—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. 9/30–10/5: Pianist Mulgrew Miller and bassist Richie Goods. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Wednesdays, Risa Barash hosts Women of Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. Through 9/24: New Talent Night. 9/26–9/29: Mario Cantone. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Catch A Rising Star—Recently reborn, this variety showplace now smells of big money. Visitors to the Catch Bar & Grill will view "The Loft," a stage set as an N.Y.C. apartment, where stand-up, sketch, and alternative comedians—along with musicians, cabaret artists, and others—will perform. Shows Tues.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M. *253 West 28th St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (244-3005).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. 9/23–9/29: Ray Romano; Jerry "Red" Wilson; Nick DiPaolo; Greer Barnes; Tony Woods. Shows Fri. 9 and 11 P.M., Sat. 9 and 10:45 P.M. and 12:30 A.M., and Sun.–Thurs. 9 P.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and, at 3,300 square feet, palatial new comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Shows Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; Fri. at 9 and 11:30 P.M.; Sat. at 9:30 P.M. and 12 A.M. Cover is $12 plus two-drink minimum Fri.–Sat., $8 on weeknights. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Luna Lounge—Mondays, it's "The Show Formerly Known As Rebar," where hip, alternative-minded comedians from MTV's *The State* and elsewhere try out their riskier, stranger material. Shows at 8. *171 Ludlow St., at Houston St. (260-2323).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Westbank Cafe—The free-styling, chance-taking, and—at least when we saw them—incredibly funny sketch-comedy outfit the Upright Citizens Brigade present their new show, *Punch Your Friend in the Face.* The Chicago-bred group is bringing a new, young surrealist energy to the highly esteemed Second City comedy tradition. The run begins 10/1; shows Tuesday nights at 8. *407 W. 42nd St. (695-6909).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Through 9/28: jazz stylist Hadda Brooks. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera, at 7 and 8:30. The prix fixe dinner menu (seatings at 6:15 and 7:45) is $40; no music charge. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder *and* bolder and bolder) are the keynote of this Village landmark. No music charge. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—Through 10/12: pianist Peter Mintun. Tuesdays through Saturdays from 9:30 to 1:30. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—Through 10/12: the great Barbara Cook, singing the songs of Oscar Hammerstein II. Tues.–Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45. $45; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings from 8:30 to 12:30, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer-pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. $15; jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (940-8185).*

F. illi Ponte—Pianist-singer David Raleigh rocks the room at the newly renamed BeCa (Below Canal) Bar with his group, the Little Big Band. Wed.–Sat. from 8 to 1. No cover, no minimum. *39 Debrosses St. (226-4621).*

Ibis—This Mediterranean-flavored supper club, popular in the early eighties, has reopened with a variety show incorporating song, dance, magic acts, and—what else?—belly dancing. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30, Sun. at 8. Dinner and performance, $45. Performance only: $15 with a $20 minimum Tues.–Thurs., $20 with a $20 minimum Fri.–Sat. *327 W. 44th St. (262-1111).*

Michael's Pub—Woody Allen tooted his last clarinet line at the old Michael's on East 55th Street. The cabaret has now moved across town to the Parker Meridien Hotel, trading saloon ambience for that of a Parisian Rive Gauche salon in the thirties. Allen's New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra should be quite at home. They play, as always, Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $25 cover, plus a two-drink minimum. *Bar Montparnasse, Parker Meridien Hotel, 118 W. 57th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—It's a big season for songwriter Mary Rodgers (daughter of Richard, in case you were wondering). Not only is her musical *Once Upon a Mattress,* the show that made Carol Burnett a star, being revived on Broadway, but Faith Prince, Jason Workman, and Mark Waldrop are currently taking the bigger-picture view here with *3 of Hearts,* a retrospective covering the whole of her career. Through 9/28. Widely regarded as our greatest big-band jazz singer, the mighty Joe Williams downsizes a bit in the personnel—he sings here with a quartet—but not a whit in the full, bluesy magnificence of his voice. He starts a four-week engagement 10/1, running through 10/26. $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11; dinner required at early shows. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet is in the second year of its wildly successful Friday-evening engagement in the Club Room here, playing jazz, swing, and show tunes with various guest vocalists at 10:30. (A CD of recordings from the series was recently issued and is well worth your notice.) This week, Natalie Douglas sings a mix of Broadway standards. No cover; no minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

Sullivan's—Broadway's newest retro-fifties snuggery is being kicked off with sounds appropriate to the pose. On Mondays and Tuesdays, Mark Thompson plays piano; on Wednesdays, he's joined by the other two members of the Mark Thompson Trio. Thurs.: The Danny Mixon Trio. Fri.: "Stuff," featuring Gordon Edwards and friends. And Fridays are given over to a revolving assortment of R&B talent. The whole scene is under the supervision of David Letterman's *Late Show* musical director (and restaurant co-owner) Paul Shaffer; conveniently enough, he only has to run down a flight of stairs or two in the Ed Sullivan Theater to riff with Dave. No cover; there's a two-drink minimum on Fri. and Sat. *1697 Broadway, at 53rd St., in the Ed Sullivan Theater (541-1697).*

Windows on the World—At the recently opened (and somewhat immodestly named, frankly—but, hey, this is New *York*) Greatest Bar On Earth, pianists Xavier Davis and Greg McKenzie can be found on hand seven days a week; a small combo is added to the mix Thursday through Saturday. This week, the "alternative New Orleans" band Flying Neutrinos plays blues and jazz. No music charge Sun–Wed.; Thurs.–Sat., $10 per person after 9. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000).*

the mix

New York Is Book Country...alt.youth.media

Happening.

A Fair of the Heart

There is a certain amount of kidding going on about writers and writing in New York. Young book publicists, resembling nothing so much as Henri Bendel saleswomen, speak of this or that author as being "very much part of the New York literary scene." But parties that conclude with George Plimpton pushing off into the night atop his bicycle do not themselves constitute a *scene*. There *is* no scene (and, thankfully, it seems that literature hasn't ever required one). There are the young publicists. There is smart journalism. There are agents, publishers, and editors. There are what some editors call "editees." The writers are increasingly all over America, especially wherever there is a university and tenure. It is therefore a relief to hear the modest and undeluded theme of this year's New York Is Book Country: "Books: A Moveable Feast." Dedicated to the premise that "no self-respecting briefcase, handbag, or backpack should leave home without a book," the theme explicitly acknowledges that the passionate writer or reader can get along nicely without being in New York—some of the time, at least. For acquiring books, of course, the city is still the best place. And during the weekend of the fair (September 27–29) it is even better stocked than usual. There are the inevitable readings and tea parties and appearances by both the literary and extraliterary (Comden and Green, Ed Koch), but the event as a whole takes proper account of what the city can and cannot offer people engaged with the written word. Not much has changed since Whitman gave us the poet's view of New York: A bad place for farming; a good market for the harvest. *(See listings for schedule information.)*

Linda Hall

John Leonard's TV Notes

Once You Meet a Stranger (9/25; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) is a so-so and "how come?" remake of Hitchcock's *Strangers on a Train*—based on the same Patricia Highsmith novel and the same Raymond Chandler screenplay—with Jacqueline Bisset instead of Farley Granger and Theresa Russell instead of Robert Walker and a nightclub disco instead of a merry-go-round. Russell, smoking up an industrial chimney, is terrific as the crazy killer. Celeste Holm has a bit part.

Moloney (Thursdays; 9 to 10 P.M.; CBS) shows what happens when you Americanize a British idea like *Cracker*. Police psychiatrist Peter Strauss is so damned healthy that even his divorce from an uptown doctor, Cherie Lunghi, is touchy-feely amicable. On a bike, into a cell phone, he communes with an 11-year-old daughter, Ashley Johnson, who loves him almost as much as she loves her laptop with its stamps and stickers. Like a priest, Strauss has problems with keeping confidential the confessions of the cops who need his tweedy help, but he still plays a mean hand of poker. The pilot was agreeable until it got preachy, but one misses the messiness of Robbie Coltrane on A&E—the chain-smoking, class hatred, womanizing, gambling, alcoholism, and wretched human excess.

With God on Our Side (Sundays, 9/29–11/13; 7–8 P.M.; Channel 13) is a six-part series on "The Rise of the Religious Right in America," funded by almost everybody and (therefore, perhaps) innocent of a strong point of view, but fascinating as we mosey from postwar revivalism to JFK to the civil-rights movement; from a conservative revolt against sex education to Billy Graham and Richard Nixon; from a born-again Jimmy Carter to Jerry Falwell's Moral Majority to the plague years of Ralph Reed and the Christian Coalition, with time out for that most difficult of customers, C. Everett Koop, and the occasional bombing of an abortion clinic. Everybody interviewed is ever so respectful; nobody suggests that organized religion may cause more violence than network television.

John Woo's Once a Thief (9/29; 8 to 10 P.M.; Fox) brings that director's ballyhooed Hong Kong chopsocky to the small and messy screen. As the variously biological and adopted children of crime lord Robert Ito (from *Quincy!*), Sandrine Holt, Ivan Sergei, and Michael Wong grow up to love, hate, and kick each other's ass in the Far East and Vancouver. Featured are corrupt bankers, elite commandos, bulging eyeballs, bombs and bubbles, a stolen Rembrandt, and a twisted leather freak. Think *Tequila Sunrise* with brown rice, black-belt slapstick, or maybe splatfall.

The Bachelor's Baby (9/29; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) stars Scott Bakula, who also executive-produced, as a cable-TV critic of home products who suddenly finds himself the father of a baby boy, Zach, when former squeeze Chelsea Field just can't cope anymore. No sooner has Scott gotten to like the idea than Chelsea's holier-than-thou brother accuses him of child porn and a family-court judge will have to decide on custody. Too cute before it becomes courtly, but not in the least dangerous to what's left of our family values.

A Loss of Innocence (9/29; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC) can be thought of as Mormon Gothic, and would sound worse in the synopsizing. Anyway, piano player Rob Estes goes back to Utah in the good old days of silent movies, leg of lamb, and front-porch swings to fall passionately in love with his brother's fiancée, Jennie Garth, after which splendor in the grass, hunters manage to miss every deer in the seasonal woods while shooting each other in the back, and blonde Jennie cries all over her black-and-white keys. Estes should have stuck with Rita on *Silk Stalkings*.

Mother, May I Sleep With Danger? (9/30; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC) allows Ivan Sergei to behave badly in two different TV movies in the same week. Here he romances high-school and college coeds before killing them in his signature jealous rage. One of these coeds is Tori Spelling, who is both red-haired and blonde and has opinions in class on *Daisy Miller* and Henry James before deciding not to go to China, and who is either our pop culture's prime example of affirmative action for the rich or, more kindly, maybe merely a scapegoat for everything else that's wrong with the recycling media. Already, hokum is in midseason form.

Radio Highlights

Symphony Hall—9/24: Bach's *Brandenburg* Concerto No. 2 in F, BMV 1047, and Borodin's Symphony No. 1 in E flat. 9/25: Bach's Keyboard Concerto in d, BMV 1052, and Shostakovich's Symphony No. 9 in E flat, Opus 70. 9/26: Gershwin's *An*

Photograph by Steve Wisbauer.

American in Paris and *Porgy and Bess,* A Symphonic Picture. 9/27: Bach's Keyboard Concerto in d, BMV 1059, and Liszt's Piano Concerto No. 1 in E flat and *Polonaise brillante.* 9/30: Auber's *The Bronze Horse:* Overture and Brahms's Violin Concerto in D, Opus 77. Weeknights at 8. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Breakfast at Random House—9/29 at 12:30 P.M.: "Books Into Film." Featuring David Brown, E. L. Doctorow, Nicholas Hytner, Susan Lyne, Mira Nair, and Gregory Mosher. WNYC, 820 AM.

Classic Radio—9/28 at 10 P.M.: "Quiet Please": *Northern Lights. The Adventures of Harry Lime:* Show No. 38, starring Orson Welles. WNYC, 820 AM.

Saturday Afternoon at the Opera—9/28 at 1: Giordano's *Fedora.* With Eva Marton, Jose Carreras, Veronika Kincses, Janos Martin, and the Hungarian Radio Symphony Chorus. Giuseppe Patane conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Sunday Night Opera House—9/29 at 8: Bizet's *Carmen.* Four acts from four different performances. Listeners guess the performers. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

F. Scott Fitzgerald's 100th Birthday Celebration—9/28 at 6 P.M.: Join Jane Smiley, Donald Hall, Tobias Wolff, Scott Donaldson, Bobbie Ann Mason, and Michael Dorris to celebrate the occasion of Fitzgerald's birthday. A special *Prairie Home Companion* broadcast with host Garrison Keillor. WNYC, 820 AM.

The Written Word

Shawn Stewart Ruff—9/24 at 7:30: Contributors Max Gordon, Caroline McKinley, and Brook Stevens of *Go the Way Your Blood Beats* read with the editor Shawn Stewart Ruff. Barnes & Noble Astor Place, 4 Astor Pl. (420-1322); free.

Akosia Busia—9/24 at 7:30: Reads from *The Seasons of Beento Blackbird.* Barnes & Noble/West, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (595-6859); free.

Christopher John Farley—9/25 at 7:30: Reads from his debut novel, *My Favorite War.* Barnes & Noble Astor Place, 4 Astor Pl. (420-1322); free.

Readings at A Different Light—9/25 at 8: Patrick Moore reads from his new novel *Iowa.* 9/26 at 7: Terry Wolverton reads from her new novel *Bailey's Beads.* 9/27 at 7: Co-authors Chris Bull and John Gallagher read from their new book *Perfect Enemies: The Religious Right, the Gay Movement, and the Politics of the 1990's.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Laura Esquivel—9/26 at 7:30: Reading from *The Law of Love.* Barnes & Noble/Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0818); free.

An Evening With Marianne Williamson—9/26 at 7:30: The Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824); $19, $10.

***Voices in Italian Americana* Contributors**—9/26 at 8: With Rosette Capotorto, Vincent Zangrillo, Geraldine Salvatorelli, and Daniela Gioseffi. Barnes & Noble Astor Place, 4 Astor Pl. (420-1322); free.

Sabra Loomis and Richard Tillinghast—9/26 at 6: In conjunction with the "Gaelic Gotham" exhibit. Reservations required. Part of New York Is Book Country series. Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Avenue at 103rd St. (534-1672, ext. 206); free.

NYT Book Review 100th Anniversary Celebration—9/27 at 7:30: Barnes & Noble/Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0818); free.

Reeve Lindbergh—9/27 at 11: Reads from *Nobody Owns the Sky: The Story of "Brave Bessie" Coleman.* Part of New York Is Book Country series. Entrance also includes museum exhibit of women pilots. Intrepid Sea-Air-Space Museum, W. 46th St. and Twelfth Ave.; $10, $7.50 ages 12–17, $5 ages 6–11, $1 under 6.

Dead Poets Reading Series—9/28 at 7:30: The launching of the third year of this series features the poetry of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Stowell & Sons, 33-18 Broadway, Astoria (718-204-5775); free.

Nancy Ring—9/28 at 3: Painter, poet, and pastry chef Nancy Ring reads from her new book *Walking on Walnuts: My Grandmothers' Recipes for Rugelach, Romance, and Surviving in the Real World.* Lower East Side Tenement Museum, 66 Allen St. (431-0233); free.

Mysterious New York—9/28 at 2: Ed Koch reads from *Murder on Broadway;* Ed McBain reads from *Gladly, the Cross-Eyed Bear;* Maan Meyers reads from *The House on Mulberry Street,* and Sharon Zukowski reads from *Prelude to Death.* Part of New York Is Book Country series. Mid-Manhattan Library, 455 Fifth Ave., at 41st St. (340-0863); free.

Robert Pinsky—9/28 at 2: Poetry reading and discussion of Dante's *Inferno.* Part of New York Is Book Country series. 96th Street Regional Library, 112 E. 96th St. (289-0908); free.

Jimmy Breslin—9/28 at 3: Reads from *I'd Like to Thank My Brain for Remembering Me: A Memoir.* Part of New York Is Book Country series. Queens Borough Public Library, Central Library, 89-11 Merrick Blvd. (718-990-0700); free.

Literary Brunch—9/29 at noon: With Patricia Cornwall, Marilyn French, Michael Ondaatje, and Paul Theroux. Part of New York Is Book Country series. Co-sponsored by the New York *Times.* Reservations required. Plaza Hotel, Fifth Avenue at 59th St. (556-8806); $80.

Book-and-Author Breakfast for Children—9/29 at 9: With Floyd Cooper, Steven Kroll, and Lloyd Moss. Part of New York Is Book Country series. All ages. Sponsored by the Books for Kids Foundation. Reservations required. The Princeton Club, 15 W. 43rd St., second floor (439-7844); $30 adults, $20 children.

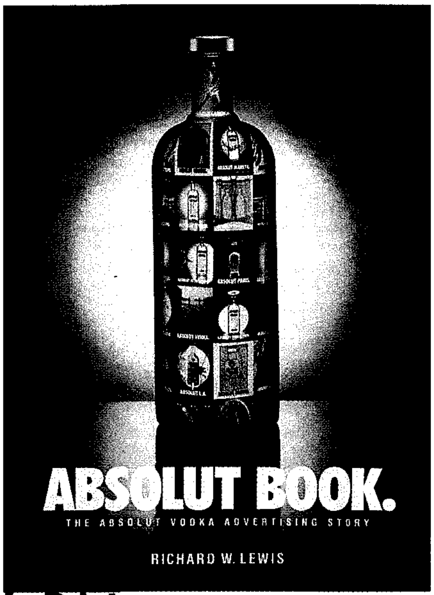
Literary Tea—9/29 at 4: With Bruce Jay Friedman, Jessica Hagedorn, Karen Hall, and Michael Lind. Part of New York Is Book Country series. Co-sponsored by the New York *Observer.* Reservations required. Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, Park Avenue at 50th St. (755-2400, ext. 294); $55.

Neil Simon—9/30 at 8: Simon reads from and discusses his new memoir *Rewrites.* Unterberg Poetry Center/92nd Street Y, 92nd St. and Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $12.

Night, Again: Contemporary Fiction From Vietnam—9/30 at 7: With Nguyen Huy Thiep, Do Kh, and Linh Dinh. The Learning Alliance, 324 Lafayette St. (226-7171); $7–$15.

Paul Theroux—10/1 at 7:30: Reading from *My Other Life.* Barnes & Noble/Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0818); free.

Readings at Rizzoli—10/1: Phil Borges will give a slide presentation on his new book *Tibetan Portraits: The Power of Compassion.* 10/2: Thulani Davis will read from her new novel *Maker of Saints.* 10/3: Junot Diaz will read from *Drown.* All readings at 6:30. Rizzoli Bookstore SoHo, 454 Broadway, bet. Prince and Houston Sts. (674-1616); free.



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Lectures and Panels

Jonathan D. Spence and Annping Chin—9/24 at 6:30: A photo-illustrated commentary of *The Chinese Century: A Photographic History of the Last Hundred Years.* Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-8181 ext. 145); $10.

Speaking of Women Series—9/26 at 4: The Bengali poetry and Politics of Taslima Nasrin: One woman's "Conspiracy Against Islam"? 101 Barnard Hall, Barnard College, 116th St. and Broadway (854-2037); free.

What Makes Brooklyn . . . Brooklyn?—9/27 at 1:15: A lunchtime lecture with Ellen M. Synder-Grenier. Part of New York Is Book Country series. Brooklyn Historical Society, 128 Pierrepont St. (at Clinton St.) (718-624-0890); $7 at the door, $5 nonmembers with reservation, $3 members, seniors, and students.

Art Buchwald—9/29 at 8: 92nd Street Y, 92nd St. and Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

Robert Bork—9/30 at 8:15: 92nd Street Y, 92nd St. and Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

Tours

Greenwich Village—9/27, 9/28, and 10/4 at 1: A walking tour of New York's legendary home to artists, writers, and radicals, with a special emphasis on the history and architecture of the area. Stops will include the Jefferson Market Courthouse, Washington Square Park's "Hanging Elm," and St. Luke-in-the-Fields Chapel. Meet at the Washington Square Arch, located in Washington Square Park. Call 439-1090 for further information; $9, $7 students and seniors.

Immigrant New York—9/25 and 10/2 at 1: A multiethnic walking tour through the Jewish East Side, Chinatown, Little Italy, and what used to be called Little Germany, Little Ireland, and Little Africa, to see the contributions made by immigrants of yesterday and today. Meet at the front steps of City Hall. Call Big Onion Walking Tours at 439-1090 for further information; $9, $7 students and seniors.

Eleanor Roosevelt—9/28 at 2: A guided tour of the "Becoming Eleanor Roosevelt" exhibit. New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); $5, $3 seniors and students.

A Writer's Walk Through Greenwich Village—W. H. Auden claimed he always left his St. Marks Place apartment with mugger's money. But most accounts of writers in New York are impenetrably romantic. People smoked too much and slept on fire escapes and rose to pound out 3,000 uncorrupted words for Freda Kirchwey or Philip Rahv or (later) Harold Hayes and then, after another round of drinks, put the finishing touches on their first novels. And nowhere figures more prominently in writers' whitewashed stories than Greenwich Village. On this Sidewalks of New York tour, you'll see not only the residences of poets, playwrights, novelists, and journalists but their gathering places and the sites made famous in their work as well. Meet at the Arch in Washington Square Park. The tour is $12; call 642-9166 for more information and a schedule of other tours.

"From Naples to Bialystock to Beijing": The Multi-Ethnic Eating Tour—9/28 at 1: A walking tour featuring the historic and gastronomic delights of the Jewish East Side, Chinatown, and Little Italy. Learn about this fascinating "land of the immigrants" while munching on everything from bialys to dim sum to fresh mozzarella. Meet at the southeast corner of Essex and Delancey Streets in front of the Olympic Diner. Call 439-1090 for further information; $12, $10 students and seniors (includes food stops).

Annual Post-Yom Kippur Jewish Ellis Island—9/29 at noon: A guided tour of the Ellis Island museum and grounds, including a talk on the history of American immigration with a special emphasis

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on Jewish immigrant experience. Call 439-1090 for meeting site and further information; $15, $13 students and seniors (includes boat ticket, movie, and tour).

Exhibitions

The World of Edward Gorey—9/27: An art-gallery exhibition in conjunction with New York Is Book Country series. Gotham Book Mart Gallery, 41 W. 47th St. (719-4448); free.

Events

Charity Gala and Auction—9/25 at 6: Sotheby's David Redden and author Calvin Trillin will help to auction off the "Fifty Fish" as part of Farrar, Straus and Giroux's fiftieth-anniversary celebration. Proceeds will be shared by two New York nonprofit organizations dedicated to encouraging the literary, performing, and fine arts. American Institute of Graphic Arts, 164 Fifth Ave. (206-5324); $30.

Time for Tea—9/26 from 3 to 5: As part of the opening festivities of Brodean's new store, Spode and Royal Worcester will host an "Afternoon Tea Tasting" including teas and sweets from England. Tickets for the tasting are complimentary but limited. For further information and ticketing call 877-4000. The Brodean Store, 338 Columbus Ave., at 76th St.

Small Press Book Fair—9/28, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., and 9/29, 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.: 250 exhibits. Small Press Center, 20 W. 44th St. (764-7021); free.

Fall Antiques Show—9/26–27, 11 A.M. to 9 P.M., 9/28, 11a.m. to 8 p.m.9/29, 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.: Features 70 distinguished dealers from seventeen states, exhibiting a complete range of American antiques, folk art, country furniture, quilts, photography, clocks, and more. Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 67th St. (472-1180); $10.

Online

Ismail Merchant—The producer half of the Merchant Ivory moviemaking team discusses his new film *Surviving Picasso* and his upcoming directorial release *The Proprietor*. On CompuServe in the Conference Center: 9/23 at 9 P.M.

Deidre Hall—The compassionate and loving Dr. Marlena Evans on NBC's *Days of Our Lives* chats with her fans. On Prodigy: 9/23 at 9 P.M.

Grant Show —A.k.a. Jake Hanson on the popular series *Melrose Place*, Show will be in the Fox suspense-drama *Pretty Poison*, a remake of the 1968 motion picture that starred Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld. Pump the dishy Show about the new season of *Melrose* on Prodigy: 9/23 at 10 P.M.

Vernon Reid—Reid was once the guitarist for the supergroup Living Colour and now has a successful solo career. He has a new album, *Mistaken Identity*, out now. On Prodigy in the SonicNet Music area: 9/24 at 7:30 P.M.

Warren Buffett Devotee—Vontobel US Value manager Ed Walezak dismisses traditional value measures as useless, noting that accounting changes have increased management's ability to manipulate a company's financial statements. Walezak's chat will cover a range of topics, including why traditional value measures don't work, key screens for value investors, areas offering the greatest value potential, and basic tenets for value investors. Find out what he considers a "good buy" on Prodigy in the Business & Finance area: 9/24 at 9 P.M.

Thomas Moore—The author of *Care of the Soul* and *Soul Mates*, who's been called "the Martha Stewart of the spirit," will discuss ways of creating harmony in everyday life through design, food, and ritual. On America Online in the Book Report area: 9/25 at 10 P.M.

Nancy Travis—Talk to the star of CBS's *Almost Perfect* on Prodigy: 9/25 at 10 P.M.

Martin Barre—As Jethro Tull's lead guitarist since 1968, Martin Barre has created some of rock's greatest riffs, including those in "Aqualung" and "Cross-Eyed Mary." Jethro Tull is now touring the U.S. with Emerson, Lake & Palmer. Talk to Barre about the tour on Prodigy: 9/25 at 9 P.M.

Lea Thompson—Best known for her role in the *Back to the Future* trilogy, Thompson is now flaunting her new fame as the star of the series *Caroline in the City*. Ask her about *Howard the Duck*. On Prodigy: 9/26 at 9 P.M.

Randy Travis—The country-music star chats with fans on America Online: 9/26 at 10 P.M.

Evander Holyfield—The former heavyweight boxing champ chats about his upcoming bout with Mike Tyson on November 9. In eleven years of professional boxing, "The Real Deal" has been involved in "The Fight of the Year" four times. On Prodigy: 9/26 at 10 P.M.

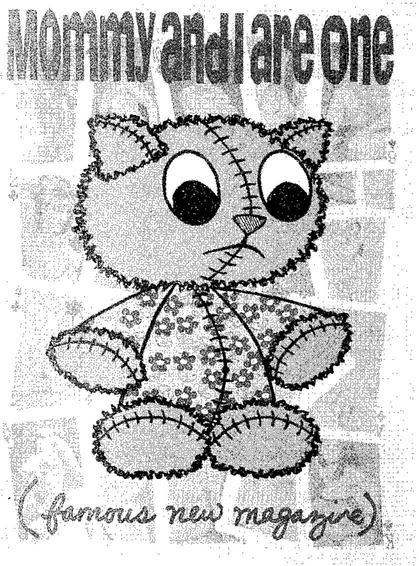
The Tekeze Expedition—Mungo Park: Microsoft's recently launched online adventure magazine features the first recorded descent of the Tekeze River. It is one of the last great unexplored regions of the world and has been closed for more than twenty years because of revolution. Chat with the Tekeze-expedition members live from Ethiopia: 9/28 at noon. [*http://mungopark.msn.com*]

Nickelodeon's Big Help-a-thon—This year, the event, which is designed to encourage kids to call in and pledge their time to volunteer, is going to feature live chat from its site at the Santa Monica Pier with celebrities including Rosie O'Donnell, Whoopi Goldberg, Jonathan Taylor Thomas, Shaquille O'Neal, LL Cool J, and Kerri Strug. Go to the Nickelodeon area on America Online: 9/29 from 3 to 7 P.M.

Kinky Friedman—The author previews and discusses his latest book, *Love Song of J. Edgar Hoover*. On CompuServe in the Conference Center: 9/30 at 10 P.M.

Jennifer Tilly—The star of the soon-to-be-released movie *Bound* tries to make herself understood. On America Online: 9/30 at 10 P.M.

Conferences last about an hour. Send suggestions to runnette@dti.net.



On View

Multimedia Angst

You'll come down with severe virtual acne plowing through a whole slew of youth-culture zines, Websites, radio programs, and video projects on display at the New Museum of Contemporary Art's alt.youth.media exhibition. 583 Broadway, at Houston Street (219-1222).

kids

Cha-Cha-Cha...Stand-up...Dash

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Children's Events

Broadway Belittled—Rearrange New York City's landmarks and crawl through its underground tunnels in *Just Off Broadway,* opening this week (9/27) at the **Children's Museum of Manhattan.** Break-dance with "Unique Impressions," 9/28 at 1 and 3; listen to real stories about life in this city, 9/29 at 1:30 and 3; play street games, join in CMOM-TV's on air New York City quiz show, and join in an end-of-day *Chorus Line* singalong. 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1223); $4, $2.50 seniors.

Race to Deliver—Kids can run for a good cause, too. The third-annual four-mile run—to benefit God's Love We Deliver—takes place 9/29. The adult race is at 11 A.M. (check-in is from 8:45 to 10:45); kids races, hosted by Christie Brinkley, are organized by age group, with 2-year-olds making a 50-yard dash, and 7- and 8-year-olds competing in a 300- yard run. Children's races begin at 9:30 (check-in is from 8:45 to 9:15). All young runners win a T-shirt and a ribbon. Races begin in Central Park at 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. Registration forms can be picked up at the New York Road Runners Club or by calling 888-235-7223. $4 for kids, $20 for adults, with larger donations welcome. Runners are encouraged to raise additional contributions by getting sponsors. Registration required.●

Musical Notes—Bang the lion, Bow the Panda, Buzz the Bee, and Toot the bird represent sections of the orchestra in **Little Orchestra Society's** concerts for preschool kids. The Peabody Award–winning New York institution kicks off a new season with "A Musical Toystore," for ages 3 to 5. 9/28 at 10:30 and noon, and 9/29 at 12:30 and 2 at the French Institute's Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (704-2100); $32.

Qué Divertido—Learn the merengue, the mambo, the salsa, the tango, and the cha-cha-cha in "La Fiesta de Los Latinos Unidos," a celebration of Spanish culture. Admission to the newly spruced-up **Staten Island Children's Museum** is free all day 9/29. Hours are noon to 5. 1000 Richmond Terr., Staten Island (718-273-2060).

Science Fair—"Body-on" exhibits reveal the inner workings of the automobile at **Liberty Science Center's** "Square Wheels: Driving Science Home," starting Sept. 28. LSC is open Tues. through Sun. 9:30 to 5:30. Exit 14B off the New Jersey Turnpike. Or take the PATH train to Grove St. station, where a free shuttle bus picks up passengers every half-hour. A ferry service run by New York Waterway goes from the foot of the World Financial Center to Colgate Center in Jersey City, where the same shuttle bus picks up passengers for the museum. For further information on the ferry service, call 1-800-533-3779. For museum and other transportation information, call 201-200-1000. Admission is $9.50, $8.50 students, $6.50 children.

Rooting Around—Free folk-music workshops, part of Long Island University's **Tilles FolkFest '96,** include Gospel Harmony Singing (at noon), Elegant Round Singing (at 11), Songs of Woody Guthrie and Leadbelly (also at 11), and Harmony Singing (at 1). Among the family tree of heavy hitters performing in concert are Oscar Brand and his son Jordan, and Jean Ritchie and her sons the Slomovits Brothers. 9/28, from 2 to 4. Call 516-299-3100 for information on other daytime and evening concerts. Tilles Center for the Performing Arts, C. W. Post Campus of Long Island University, on Route 25. For directions and information, call 516-299-3100; $15 adults, $7.50 children.●

Earlier Era—The annual Harvest Fair at the **Lefferts Homestead Children's Museum**—a former Dutch farmhouse conveniently located right near Prospect Park's 84-year-old carousel—is a convivial affair. The tiny museum comes alive with butter churning, gourd instrument construction, flax-to-linen demonstrations, and cornhusk-doll-making. 9/29 from 1 to 4. Near the Willilink entrance to Prospect Park, at Flatbush Ave. and Empire Blvd. (718-965-6505). ●

Horse Sense—Zingaro, France's exotic equestrian theater—which draws inspiration from nomadic Indian cultures of 1,500 years ago—performs *Chimère* under a bigtop at Battery Park City. The performance marks the beginning of the **Brooklyn Academy of Music's** Next Wave Festival. The Musicians of Rajasthan, an ensemble of Indian musicians and storytellers, join the equestrian troupe and 26 horses. Performances are at 8 P.M. on the following dates: 9/26–9/28, 9/30, 10/2, 10/4–10/5, 10/7–10/9, 10/11–10/13, 10/15 and 10/16, 10/18–10/20, 10/22 and 10/23, 10/25–10/27. For information, call 718-636-4100; for tickets, call 307-4100. Ticket prices prior to 10/15 are $60, for subsequent dates $75.

Calling All Funny Kids—Kids ages 8 to 16 who can make the rest of us laugh are invited to do a three-to-five-minute comedy routine. Lest everyone be a laugh-maker, leaving no one left to roll in the aisles, funny kids need to bring along four (paying) audience members. 9/28 at 1. **The Knitting Factory,** 74 Leonard St. (877-6115). Preregistration is required. Tickets to be in the audience are $9.●

Harbor Side—Plenty of kid- and adult-size life preservers will be loaned out as the public is invited onboard historic lightships, emergency oil-spill-response boats, Coast Guard vessels, and fireboats. Even landlubbers can glory in a three-color fireboat display, hourly whistle blowing, knot-tying lessons, barbecue food, and a folk trio called Stout belting out a repertoire of sea shanties and popular songs of the nineteenth century. 9/28 (9/29 if it rains), from noon to five. Pier 62 (part of the Chelsea Piers complex), at 23rd St. and the Hudson River (533-7275). ●

Data
Born Free, Again and Again

Critics, ours included, are wild about *Fly Away Home,* but can audiences be tamed into lining up for another retread of that darn eco-plot? You know, kid adopts orphaned animal (or a flock of critters), then conspires to keep exploiters/hunters at bay long enough to return creature(s) to natural habitat. But not before the all-important (sound the violins) tough-love good-bye scene. All of which posits the Darwinian question: Just how many nurturing-nature kid flicks can survive in the cineplex jungle?

MOVIE (RELEASED)	STARRED	ANIMALS	THE *REAL* BEASTS
Fly Away Home (Fall '96)	Anna Paquin, Jeff Daniels	a flock of geese	officious wildlife officer
Flipper (Spring '96)	Elijah Wood, Paul Hogan	a sly dolphin	gunslinging Caribbean fishermen
The Amazing Panda Adventure (Summer '95)	Ryan Slater	a baby panda	Chinese poachers
Andre (Summer '94)	Tina Majorino	a seal pup	trigger-happy fishermen in Maine harbor
Free Willy (Summer '93)	Jason James Richter	an orca whale	adventure-park hucksters

Cue

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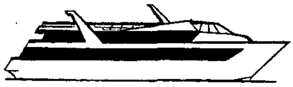

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Dreaming Of You—Wealthy, 37, 5'10", *slender, generous, sensitive and romantic* man - interested in art, theater, sports and travel - seeking a 27-36, 5'3"-5'9", very pretty woman for long-term relationship. Photo a must. 2638 ✉

Romantic, Beautiful Woman—41, seeks nice guy for love, marriage, family. Photo helpful. 2641 ✉

Lonely On The Top Floor—Intelligent, caring, very handsome, witty, well-off Jewish male, 34, with many interests and a great view, seeks a slim, beautiful (inside/out) woman, 24-32, who turns heads, is sensitive, intelligent, affectionate, honest and secure. Hey, you never know. Note/recent photo essential for reply. 2678 ✉ ☎

White Jewish Male—Late 50s, 5'10", born and raised in France - came to US early '60s, world traveled. Enjoys arts, music, romantic dinners and quiet times. Looking for gentle and beautiful lady, mid 40s-55, to share same interests and lasting *relationship. Note/photo a must.* 2687 ✉ ☎

Japanese—Silky long-haired, model looks/smile, 5'4", charming entrepreneur (not yet married), 45 (looks 32!), seeks handsome Wall Street MBA, JFK, Jr. type, 32-46, financially secure. We both enjoy cooking in Paris, piano at home, city life style, for marriage. Photo. 2585 ✉

For The Special Man—I am a very high-caliber, classy woman. Very hard to meet someone on my level, whom I can like - so here I am! Early 40s, tall, silky skin, with a sensuous body (I even look good in a string bikini) - a very sophisticated, beautiful model appearance. Well-dressed, well-traveled, very, very secure financially. Adventurous and exciting person with lots of interests: music, books, flying, golf, sports cars (Ferrari, Porsche to Hyundai). I am looking for someone who is a really nice guy and very successful. If you are tall and good-looking, even better. Photo please. 2590 ✉

Jewish Man Seeks Asian Woman—36, successful, bright, funny, unpretentious... seeks intelligent Asian woman for serious relationship. 2666 ✉

Inventor/Successful Businessman—Tall, attractive, athletic, world traveled, multilingual, fun-loving, 60, seeks meaningful relationship with elite, vivacious lady who is refined, well-spoken, casually chic, cultured, sportive, good-humored, with flexible schedule, in early 40s, who wants to love again. Photo. 2658 ✉

Extremely Handsome, Successful CEO—Who travels globally and is in New York *frequently, seeking an exceptionally beautiful,* single white woman under 34, who is very intelligent, thoughtful, selective, passionate, athletic, slender and definitely has a great figure. I am a single white man, 30s, tall, in great shape, ex-athlete, never married, very selective, nonsmoking, and a gentleman who enjoys the finer things in life yet is down-to-earth. I am a man who is dynamic, assertive, caring, and always live life to its fullest. Flying, tennis, boating and scuba are tops on my free-time list. Let's meet. Photo/description is a must. Will exchange. 2691 ✉

Classy Corporate President—Communicative, sensuous guy, boyishly handsome, kind, 5'10", muscular, 41, funny. Dreams of sincere, brainy lady under 36, for hugs, laughs. Phone/photo necessary. 2680 ✉

Man, 54, Of Wit And Charm—Seeks woman, 25-45, trim, successful. Hear message. Send note/photo. 2647 ✉ ☎

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Attractive, Slim, Upstate Wasp—Gregarious, financially secure, Saratoga Springs mother of 12-year-old girl, seeks intellectual, spiritual, creative arts lover for committed, long-term relationship. Broad range of interests (hiking boots to black tie) looks for its complement in adventurous gentleman, 40-55, who knows and likes himself well. Thoughtful, honest letter counts for a lot. 2686 ✉

Academic—Truly beautiful. Loves books, comedy, people, music, cuddling. Seeks loving, fit man, 45-53, with scholarly mind, poetic soul, passionate heart, boyish grin. Photo/note. 2623 ✉ ☎

Handsome Native NY Male—46, tall, fit, playful, real, warm and loving, with heart of gold - not impressed with corporate titles, fancy degrees or designer names. Seeks sincere, romantic, shapely, sexy partner in crime, to share fun times, travel, cuddling and life's adventures. Nonsmoker. Photo, please. 2665 ✉

Hugs Teddy!—Pretty, slim, cute Jewish gal, 53, seeks teddy substitute. Warm, easy to be with, vivacious, real. 2626 ✉ ☎

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Stout, Robust, Single—White Jewish male, 5'6", 36, interested in bridge, golf and theater - seeks accomplished Jewish woman, 27-36, who is sensitive, open to new ideas and experiences, to share an impassioned life with me. 2617 ✉

Handsome Italian Male—40, Catholic, professional, seeks nice, attractive woman for sincere commitment. Enjoys travel, scuba diving and dining. 2599 ✉

Endearing, Handsome, Athletic—32, 6'5", seeks open-minded, intelligent, nonsmoking female, 24-30, for more than friendship. Phone/photo. 2656 ✉

Recently Widowed—Financially secure male with homes in NY and FL, looking for a 55-plus female to share my life with. Manhattan only. 2627 ✉

A Good-Looking Professional—Jewish, 31, with a little bit of spice, seeks an attractive, upbeat lady. Photo. 2594 ✉

Successful, Handsome DMD—Young 45, sophisticated, educated, athletic, emotionally and financially secure, seeks warm, sensitive, passionate woman, 30-40, slim, nonsmoker, family values, for long-term relationship. 2597 ✉ ☎

Classic Wasp, Auburn Beauty—Stylish Manhattanite, 5'9", size 6, young 40s, traditional values, inner beauty, warm and vulnerable, affluent enjoys travel, culture/charity events, dynamic people, and fine dining, seeks Manhattan/CT gentleman, similarly caring, giving and selective who appreciates a refined woman and gracious life. 55-75, 6' plus, honorable, confident, intelligent, successful, affluent, and sophisticated. International flair a plus. - Recently divorced or widowed. 2690 ✉ ☎

Got The Need For Speed?—Then you're a beautiful woman with a weakness for race cars and (I hope!) the men who drive them. Hey, here's one now! 47, well-built, creative, quick-witted and living in CT. You're 25-40, athletic, funny, and eager for the fast company of a regular guy with a premium outlook. Photo/note, please. 2643 ✉

Outdoorsy Man—50, writer and wilderness guide, tall and thin, grey-bearded, nice-looking, warm, eco-concerned. Seeks attractive, self-aware, loving, spiritual woman who's passionate about nature, for lasting relationship. Photo, please. 2648 ✉

Can't Wait For Snow? Me Either!—Cute, petite, soft brown curly Jewish woman seeks skiing buddy - if you are happy, healthy, sexy, (somewhat) sane, between 30 and 50, and will cherish a special woman in your life - right now, before it starts snowing! Love of pets, gourmet food and Pinot Noir a plus. Note/phone/photo. 2663 ✉ ☎

Italian Businessman—44, 5'11", good-looking, very passive, seeks a take-charge lady to wine and dine. Will pamper you forever. POB 126, NY, NY 10018

Attorney/Professor—Late 30s, 5'8" attractive, secure, sincere, Italian, varied interests. Seeking intelligent, pretty, single white female, 26-36. Photo. 2615 ✉ ☎

Let's Talk—White Christian male, 44, 5'7", 175 - likes movies, dancing, dinner, walks...easygoing, down-to-earth. Seeks single white female, 30-45, with similar interests. Note/photo appreciated. 2688 ✉

Attractive, Bright, Liberal, Lively—Woman, 52, seeking a man about my age, who's bright and has a sense of humor about the whole thing. 2603 ✉

What If...—A strikingly beautiful, tall, smart, athletic, youthful 40, world-traveling woman with a successful private practice met you? A healthy, nonsmoking, adventurous, handsome, emotionally and financially fit man! Photo please. 2526 ✉

Lovable Lawyer—Single Jewish male, mid 30s, attractive, athletic, vibrant, successful and professional yet warm and endearing, seeks adorable woman, 24-32, with complementary qualities. Note/photo. 2659 ✉

Attractive, Eligible Bachelor—31, financially self-sufficient, graduate education. Physically: 5'10", 165 lbs, blond. I never married - seeking same for permanent relationship. If weeknights in NYC and weekends antique-shopping upstate sound good to you, we may have something in common. I would like to meet a woman who is fit and fun. 2609 ✉ ☎

Blond, Bold And Beautiful—Classy, shapely, Jewish professional lady with an active life style, seeks to share laughter and love with a "type A", emotionally literate man. I'm 40, feisty and fabulous, seeking to celebrate life with a dynamic, athletic, accomplished and evolved man who will creatively pursue me with passion, romance, adventure, intimate conversation and fun. You are financially secure and serious-minded. Are you ready, willing and able? Nonsmoker. 2591 ✉ ☎

Voluptuous Beauty—Blond-haired, blue-eyed, vivacious professional woman, Jewish (you don't have to be), 35 - loves movies, theater, live music, travel, working out. Seeks warmhearted, intelligent man with great sense of humor, for lasting relationship. Photo/note. 2675 ✉ ☎

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Always end the date first.

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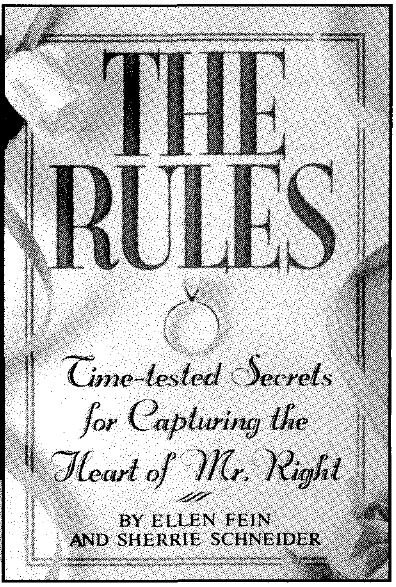

Incredible Husband:—Self-made millionaire, totally down-to-earth, unpretentious, Jewish, intelligent, charming, humorous, emotional, fit, 5'8", divorced, no children yet. Serious about remarrying, family and sharing success with the right woman. For starters, she must be: Jewish, 30-37, no children, nonsmoker, petite, very thin, very adorable, very smart, very successful, very funny and very dynamic. Convince me that you might be this very special woman, and I'll phone and try to convince you that I'm worthy of such a woman. Photo please. 2660 ✉

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Head-Turning Model—25 years, 5'8", dark hair, big green eyes, legs, legs, legs... I am sweet, intelligent and adventurous. Seek knight in shining armor. 2613 ✉

Handsome Country Gentleman—54, athletic, nonsmoker, 5'11 1/2", 200, kind, sensitive, traditional values, financially and emotionally secure, in northwest CT, accomplished business owner - has everything but the right woman with whom to share it all. In search of bright, beautiful, elegant woman with varied interests in the outdoors and cultural activities, who will enjoy sharing all of the great things life has to offer in my area, yours, and the world. Note/photo/phone. 2672 ✉

Vanishing Species—40, attractive, educated, successful part-time father. Seeks warm, feminine and attractive lover and friend, 28-38. Note/photo. 2622 ✉

Beautiful 31-Year-Old—Very slender, Jewish, 5'7" brunette - successful, articulate, vivacious, with great sense of humor, from well-respected, upscale LI family. Seeks tall, handsome, fit, Jewish, never-married 32-40-year-old, successful and financially secure (MD/JD/CEO), with good character, old-fashioned gentlemanly values, sense of humor, upbeat and refined. Photo/phone a must. 2595 ✉

Restless Young Widow In CT—Beautiful, vivacious, fun-loving attorney, 42, 5'5", two children, seeks kind, honest, attractive professional man for love and laughter. Photo. 2600 ✉

Very Pretty, Lively, Kind—Intelligent Jewish woman, 37, JD, very fit, athletic. Loves music, singing, culture, nature, laughter, languages, beginner golfer. Seeks established, warm, handsome, fit, spiritual man who also wants commitment and children, 32-47. Photo/note. 2671 ✉

Warm, Active—40s, cafe-au-lait beauty, into arts, music, travel, nature and passion, seeks professional, nonsmoking gent, with humor, for romance and more. Photo/phone. 2677 ✉ ☎

Seeking The Sun—NYC novelist, PhD, 60, secure, handsome, athletic, 5'9", desires literate, truly pretty woman, 40-50, for wit, bright skies. Note/photo. 2642 ✉

Happily Ever After—Sought by attractive, 40s, 6' male attorney looking for my last great love. We both want commitment, marriage and children. Note/photo/phone. 2612 ✉

Schumann, Kandinsky, Proust—Sun, moon and stars. Athletic, tall MD, 40, seeks a slender, playful woman. Photo. 2644 ✉

Handsome, Fit Exec—Well-educated, Jewish, 38, fun-loving, seeking smart, professional female counterpart. 2637 ✉

Slim Woman—37, born in Moscow, Jewish, seeks an older friend. 2624 ✉

Long-Legged Beauty—38, slim and fit, very attractive, warm Jewish professional who enjoys life (anything from tennis to theater, beach to bistro), seeks sincere, successful Jewish male, 6' or taller, professional, 37-48, with sense of humor, emotionally secure, for long-lasting relationship. Photo/note. 2681 ✉

High-Energy, Well-Built, Athletic—Down-to-earth, good-looking, Jewish professional male, 36, 5'10", not afraid of commitment, fun-loving - enjoys sports, outdoors and old-fashioned romance. Seeks slim, athletic, attractive, Jewish professional female, 27-32, nonsmoking, with similar interests. Note/photo. 2616 ✉ ☎

Older Than Bill, Younger Than Bob—Closer to Ross (in age, not politics). But unlike them, eligible and Jewish. This good-natured, cultured, fit professional man seeks a nice woman. 2619 ✉

Beautiful, Intelligent Russian Blond—Seeks sophisticated man, 39-50, for committed relationship. Photo. 2652 ✉

Cute, Romantic Man—With a great sense of humor, seeks sweet cutie-pie who loves to laugh and have fun - to be best friends and fall head-over-heels in love with. I'm 40, 6', 175, athletic body, healthy life style, affectionate - love beach, outdoors, sports, laughing, smiling and more. Please, photo a must for reply. 2655 ✉

Hello, I've Been Looking For You—This 36-year-old, 5'10 1/2", well-built, virtuous, sensitive professional who wants to make the world a better place, has finally, I hope, found his mate. 2633 ✉

Tall, Intelligent, Handsome, Sincere—Wall Street professional, divorced, 6'1", slender, very fit, 50s, Christian background - loves skiing, sailing, fly-fishing, hiking, ballet, theater, art exhibitions, traveling - romantic, loving, commitment-minded, nonsmoker. Seeks a very attractive, slender, warm, loving woman, 33-47 - athletic, adventurous, intellectual, classy, interested in a committed relationship. A note with photo and phone appreciated. 2689 ✉

Artist With Wit—Tired of romances with heroin and cocaine users as well as topless dancers - seeks the ultimate mother: slim, young, beautiful serial killer, for the final dream. Send photo and phone and number of kills for prompt reply. If you're not a pro, let this personal go. 2608 ✉

Single Jewish Male—41, business owner, no dependents, seeks kind, fun, romantic, full-figured Jewish female, 25-35, to fall in love with. 2651 ✉ ☎

You: Jewish (Nonreligious)—Professional male, 48 plus. Me: upbeat, caring professional female. 2654 ✉

Tall, Athletic, Successful—Handsome, Jewish Wall Street trader, 34, seeks slim, petite, 5'2"-5'7", nonsmoking, intelligent, affectionate Manhattan female, 24-32, for tender, loving, caring relationship. Photo please. 2604 ✉

773 LSATs—Smart, easygoing lawyer, 37, humorous, good-looking and fit, seeks woman of depth, strong on the inside, sweet on the outside. 2593 ✉

Happy New Year—In-between Laurens - Hutton and Bacall. Seeks Gene Hackman. We are smart, secure, sexy. 2602 ✉

My Time, My Love—Handsome professional, Jewish, 31, male, seeks woman - marriage-minded. POB 197, NYC 10156

Handsome, Unpretentious—6', gentleman, dentist, 40. Seeks pretty, kind, intelligent lady. Photo/bio. 2628 ✉

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Female Radio Producer—Seeks sexy male voice, 40-53, with attractive physical presence attached. I'm early 40s, I look late 30s (believe me there's a huge difference). I'm also very pretty, sexy and in good shape (I'll be happy to send you a photo when you send me one.) So, if you're nice, witty and ready for a real relationship, go for it! I don't bite (other than in a meaningful, loving way). 2684 ✉

Handsome Green-Eyed Blond—42, Protestant, athletic, professional, seeks committed relationship/family with woman of substance. Note/photo/phone. 2634 ✉

Handsome, Trim Exec—Secure, kind, with style - seeks educated, slender, classy lady around 50. Note/photo. 2657 ✉

Amusing, Intriguing—32, tall, thin Jewish woman seeks man, 27-40, self-confident, responsible (but still fun), for lifetime of joy. 2661 ✉

Good-Looking, Funny, Friendly—Warm, well-built, unpretentious, successful male, 39, seeks same qualities in female partner, 28-34. Photo/note. 2682 ✉ ☎

Constructive Professional Male—30s, Catholic, intelligent, active and fit, seeks attractive, trim, health-conscious lady with character, under 35. Photo/note. 2673 ✉

Casting Call:—33-44-year-old, single, white, Jewish, nonsmoking male (over 5'9") co-star wanted for new production. Story-line involves a growing relationship between a 36-year-old and her leading man, who has star qualities: a sense of humor, intelligence and love of sports. Qualities like open-mindedness, generosity of spirit and respect are required. Female star is an attractive, fit professional, who is down-to-earth, genuine and caring. The self-centered and unadventurous need not audition. Note and phone required/glossy voluntary. 2667 ✉

Romance And Companionship—Is what I seek. Single white male, 32, professional, seeks female for the above. Note/photo. 2427 ✉

Gentle, Intelligent Male—Seeks an intelligent woman for a relationship based on equality, intimacy and sharing. I'm 40, 5'8", 140, brown hair, green eyes, engineering supervisor with major (914) company. I enjoy hiking, NYC culture, exercise. Nonreligious Christian, but open. Please be reasonably slim and nonsmoking. 2629 ✉

Oops!—Attractive, confident, charming and witty female (Jewish - nonreligious, white). Just turned 30, successful career and great friends - I forgot to find my number one. Looking for like male who appreciates five-stars and dives, beaches and mountains, partying and couches! Send photo/note. 2598 ✉

Pretty, Ivy League-Educated—5'5", 108 lbs, athletic, single, white Jewish female, 37, nonsmoker - likes golf, tennis, travel and classical music. Seeking successful, athletic, caring, good-looking mensch under 45, who's interested in marriage and children, for a life filled with love, laughter and happily ever after. Photo, please. 2635 ✉ ☎

Nice, Handsome Firefighter—With a heart of gold, 6', 39, single, white Catholic male, 190 lbs, athletic, loves the outdoors. Seeks very attractive, intelligent, classy lady to share what life has to offer. Please send note/photo. Thank you. 2605 ✉

Gay Female—Late 20s, tall, thin, nice-looking professional - seeks financially secure, attractive, 25-40 and feminine, please. Letter/photo. 2679 ✉

Will We Ever Meet?—I'm an active, handsome, tall, slender, professional NJ widower, 67 (did I leave anything out?), seeking that beautiful, slender woman, 57-62. I love doing it all: opera, ballet and travel included. We're both kind, honest and loving, who deserve happiness now. Photo/note/phone, please. 2636 ✉

TV Journalist—45, sensitive, sexy, successful man. Open heart, open mind, open arms. Step toward me. Photo. 2601 ✉

Ballet-Trained Financial Executive—Petite Jewish female, sprightly 43, long dark hair, wide vocabulary, broad interests and a big heart - seeks kind, gentle man for all seasons. Note/photo please. 2645 ✉

Special 48-55 Lady Wanted—Pretty, bright and chic, for a fit, upbeat, fun-loving, youthful 59 gentleman. 2639 ✉

Beautiful Blond/Blue—29, 5'7", slender, athletic, professional Jewish female seeks honest, sincere, unpretentious, adventurous, kind, funny professional man, 29-36, 5'11" plus, for friendship/relationship. Nonsmoker. Photo/letter. 2649 ✉

Blond, Very Attractive—Jewish woman, seeks successful man, 41-50, who is into the arts, reading and romance. 2607 ✉ ☎

Closet Knight Alert!—Dazzling princess broadcasts a challenge to any tall, mid-late 50s, cerebral, whole man, able to figure out how to get his horse up to my 14th floor apartment. 2620 ✉

I Cannot Believe—I can't find a girlfriend. I'm 28, 5'11", 175 lbs, Jewish, extremely good-looking, great body, outgoing, confident and successful. Am I too picky, or just unlucky? If you are a female, 22-29, who feels the same about herself, please send a note and photo. 2618 ✉

Gay White Male—30, preppy, "hunk with brains", seeks similar, fun, fit, adventurous male under 45. Photo, please. 2653 ✉

Handsome, Sophisticated—Blue-eyed, Italian, black-tie opera lover, slim and trim, seeking female counterpart to dance the night away. Please be between 35 and 45. Write and send your photo. 2640 ✉

Attractive Asian DDS—Desires an unencumbered male under 50 (must be responsible, honest, stable, great dexterity) for a monogamous relationship. Me: 35, financially secure, sincere, enjoy travel, shore and movies. Let's share a lasting relationship. Photo/note, please. 2692 ✉ ☎

Very Pretty—Single Jewish female, blond/green, 36, intelligent, fit, intimate, looking for handsome, financially secure, athletic, easygoing, humorous partner, for love, fun and family. 2674 ✉

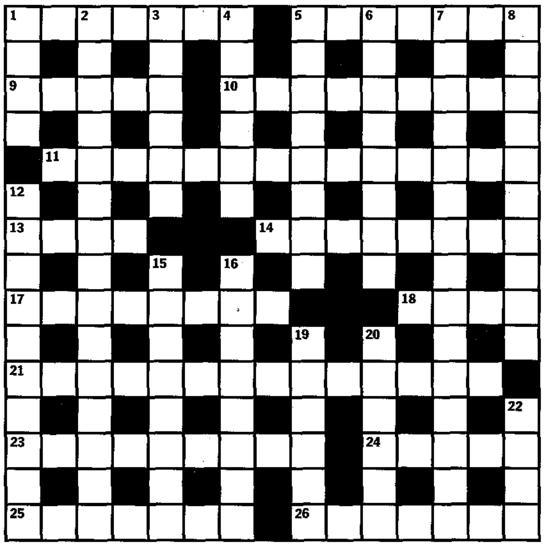
New To The Ad Scene—Jewish male, 40, professional, extremely athletic, good-looking - searching for Jewish female, to mid 30s, with sweet temperament, who is pretty and who loves to laugh. 2625 ✉ ☎

Recently Separated, Good-Looking—(Everyone tells me) male, 34, 5'9", 155 lbs, Westchester, searching for an attractive, slim female, 27-40, to enjoy life together. I like to ski, dine, movies, theater and vacation. Divorced with kids okay. Photo/note. 2632 ✉

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Riding a donkey is Aristotle. (7)
5 Mum's getting old, result of successful action. (7)
9 Universal whip-round for children's complaint. (5)
10 Abduction of the very attractive? (9)
11 Lowland lord and English rose embracing—not for long. (5,9)
13 Bad word for coat-hanger. (4)
14 Marks re-taken from magistrate when upset. (8)
17 "Do you come here often?" (8)
18 A lot of sleuths are bitter. (4)
21 Non-believer, but in God, possibly, and a tank engine. (8,6)
23 Dark deed, throwing out a king. (5-4)
24 Allowed a joint for a pound. (5)
25 Art making money? This is serious. (7)
26 Article on play first to last makes 20 fast. (7)



DOWN

1,2 Then I'll get the girl, Greta Garbo—louche end, sadly. (4,6,3,6)
3 S-superior repast. (6)
4 Fringe county? (6)
5 Appeal to electors around the City for birds' home. (8)
6 Communication about turn in house and grounds. (8)
7 Tried successfully to stay improper payment in trade union. (6,2,7)
8 Fond old man starts dying under lake in South of France. (5-5)
12 Told secret of trick? (10)
15 Aid for foreign film: that's what's cunning about it. (8)
16 Batsman's 11 with bowler? (2-3-3)
19 Fireman responsible for Dracula. (6)
20 Believer in sole revelation among thousands. (6)
22 A single night's depression. (4)

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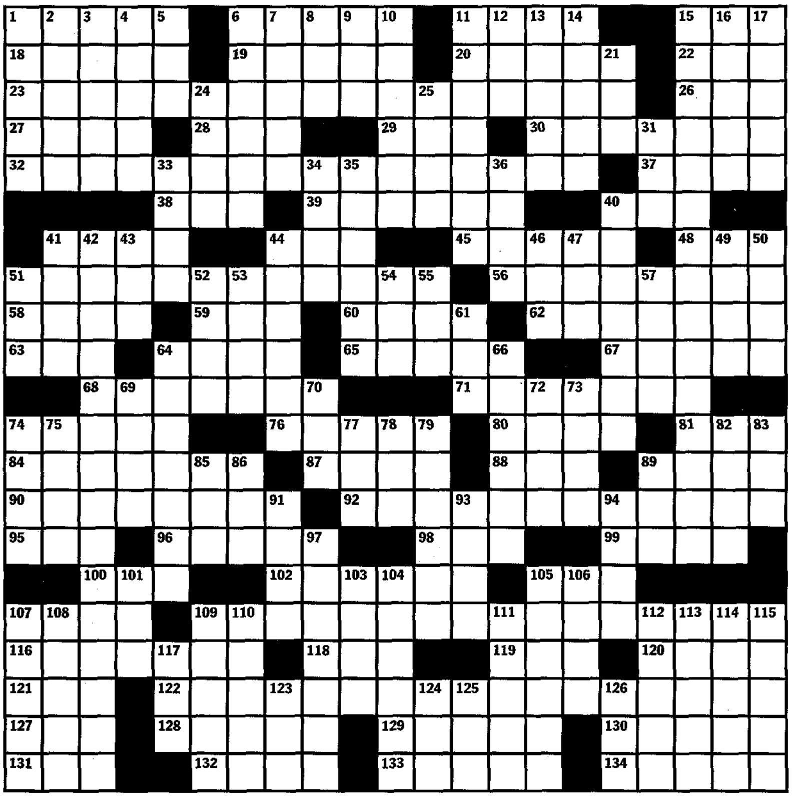
'The Gods Go Hollywood': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Ranch in "Giant"
6 Three-tone chord
11 Batter's stop-off
15 Glass receptacle
18 Cake decorators
19 "Count" of jazz
20 Unassembled
22 E.T. carrier
23 1972 disaster film, with "The"
26 Lindstrom or Zadora
27 North Carolina college
28 The write stuff
29 G.I. wear
30 Verify a reservation
32 1949 Esther Williams film
37 Salt Lake City team
38 Carries in stock
39 Hold in high regard
40 "A Chorus Line" song
41 Bullets, familarly
44 Aloha garland
45 Tension-relieving device
48 Baseball stat.
51 1951 sci-fi film
56 Sculptor Louise
58 Beggar's garb
59 After boo or yoo
60 Philippine palm
62 Oriental temples
63 Shade of blond
64 Seal the seams
65 Oodles
67 Alfonse D'——
68 What Thor was god of
71 Disdainful one
74 19th president
76 Coup ——
80 Mixed bag
81 Ship's record
84 Was in store for
87 Colleague of Brahms and Beethoven
88 Treat leather
89 —— colada
90 Chides
92 1991 Glenn Close film
95 Somewhat: suffix
96 Jeans fabric
98 Bleating sound
99 Future chickens
100 Judge Bean
102 Lime cocktail
105 Longest Swiss river
107 Roman god of love
109 1962 French film
116 Camper's mattress
118 "Ich bin —— Berliner": J.F.K.
119 Morsel for Dobbin
120 White House office
121 Jackie's second
122 1930 Hitchcock film
127 Took the hook
128 Chicago tower
129 Praying figure
130 Loose rock debris
131 Slaked the appetite
132 I.O.U., e.g.
133 Essentials
134 Starring roles

DOWN

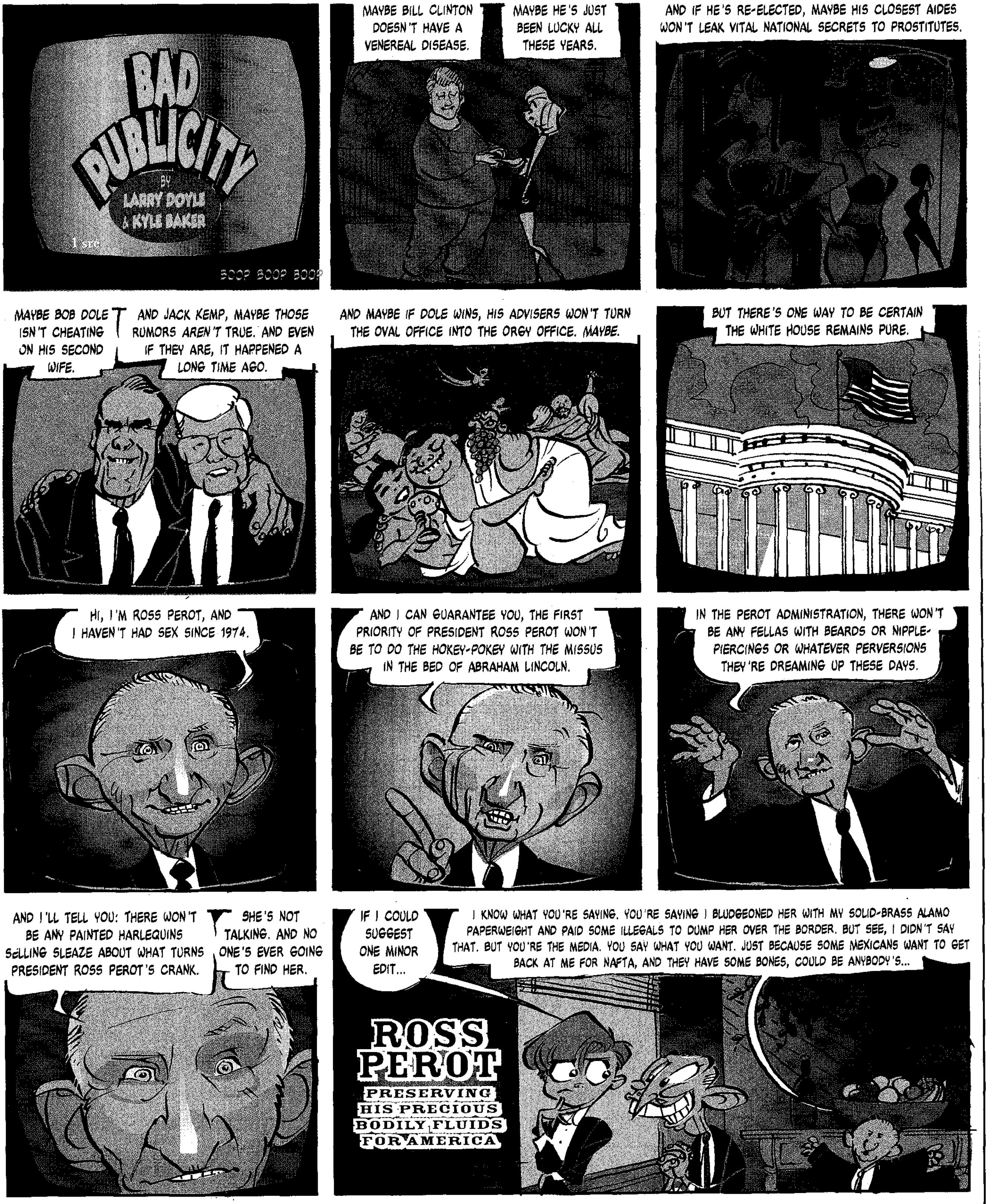
1 Come to fruition
2 Élève's school
3 Famed fabulist
4 Council city of 1545
5 "Do —— say . . ."
6 Certain steaks
7 Standings
8 Between Stein's roses
9 Paramedic's purpose
10 Pious
11 Folklore wailer
12 Likely
13 Spaghetti topping
14 Partner of trial
15 1955 musical film
16 Blazing
17 Meanders
21 Yardage for a first down
24 One of the Merrills
25 Competitive advantage
31 Good time
33 "Here comes trouble!"
34 Adjudge
35 More than half the world's people
36 Fed. agent
40 Spice-shelf item
41 Cry of woe
42 1995 Woody Allen film
43 Classic sports cars
44 Peeked
46 Virgo-Libra mo.
47 Memorable Gabor
49 Dinghy
50 —— many words
51 Monk's title
52 Word in a comparison
53 Spilled the beans
54 Rock musician Ocasek
55 Restorative resort
57 Capital of Togo
61 Classifieds
64 Guardianship
66 Nova ——
69 Crown prince
70 Confederate Johnny
72 "Good Earth" heroine
73 Saturn feature
74 WW I spy
75 Bedazzles
77 Highlands hat
78 Tennis feat
79 Site of Tut's tomb
82 Burden
83 Stove fuel
85 Morn's opposite
86 Hideout of thieves
89 Short dowel
91 Billboard
93 Informal goodbye
94 Mucho
97 Lebanon's locale
101 Bobby of hockey
103 Common street name
104 Richard's predecessor
105 Modifies to suit
106 Minutes of a meeting
107 Addis ——
108 Boy Scout badge
109 Slipped off course
110 Arm bones
111 Without limit
112 Lawn bowling, Italian-style
113 City east of Lisbon
114 Did up the shoestrings
115 Actress Sommer, et al.
117 Short-order juices
123 Eye, to a poet
124 Uno plus due
125 Burns's "Scots, Wha ——
126 Couturier monogram

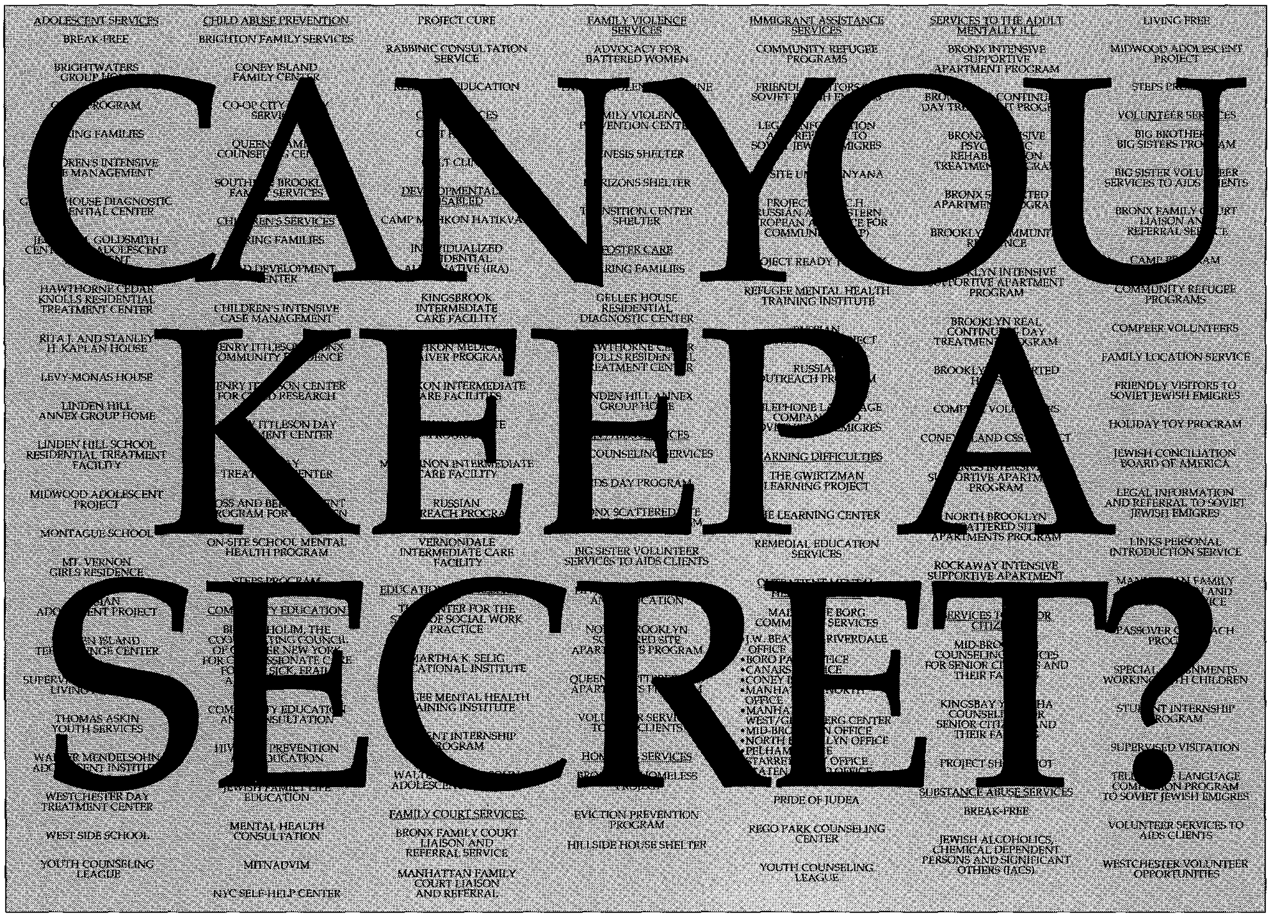


Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 85.

The Sex-Free Candidate

The Flaccos help position Ross Perot as the only candidate with his fly fully zipped.


BAD PUBLICITY
BY LARRY DOYLE & KYLE BAKER
1 SEC
BOOP BOOP BOOP
MAYBE BILL CLINTON DOESN'T HAVE A VENEREAL DISEASE.
MAYBE HE'S JUST BEEN LUCKY ALL THESE YEARS.
AND IF HE'S RE-ELECTED, MAYBE HIS CLOSEST AIDES WON'T LEAK VITAL NATIONAL SECRETS TO PROSTITUTES.
MAYBE BOB DOLE ISN'T CHEATING ON HIS SECOND WIFE.
AND JACK KEMP, MAYBE THOSE RUMORS *AREN'T* TRUE. AND EVEN IF THEY ARE, IT HAPPENED A LONG TIME AGO.
AND MAYBE IF DOLE WINS, HIS ADVISERS WON'T TURN THE OVAL OFFICE INTO THE ORGY OFFICE. *MAYBE.*
BUT THERE'S ONE WAY TO BE CERTAIN THE WHITE HOUSE REMAINS PURE.
HI, I'M ROSS PEROT, AND I HAVEN'T HAD SEX SINCE 1974.
AND I CAN GUARANTEE YOU, THE FIRST PRIORITY OF PRESIDENT ROSS PEROT WON'T BE TO DO THE HOKEY-POKEY WITH THE MISSUS IN THE BED OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
IN THE PEROT ADMINISTRATION, THERE WON'T BE ANY FELLAS WITH BEARDS OR NIPPLE-PIERCINGS OR WHATEVER PERVERSIONS THEY'RE DREAMING UP THESE DAYS.
AND I'LL TELL YOU: THERE WON'T BE ANY PAINTED HARLEQUINS SELLING SLEAZE ABOUT WHAT TURNS PRESIDENT ROSS PEROT'S CRANK.
SHE'S NOT TALKING. AND NO ONE'S EVER GOING TO FIND HER.
IF I COULD SUGGEST ONE MINOR EDIT...
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING. YOU'RE SAYING I BLUDGEONED HER WITH MY SOLID-BRASS ALAMO PAPERWEIGHT AND PAID SOME ILLEGALS TO DUMP HER OVER THE BORDER. BUT SEE, I DIDN'T SAY THAT. BUT YOU'RE THE MEDIA. YOU SAY WHAT YOU WANT. JUST BECAUSE SOME MEXICANS WANT TO GET BACK AT ME FOR NAFTA, AND THEY HAVE SOME BONES, COULD BE ANYBODY'S...
ROSS PEROT
PRESERVING HIS PRECIOUS BODILY FLUIDS FOR AMERICA


CAN YOU KEEP A SECRET?
ADOLESCENT SERVICES
BREAK-FREE
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RITA J. AND STANLEY H. KAPLAN HOUSE
LEVY-MONAS HOUSE
LINDEN HILL ANNEX GROUP HOME
LINDEN HILL SCHOOL RESIDENTIAL TREATMENT FACILITY
MIDWOOD ADOLESCENT PROJECT
MONTAGUE SCHOOL
MT. VERNON GIRLS RESIDENCE
THOMAS ASKIN YOUTH SERVICES
WESTCHESTER DAY TREATMENT CENTER
WEST SIDE SCHOOL
YOUTH COUNSELING LEAGUE
CHILD ABUSE PREVENTION
BRIGHTON FAMILY SERVICES
CONEY ISLAND FAMILY CENTER
CHILDREN'S INTENSIVE CASE MANAGEMENT
ON-SITE SCHOOL MENTAL HEALTH PROGRAM
JEWISH FAMILY LIFE EDUCATION
MENTAL HEALTH CONSULTATION
MITNADVIM
NYC SELF-HELP CENTER
PROJECT CURE
RABBINIC CONSULTATION SERVICE
KINGSBROOK INTERMEDIATE CARE FACILITY
VERNONDALE INTERMEDIATE CARE FACILITY
FAMILY COURT SERVICES
BRONX FAMILY COURT LIAISON AND REFERRAL SERVICE
MANHATTAN FAMILY COURT LIAISON AND REFERRAL
FAMILY VIOLENCE SERVICES
ADVOCACY FOR BATTERED WOMEN
GELLER HOUSE RESIDENTIAL DIAGNOSTIC CENTER
BIG SISTER VOLUNTEER SERVICES TO AIDS CLIENTS
EVICTION PREVENTION PROGRAM
HILLSIDE HOUSE SHELTER
IMMIGRANT ASSISTANCE SERVICES
COMMUNITY REFUGEE PROGRAMS
REFUGEE MENTAL HEALTH TRAINING INSTITUTE
LEARNING DIFFICULTIES
THE GWIRTZMAN LEARNING PROJECT
REMEDIAL EDUCATION SERVICES
PRIDE OF JUDEA
REGO PARK COUNSELING CENTER
YOUTH COUNSELING LEAGUE
SERVICES TO THE ADULT MENTALLY ILL
BRONX INTENSIVE SUPPORTIVE APARTMENT PROGRAM
ROCKAWAY INTENSIVE SUPPORTIVE APARTMENT
SUBSTANCE ABUSE SERVICES
BREAK-FREE
JEWISH ALCOHOLICS, CHEMICAL DEPENDENT PERSONS AND SIGNIFICANT OTHERS (JACS)
LIVING FREE
MIDWOOD ADOLESCENT PROJECT
COMMUNITY REFUGEE PROGRAMS
COMPEER VOLUNTEERS
FAMILY LOCATION SERVICE
FRIENDLY VISITORS TO SOVIET JEWISH EMIGRES
HOLIDAY TOY PROGRAM
JEWISH CONCILIATION BOARD OF AMERICA
LEGAL INFORMATION AND REFERRAL TO SOVIET JEWISH EMIGRES
LINKS PERSONAL INTRODUCTION SERVICE
SUPERVISED VISITATION
VOLUNTEER SERVICES TO AIDS CLIENTS
WESTCHESTER VOLUNTEER OPPORTUNITIES

WE HAVE.

Listed here are over 120 programs: community-based clinics, residential and day treatment facilities, staffed by professionals and backed by over 1,600 dedicated volunteers.

They're all in the New York metropolitan area.

They're all part of one organization. Only one. The Jewish Board of Family and Children's Services – this country's premiere mental health and social service agency, caring for families and children.

And New York's best kept secret.

But, that's about to change. We want you to know about us. You may be aware that public and philanthropic funds that support many charitable programs in our city have been cut.

So, we need you to know about all the people, of all races, religions and economic backgrounds that we help – nearly 50,000 New Yorkers each year.

We might, just might, need to come to you for help.

Help that will enable us to aid a preschooler with learning disabilities keep up with her class. To counsel a family that's been torn apart by tragedy, illness and violence. To provide guidance to a teenager with a history of substance abuse so he can find drug-free success. To cook a dinner for a homebound person with AIDS. To comfort a six-year old coping with her mother's terminal illness...and an 80 year old man after the loss of his wife, and much, much more.

If you'd like to share in our work by donating your time, please call 1-888-JBFCS-NY.

It's time this secret wasn't kept anymore.

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NEW BEAUTY COMES TO LIGHT!

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NEW TEINT CARESSE NATUREL DIFFUSES LIGHT TO ENHANCE AND FLATTER.
LIGHT COVERAGE MAKEUP LOOKS AS NATURAL AS NAKED SKIN, BUT BETTER.